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Poetry.

For the Blade.

LOVE'S FAREWELL KISS.

FRED. STRICKLAND.

All our farewell words were spoken;
Each had left a parting token;
Farewell vows had soothed each heart;
It was time that we should part,—
But I loved her!

Lovely gleamed her up-turned face,
As we gave the last embrace;
But from out those saintly eyes
Streams of tears began to rise,
For she loved me!

Quick, before the torrent burst
And those sweet cheeks were immersed,
Struck with sorrow, touched with bliss,
We bestowed the parting kiss,
We loved each other!

For the Blade.

A SIMILE.

B. F. YANNEY.

A storm stirs the sea
From center to shore;
The heaving sea rolls,
Though the storm has passed o'er.

And e'er and anon
With the ebb and the flow,
Drift pearls that lay hid
In the depths far below.

So the depth of the heart,
When once it is stirred
By clasp of the hand,
And heart-spoken word,

Continues its throb,
Its delicate thrill,
Though the hand and the word
Are long ago still.

And e'er and anon
On the heart's rippling shore,
Drift pearls that lay hid
In memory's store.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Our Story Teller.

DEATH IN A GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

AMONG my few friends and many acquaintances on the gold-fields was a man of the name of Rick Paterson. My impression was that the name was assumed, and that he had passed through some kind of trouble at home in the old country. In those days England was always spoken of by the gold-miners as "home" and "the old country," and always in tones of affection. I liked Rick Paterson, and he liked me. I was a youngster then, almost a boy, and I think he was drawn to me because I was the possessor of a few books, Shakespeare, Ossian, Shelley, Pope, and others. His age, I should judge, would be between thirty and thirty-five, and it was evident that he had moved in good society in England. We all looked upon him as a swell, though he was the last man in the world to give himself airs.

It is necessary to mention that at that time I was what was called "a gentleman gold-digger." Young as I was, I had made a little money, and was spending it in prospecting for a golden reef. I employed two men, one of whom, Tom, a Welshman, I introduced into my first novel, "Grif."

We lived, of course, in tents, and a jolly life it was. My money was vanishing quickly, but that gave me no concern. I was young, I was bubbling over with animal spirits, I was confident of the future. No doubts and fears, springing from faint-heartedness, oppressed me. I was leading a life of freedom and adventure in a new and wonderful world.

My tent was pitched on the top of a range, where my men and I were following into the bowels of the earth a "spur," in which, when we first spotted it, we found a spec or two of gold. This "spur," which was about the thickness of Welsh Tom's little finger (he was an enormous man, and strong as Samson), was to lead us to the main reef, say, as a matter of pleasant speculation, eight feet thick, and running twenty ounces of gold to the ton. I used to conjure up visions of monster cakes of gold cooling in immense retorts, all the colors of the rainbow playing on their surfaces. By the side of the furnace in which the gold had been smelted were pails of quicksilver, which had fallen therein from the long pipes of the retorts, in showers of silver stars. There was not only freedom on the gold-fields, not only adventure—there was romance, there was fairyland. For these wondrous rainbow colors playing like living spirits upon the surfaces of great lakes of molten gold, these showers of silver stars dropping from a height into clear water, were veritable—to those who were lucky enough to discover a quartz reef eight feet thick, crushing an average of 20 ounces of gold to the ton. Such things happened, and to men who had been "navvies" and bricklayers in the old country. It fell to my share to dream of them; but I was happy enough.

Rick Paterson's tent was pitched in the gully. Sometimes of an evening I would go down to him, sometimes he would come up to me, sometimes we met on the way. I think he enjoyed the hours we spent together; I know I did. We chatted upon all sorts of subjects, and he learned from me everything about my private life which was worth the telling; of his own private affairs he never spoke until the night he came to wish me good-bye. The overland mail was in, and he had received letters at the post-office. One of these letters contained a draft for £1,000.

"I must go to Melbourne to get it cashed," he said. "An agreeable surprise to receive a draft for a thousand pounds, eh, young 'un?"

"Yes," I said, smiling; "shouldn't mind one myself."

"I hope you will never have a like experience," he said gloomily.

I looked at him in wonder.

"The money is mine," he continued, "but it is flung at me, and the letter containing it conveys the sweetest news. I am not a saint, I know that well enough, but I am not a scoundrel either. I have been my own enemy chiefly, but I thought there was one who would have stuck to me. When I bade her good-bye, she wept a river of tears. 'I will be true to you,' she said, 'to the last hour of my life.' I believed her, and I turned my back upon Old England in the hope that I should return one day and make her my wife. I had got into scrapes, and a large sum of money was necessary to clear me. Till that was done I could not settle down; her people would not hear of it. Well, my scheme was to come here to the goldfields, and shovel out the gold. But luck has been against me, so to carry out an idea of mine I sent home for money. Here it is, and with it the news that, if I still wished to marry the faithful woman, I shall have to wait till she is either divorced or a widow. I shall have my revenge, though. I am haunted by a dream of gold, and there are more unlikely things than that it will come true. I shall hit upon a golden reef that will be the wonder of the world. I've dreamt it, young 'un. Then I'll go back to England, and my money shall be wormwood to her people; they worship it, and so does she. What do you say to coming prospecting with me?"

"No," I said, "I shall stick to my reef here. Don't you intend to return to the gully?"

"What's the use?" he replied. "Half a pennyweight to the tub will scarcely pay for tobacco. No, I shall go and find my reef, and, when I do, you shall hear from me. If ever you get back to the old country, look me up. Here's the address of a legal firm in London; they'll tell you where to find me. I'm sorry to part from you, young 'un."

"Not so sorry as I am," I said. "I shan't know what to do with myself of an evening."

We stopped up late talking. It was a lovely night, and we strolled about the range, opening our hearts to each other. From the height upon which we stood we saw the lights of the distant township and the gleaming white tents of the gold diggers. It was with genuine sorrow I bade him good-bye.

I had hopes that he would write to me from Melbourne, but I did not hear anything from him. I can say with truth that I felt keenly the void which his departure caused, but the active life I led kept me from brooding upon it. Welsh Tom and the other man I employed, whose name I forget, and I, followed the spur deep and deviously into the dark caverns of the range, always buoyed up with the hope of coming upon the golden reef for which we were prospecting. A nice dance that spur led us; and at last we lost it altogether. We were a hundred and thirty feet down, digging through a bed of iron sandstone, which played the very deuce with gads and picks, and consumed no end of gunpowder, and then it was that Welsh Tom advised me to give up the hunt. Then it was, also, that Tom told me a piece of news about Rick Paterson.

"I heard in the township," said Tom, "that Rick and Loo Rivers are prospecting together."

I opened my eyes at this. Loo Rivers, who had been working in the gully close to Rick Paterson's claim, was the last man I should have thought my friend would have chummed with—a low-bred, quarrelsome fellow, and my particular aversion.

"I want to come across Loo," said Welsh Tom. "I'll take my oath he stole that short-handled pick of mine the day before he made tracks for another diggings. I'll make it warm for him if I catch him."

We fell to talking about the reef in the vain hunt for which I had spent so much money, and I said we would work for another four weeks, and if we saw no indications we would turn it up. That is what we did at the end, not of four but of eight weeks.

"What shall you do, Tom?" I asked.

"I shall go to Ararat," said he. "I've been thinking of it a long time. There are golden reefs in the ranges thereabouts."

It was the common dream—the golden reef, eight feet thick, averaging twenty ounces to the ton. I doubt if there was a miner in all Australia who was not bit by that seductive serpent.

"Will you take me as a mate, Tom?" I said.

The reason why I did not propose that we should remain on the old terms of master and man was that my funds were running low. I had barely eighty pounds left, and this I offered to throw into the venture. Welsh Tom could have saved much more than that in my service had it not been that he went on periodical sprees, during which he got gloriously drunk, to the last shilling he possessed. It happened, however, that he had not indulged in one of these sprees for the last two or three months, and that he could call himself master of some twenty torn and tattered one pound notes. My eighty pounds against his twenty would equalize for a little while the disparity in our physical powers. But I am sure he did not consider that: he held out his great horny hand, and the bargain was struck. The next morning we started for Ararat.

It was not Tom's intention to pitch our tent where diggers most did congregate. He had his eye on a range of hills which he had crossed some three years ago, and thither we directed our steps. We walked for two days without seeing a human being but ourselves, and then Tom said,—"Here we are."

It was a wonderful range of hills, and literally strewn with quartz. My heart beat fast at the prospect, and, after the fashion of gold diggers, I commenced at once chipping and breaking the stone and looking for gold. I came across a speck here and there, but Tom would not allow me to linger long. Pointing to the highest range within view, he said it was there we would put up our tent. It was evening when we reached the indicated spot, and then Welsh Tom, clutching my shoulder, said:

"I'm damned if somebody hasn't been here before us!"

Sure enough, there was a shaft which had been sunk, and from the earth piled around it we judged it could not be less than a hundred feet deep.

"They've been at work here quite lately," said Tom, examining the indications. "We'll see what's at the bottom. But first I must go and get a windlass."

He assisted me to put up our twelve by eight canvas tent, and then he started off alone, saying he would be back on the third day. I was quite content to be left there by myself, and I pegged out a claim sixty-four feet square, and employed myself during Tom's absence in rambling over the hills and chipping quartz for gold. On the third day Tom returned, and by that time I had convinced myself that there was more than one rich golden reef waiting there to be unmasked. Tom brought a windlass, rope and buckets with him, and flour and meat as well. The meat consisted of half a sheep, for which he had paid three shillings. Early next morning the windlass was rigged and the rope fastened on it with the bucket attached to the end. I stepped into it, and holding the rope with my left hand I gave the signal to lower down. In my right hand I had a lighted candle.

Down, down I went, and landed at a depth of about a hundred feet. But within a minute of my taking my foot out of the bucket I gave the signal to be hoisted up again. When I reached heaven's light I was white as a ghost and trembling like a leaf.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Tom," I said, "there's the body of a dead man at the bottom of the shaft."

"What's to be done?" asked Tom.

"I don't know," I replied. "I don't care to go down again."

"You couldn't lower me, I suppose?" he said.

I looked at him—a great boned man over six feet in height. "I couldn't trust myself, Tom."

"All right," he said.

He lowered the rope and bucket, and then by some means made the upper end of the rope fast to the windlass.

"Be ready to give me a hand if I want it," he said, "and see that the rope doesn't slip. Keep tight hold of the windlass."

He swung himself into the chasm, and hand under hand let himself down. I was in great fear for him. A slip, a trail strand in the rope, and he was a lost man. But he reached the bottom in safety, and remained there for some time. When his work below was finished, he raised himself to the top, and I gave a great sigh of relief at his safety.

"Well, Tom?" I said.

"It's true enough," he replied. "There's a dead man at the bottom, and I've made him fast to the bucket. What's more, he's been murdered."

"Murdered!" I cried.

"Nothing short of it. A pick driven clean into his skull, and with such force that the point of it is stuck in the stone. It was as much as I could do to get the pick out and release the body. It must have been a planned thing."

"How do you know that, Tom?"

"Well, the two men being below, one of them to be murdered, the d——d villain must have made his preparations to get up again after he'd killed his mate. There was no one to pull him up, and he must have fastened the rope to the windlass, as I did, and got up and down that way."

All the while he was talking he was at work unfastening the rope which he had firmly secured, and he now began to haul up the body of the dead man.

"There's something more yet," said Tom.

"What?"

"The men, whoever they were, were prospecting for a reef. Down a hundred feet, and no trace of one. Now, if the murderer had waited another day——"

"Well, Tom?"

"There would have been no murder done, that's all. The pick with which he killed his mate was fixed so tight in the side of the shaft that I had a job to get it out, as I told you. But I couldn't. Now, when I did get the pick free, I found that it had been driven into a mass of quartz, and that the same blow which killed a man opened out a golden reef. Look here!"

He rested from his labor and showed me some pieces of quartz with lumps of gold sticking in them. At the sight of them, my eyes glistened at the sight of them, but the next moment a shudder ran through me at the thought of the discovery under such circumstances.

"Careful, careful, now," said Welsh Tom, as the bloody burden came into view.

I assisted to steer it out of the death chasm, and there it lay upon the surface of the hill, with lumps of golden quartz all around it.

"He hasn't been long dead," said Welsh Tom. "Not two days, I should say."

"All the more chance of catching the murderer," I said, as I stooped over the dead body. My blood ran cold as I gazed at the ghastly face. "My God!" I cried. "It's Rick Paterson!"

"Sure enough," said Welsh Tom; "and the man who murdered him is Loo Rivers. Here's the pick he stole from me. I can swear to it, because of the 'T' cut into the handle. I did it myself, and he shall swing for it, as there's a God in heaven! We must make for the township at once. I don't like leaving the claim, but nobody knows we're here, and it will be safe enough for a few days, till we return. Let's start at once; there's not a minute to lose."

Wrapping up the horrible burden as well as we could, we made our way to the township, some forty-eight miles off, and there, as luck would have it, almost the first man we met was Loo Rivers. Before he had time to speak Welsh Tom seized him, and held him as in a vice. I could spin the story out, but I will content myself with saying that justice was done upon the villain Rivers. He died by the hangman's rope.

The business kept us in the township for some days, and then we returned to the claim in which we expected to make our fortunes. Our hopes were dashed to the ground. There was a goldfields' law that, if for a certain number of hours no work was done on a claim, it became the property of any person who chose to take possession of it. This process of taking possession of a claim was termed "jumping." Well, during our absence our claim had been "jumped," and when we got back to it we found four Cornish miners hauling up golden quartz. It was hard lines, but there was no help for it. The law was on their side. The reef that was discovered in the shaft in which Rick Paterson was foully murdered turned out to be one of the richest in Australia.

I have often wondered whether Rick Paterson's people in England ever learnt what became of him.—*Newcastle-on-Tyne (Eng.) Weekly Chronicle.*

WHAT IS SLANG?

It is Defined as a "Ludicrously Incommensurate Illustration."

What is slang? Some one once hazarded the assertion that all language is slang. It would be nearer the mark to define slang as essentially the application of an illustration ludicrously incommensurate with the thing to which it is applied, and, accidentally, the familiar use of a technical expression in the sense for which it was not intended originally. Slang is, in short, giving nicknames to things. "Mr. B." says the report of the boat race, "tubbed the crews well and stroked them to Iffley."

Most persons acknowledge the absurdity or "awful jolly" and other similar freaks of boyish exuberance. Young ladies, too, have a slang of their own. A small thing is "wee" or "tiny," a pretty thing is "bonny," the children at a school feast are "a goodly number," and they are "regaled" on tea and cake. Slang is everywhere. Why should "big" be reiterated when we mean "large," or "mighty" for "great?"

What is gained by calling a panic "a scare," a folly "a craze," a hoax "a sell," a ship (or soldier) "a liner," or by saying of a horse or a watch "it is a good goer," instead of saying "it goes well?" Even writers in the foremost ranks are sometimes guilty of extraordinary solecisms. The Addison of our day, in one of his charming novels, relates how his heroine had "laid awake all night." The eloquent and accomplished painter in words describes how "the Dead Sea laid waveless beneath him." Dickens has lent his sanction to "Our Mutual Friend." Phrases like these are plentiful: "The reverend prebend," "the learned antiquarian," "equally as good as," "more preferable than," etc. When those who lead the way offend thus, it is no wonder that an invalid, recommending a couch, writes: "It is most luxuriant," or that a servant says, "The cup must be stood on a slab."—*National Review.*

THE "BULLHEAD" NUT.

Of Little Use in America, but a Big Thing in India and Japan.

"Are these things made of ivory or ebony?" asked a reporter, while looking at what appeared to be highly polished miniatures of a bull's head, arranged on the counter of a Broadway fruit store.

"Neither. If you handle them you will see they are too light to be formed of either material."

"What are they then?"

"They are nuts. They can be kept twenty years if desired. They come from Japan, India and other parts of Asia. They are called the traps, and in shape are not unlike the iron instruments used by the ancients to impede the movements of the cavalry. The plant grows in the water. After flowering the lobes of the calyx harden, and from two to four horns appear on the top of the fruit, giving it the appearance of a bull's head, or that of the Rocky Mountain goat. The plant is a floating one, with long jointed root stalks. Tufts of hair-like roots strike out from the joints, and are surmounted by radiating clusters of triangular toothed leaves, with swollen boat-like stalks to buoy them up."

"Are the nuts edible?"

"Yes; the nut is full of starch, and in Asia is eaten for food. In many places it is often ground into flour and made into bread. A population of 30,000 persons in one part of India is sustained five months of the year mainly by the food procured from this nut. One of the Indiana rajahs received a revenue of $60,000 a year from the sale of this nut. In Japan it is also eaten for food, and as it comes at a time when other cereals are scarce, it has been classed as sacred, as manna was when found by the Israelites on their journey through the wilderness."—*Mail and Express.*

Saw the "Flying Dutchman."

The Oswego *Herald* has the following queer yarn, spun by an old sailor when off duty:

A group of bronzed pilots sat in an office lately testing the age and quality of a bottle of rum. One was a retired pilot, whose advanced age rendered him unfit for the perilous life, but it did not seem to impair in the least his power of consuming rum, as a greater portion found its way into his glass, and his face gradually began to assume a carmine tint. The combined effects of the hot rum and the fire gradually got in their work, and from the sparkle of his eyes his companions knew that a yarn was coming. "It's a long time ago, when I was on the old Blunt, he said, "that I saw for the first time that terror to all sailors, the Flying Dutchman. Many and many a night around the galley fire, when I was a boy, I had listened open-mouthed to the tales told of the ghostly craft. One night in June, somewhere around the 60's, I had the last turn on the Blunt, and had just turned in, when the boatkeeper sung out that there was a ship in sight. I went on deck, and sure enough, heading our way, about two miles to leeward, was a full-rigged ship with all sail set. That was of itself peculiar, as we had just an occasional puff, while the ship seemed to be holding a twenty-knot breeze; but I was so anxious to get it that I did not notice it at the time, but jumped into the cabin to dress. We hailed her for a pilot, and she answered us that she wanted a pilot, and in a few moments I was in the yawl with two boys pulling toward her. She was a deep ship and I saw a cool two-hundred in her, and while the boys bent their backs to the oars I took a good look at her. There was certainly something uncanny in the look of her, and, look as hard as I could, I could not see a soul aboard, nor even a man at the wheel. All of a sudden the wind seemed to leave her, her sails drooped and she appeared to lie still in the sea. Well, we pulled and we pulled for nearly an hour, but she was still as far off as at first, and I was about to turn back when she seemed to get a breeze head on and began to sail backward. That was enough for the boys, and as quick as a wink they turned about and we pulled like blazes for the Blunt. We made sail and turned tail, but as sure as I live we could not shake her off. There she was all night; first alongside, then ahead, and then astern, and I never will forget her as long as I live. Just at daybreak she seemed to fade away, and finally disappeared."

Circumstantial Evidence.

Husband—"Wasn't it very late last night when young Sampson left?"

Wife—"Yes, very."

Husband—"And Clara is not up yet?"

Wife—"No, poor girl, I thought I would let her sleep."

Husband—"I wonder if that young man really intends to propose to her?"

Wife—"I think he has done so already. I noticed this morning when I came down that one of the legs of the large easy chair in the parlor was broken."—*Epoch.*

Why He Quit the Business.

Kosciusko Murray, who is a bookkeeper in a grocery store, met a friend who clerks in a cigar store on Austin avenue, and asked him for a cigar.

"Ain't got any," said the friend.

"Ain't got any?" said Kosciusko. "Why, when I used to work in a cigar store I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars."

"Yes; probably that's the reason you ain't in a cigar store now," was the crushing reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

RESTLESS LITTLE BRAINS.

The Youngsters' Budget of Wit, Sense and Sentiment.

New York World.

ALTOGETHER ANOTHER MATTER.

Papa (severely)—Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple? Three-year-old—Yes, sir. Papa—Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma? Three-year-old—Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it.

SIGNS OF SCEPTICISM.

Georgie is four years old. One day the younger had been taken with a slight attack of prevarication, and wishing to impress upon his infantile understanding the sinfulness of telling fibs the father related the story of George Washington and his little hatchet, with the remark that George Washington was a good boy and never told a lie. The child sat in deep thought for a moment, and then said, "Papa, toodn't he talk?"

JUDGMENT RENDERED.

Four-year-old Goldie, of Jersey City, was somewhat sharply chastised by her mother for what the child failed to consider a breach of discipline. Smarting under what she deemed unjust punishment, she walked to the centre of the room and faced her mother with flashing eyes and countenance expressing mingled indignation and injury.

"Mother Allman," said she, with a marked rising inflection to her voice.

"Well, what is it?" queried the mother.

"Mother Allman," answered Goldie, with the utmost dignity, "You are too fresh."

UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

"Mamma, what did you pray for?" said the little five-year-old son of a friend of mine. "Why, for papa and mamma, and for God to make you a good boy," she replied. "Well, that's just what I've been praying for too," said the young philosopher, "and if you are going to keep on I'll quit."

WILLIE'S HAIR-CUTTING IDEA.

A certain Albany merchant reckons among his valuable possessions a bald head and a three-year-old son. The son's odd sayings keep the family in a constant state of expectancy. His latest bit of conversational eccentricity occurred after a prolonged struggle with his curls, whose length is a source of considerable annoyance to him. "Mamma," said he, "when I dets drown up I isn't doin to wear turls. I is doin to have my hair tut like papa's." "How do you mean, Willie?" asked his mother. "Wis a hole on de top," answered Willie.

MAKING A DISTINCTION.

One recent evening our little boy wanted to hear something about God from his book. I read a few verses I thought might interest him, when he exclaimed: "There, stop, don't read any more of that stuff!" I said, "That's not a nice way to talk about God's book." "Well, mamma," said he, "God may be all right, but I don't think much of his book; it ain't berry interwosting."

AN ORIGINAL INTERPRETATION.

A little girl in New York was in the habit of going to the Episcopal church, and one day she came home and asked her mother if the prophets were hung on the commandments as gifts were hung on Christmas trees, for she heard the minister say: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

PA WEST'S WAY.

A Model Father-in-Law for a Poor but Smart Young Man.

Congressman George West, of Ballston Spa, the several times millionaire, is very original, jovial and kind-hearted. When reading recently of somebody's erring daughter, who had run away with a young scamp, he said:

"I have a daughter and she is happily married now, thank heaven." Musing a moment, he continued: "I never shall forget how she married. I heard that a young man was paying her a great deal of attention and people were saying they were going to marry. I took my wife aside and said: 'I hear that our daughter is going to marry. Is that true?' She replied, 'Yes.' Now it struck me as queer that I never been consulted, so I spoke right out to my wife: 'Is that the way young men court in this country, without ever saying a word to the father?' 'They first win the girl,' she replied. Well, somehow I felt hurt, for I loved my daughter very much and had given her every advantage. I took her through Europe and showed her the world, and this was my reward. I told my wife that I was not against the young man, only I wished to be spoken to merely because I was the girl's father.

"In a few days the young man came to me and said in a manly way that he wished to marry my daughter, but he was in business and could take care of her. I looked him over. He had a good, honest look about him, and I liked him.

"'You can have my daughter,' I said, 'but I do not wish you to follow your business any more. I have enough money for us all, so do not give yourself any trouble in that line. Come right to my house and make it your home.'

"Well, sir, that young man now has charge of *my* business. I told him just to go through the paper mills, and not to do anything but familiarize himself with the business. For six months he never gave an order to a hand, but at the end of that time he knew the business thoroughly. Happy? I should say so. We all live in the same house, and I have five grandchildren, the delight of my heart."—*Albany Argus.*

Why Religious News is not Reported.

How comes it that base ball and horse racing news is reported with great care and fullness, while the leading religious events are either ignored altogether or indifferently reported? Is it not because newspaper editors have learned that persons who belong to the theatrical or the sporting or the mercantile public buy their papers according as they find in them full, prompt and sympathetic treatment of theatrical, sporting and market news; whereas religious people, as such, do not discriminate in their patronage of newspapers with a corresponding exactness? In other words, do religious people feel as keen an interest in religious news as the base ball public feels in base ball news or as the horse racing public feels in the news of a horse race? Do religious people, to any considerable degree, choose one paper rather than another because one paper gives more prominence to religious news than another, or treats it with a more sympathetic apprehension? You can go up one bench and down another at a base ball game and every man in the crowd will tell you what papers of the next morning will have a glowing account of the match then in progress and which will dismiss it in a few cold lines, and very many of them will make their purchase of a paper on the following morning on that basis of choice. Now apply that mode of reasoning to religious people. Out of an audience assembled in a city for some notable religious occasion, how many will be able to predict the relative prominence that will be given to that meeting by the newspapers? And how many will go to the newspaper stand the following day and buy a paper confident, without looking it through, that it gives a good account of the event? In short, is it not, after all, a question of supply and demand?—*Forum.*

Miss Mollie Garfield to be Married.

It was reported last summer that a cause for the sudden departure of Mrs. Garfield and Miss Mollie for England was the desire of the family to escape the attentions of Mr. J. Stanley Brown as a suitor for the hand of Miss Garfield. The *Inter-Ocean* simply pleaded for fair play for both, and then let rumor, wearing the guise, some said, of slander, take its course, and falsehood brand itself in good time. Neither Mr. Brown nor the Garfields had further explanations to make than that Mrs. Garfield was suddenly called to attend a relative lying ill at an English resort. Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie and Miss Mason, the young lady whose illness drew the Garfields abroad, are now returned, and developments in the interesting affair between Miss Garfield and her father's private secretary may properly be looked for. Developments are at hand. The engagement of Mr. Brown and Miss Garfield is acknowledged by the interested parties, and that their marriage is likely to take place in June. The scene of the nuptials will be the Garfield home at Mentor. Mr. Brown goes to Heidelberg shortly after for a year's scientific study. He will return to begin his regular life's work in the geological survey, for which he has been preparing the last three years at Yale University.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Our New Serial Story.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

A NOVELETTE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," "Under the Rose," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER I.

THOSE GIPSY EYES.

I was twenty-eight years of age when the drama of my life began.

One evening in October, 1880, I was standing beneath the portico of a building with which one is not usually inclined to associate romance—namely, a hydropathic establishment.

The wind howled dismally through the trees of the avenue, carrying away in swirls the last remaining leaves of autumn. The view—ranging over a wide extent of hill and dale—was blurred and almost blotted out by scuds of flying rain clouds. A dreary prospect, truly! Though here and there might be caught glimpses of the winding Tyne; Wexham's Abbey tower could from time to time be seen; while Rilston's ruined walls occasionally revealed themselves in fitful gleams of sunset light.

"I'm sick of it!" I exclaimed, believing myself to be alone, "most thoroughly and heartily sick of it!"

"Of what, my friend? The weather or the place? In either case, I can only say you are a most ungrateful man."

The speaker was the doctor of the establishment, who had followed me out unperceived. He was a considerably older man than myself; yet, notwithstanding nearly twenty years disparity in our ages, and only two weeks' acquaintanceship, an intimacy had sprung up between us which might well have been dignified by the name of friendship. He was more reserved than I, but, when he spoke about himself, it was of his life in India as an army surgeon; and certainly that country had left its marks on him.

He was not tall, but a soldier—every inch of him; and his head, which was partially bald, would have delighted a phrenologist. I had dabbled a little in the science of phrenology myself, and may say here that Dr. Gascoigne's cranium was one of the finest I ever saw.

"Yes. You are decidedly an ingrate," continued the doctor. "You arrived here a fortnight ago a broken down invalid. The fine air, the rest, not to mention my cheerful society, have made you—"

"Convalescent. Therefore, what possible reason have I for remaining? I am a poor man, as I told you, doctor; and, except for the generosity of my employers, I could not afford to come here. But they consider my health of service to them, so on my return to-morrow I mean to get into harness again and devote myself to working off my debt. I am not altogether an ingrate you see!"

"You are really going to-morrow?"

"I have decided to leave by the first train in the morning."

I had scarcely answered him, when a mud-bespattered traveling-carriage dashed up to the door. The top of it—even the driving seat—was piled with luggage. One of the horses was ridden by a postboy.

We stood aside to watch, unseen, the fresh arrivals. Apparently, they were by no means unexpected, for the manager and manageress came promptly to the scene; and two men with a large carrying chair hastened to the carriage door.

The first to alight from the vehicle was a lady seemingly of middle age; a woman whose transparent delicate features, careworn expression—but, above all, her hurried and anxious manner—would anywhere have attracted notice. Her closely braided hair was smooth and white; her brows and eyelashes colorless—almost white. She spoke a few words to Mrs. Hill, the manageress, though the reply of the latter was alone audible.

"We have very few visitors in the house now, madam; and I've done all I can to ensure privacy. This is the tea hour, and I think the invalid may easily be taken to your apartments unobserved."

There was then no chance of escape for either Dr. Gascoigne or myself. Willingly or unwillingly, we must remain where we were stationed, and witness the entrance of this invalid whom it was evidently desired no visitor's prying eyes should see.

The lady went down the steps, and returned presently walking by the side of the carrying chair, on which reclined a figure wrapped in a long dark mantle and closely veiled.

At the moment of passing me, however, a gust of wind swept through the portico, and, as though in some mad frolic, flung back the veil from the recumbent figure. What met my sight? Why, the laughing gaze of a pair of the darkest, most roguish eyes imaginable! The rest of the features were handsome to a degree, though they wore a somewhat disdainful expression, while a slightly satirical curl on the exquisitely chiselled lips added to—rather than detracted from — the fascinating beauty of the face.

The elder lady with an impatient gesture replaced the veil, keeping hand on it, and, bending forward, spoke words seemingly of angry and harsh expostulation. A half stifled ripple of laughter was wafted towards me as the little procession passed along the hall.

When Gascoigne and I were once more alone, I touched him on the sleeve. "Ye gods! what a lovely girl——" I cried; then stopped suddenly, for I felt his arm tremble. He had turned pale as ashes, and looked as a man might do who believed he had seen a ghost. With a muttered excuse he left me, and I saw him no more that night.

Some hours later I inspected the visitors' book. The names of Mrs. and Miss Hargreave appeared to be newly entered there; the numbers of their rooms, 27, 28 and 29.

Long after the gas was extinguished and every sound in the house was hushed, I sat up smoking in my room, thinking of those laughing gipsy eyes and the strangely beautiful face. Speculating, too, on the signs of the doctor's emotion, and wishing that the incident had occurred a week earlier, so that the dulness of that *far niente* time might have been relieved by endeavors to clear up the mystery.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU SHOULD MARRY AN HEIRESS."

It was later than usual when I awoke next morning. Too late to join the public breakfast table—quite too late, alas, to catch my train. Ordering, therefore, a cup of tea to my room, I dressed deliberately. The weather had undergone a complete change; the sun shone brilliantly, the wind had lulled.

Dr. Gascoigne was always in his consulting room between ten and eleven o'clock; and, when not engaged with patients, it was his custom to admit me. I sought and found him on this occasion—as I had hoped—alone.

"Good morning!" said he cheerfully, motioning me to a chair, and laying down the book he was reading. "I'm am glad the sunshine induced you to remain."

"The weather has had little enough to do with it," I answered. "In the first place, I overslept myself; but, even if I had not, I believe I should still have stayed."

"Saturday is only a half-day at the bank. I remembered that, if you did not."

"You'll laugh when I tell you what decided me to remain."

"Tell me and see."

"Well, doctor, you yourself have remarked what an uninteresting set of people have been staying here ever since I came. Not any concerning whom one could possibly feel the smallest amount of curiosity. The case is quite changed now. The new arrivals—*that woman and that girl* who came last night—Mrs. and Miss Hargreave—"

Pausing I looked steadily at him. He was seated opposite to me. The morning light fell full upon his open countenance.

"What interest can you have in the new arrivals?" he asked. "Do you know them?" And as he spoke he leaned back in his chair and looked at me as unwaveringly as I at him.

"They are so unlike the stamp of people one would expect to see here," I went on, slightly disconcerted by his coolness. "They appear ladies of position, yet seem to have no servants with them. I have made up my mind there is some mystery connected with them—"

"I can give you no information whatever," he answered, coldly.

But, in spite of all the self-control he evidently could exercise, I thought I detected evasion in his words.

"You will probably be called in to attend—the *invalid!*" I said half jealously.

He rose and pushed back his chair. "My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "what a mere boy you are! Have I not told you a hundred times I can read you like a book? You have taken into your head that I know something of those people, and are trying to get it out of me! Pray spare yourself the trouble. I assure you I never saw the ladies in my life until last evening. I should not even have known you referred to them as Mrs. and Miss Hargreave had I not—like yourself—looked in the visitors' book and read the names there."

As he spoke he stood erect; his finely shaped head thrown back, his eyes unflinchingly fixed on mine.

It was impossible to doubt his words; I felt shame even to have called forth such assurances.

Taking no heed of my hurried apology, he looked at his watch. "It is time for me to go and see some sick people in the town," he said. "Will you walk with me?"

I acquiesced readily, and we set off. When we had passed through the grounds and into the road—"Why do you stick to that wretched bank, Dudley?" he asked. "I've been thinking over your case seriously. You are not constituted for the work—either physically or mentally."

"If you can put me in the way of earning my living honestly otherwise, doctor, I shall only be too thankful," I answered warmly. "Beggars may not be choosers. I'll tell you how I'm placed. My grandfather made a fortune; my father lost it—on the turf—and died five years ago. When I could fully realize the fact that I was penniless, I left the Southern county where I was known and came to the North, a stranger. I had lived as a country gentleman lives, hitherto; but I knew now that I must work. It was no easy task to find employment. At last I took this clerkship in —— Bank, where I must remain till Fortune turns her wheel. She's slow enough about it in my case!" And I laughed a little bitterly.

"You should marry an heiress, my dear boy. You are good looking, and what's more—you know it."

"Aye! To my cost."

"How's that?"

"Because if I had been a plain fellow, or even ugly, I'd have stood a better chance of doing what you suggest. My employers perhaps might have invited me to their house; as it is—having marriageable daughters they are afraid of me. 'The apple of her father's eye' might think Jack Dudley a handsome fellow, and he might have have worldly wisdom sufficient to follow up his advantages. Well! he's never had the chance yet, that's all."

"Fate is not always cruel. Something may turn up, and shortly, too."

"I don't expect it."

"It is the 'unexpected that always happens,'" quoted my companion, and scarcely had he spoken than he took leave of me at house of one of his patients.

In this manner our talk abruptly ended; and I, turning, retraced my steps. "It is the unlooked for that always happens!" Somehow these last words of Dr. Gascoigne's haunted me.

As I entered Glendale House, I saw the visitors' book lying on the hall table. By no means absently, but quite conscious of what I was doing, I opened it and read again the names of the new arrivals; then I walked upstairs, turning deliberately in the direction I believed the rooms 27, 28, and 29 to be situated.

I found myself in a short corridor. It led to these rooms only, and gave one the idea of being a private, if not somewhat isolated, part of the building.

I had never penetrated there before, nor in point of fact, could I have framed any legitimate excuse for being there now. At the end was a window. I sat down on the window seat.

Scarcely had I done so than some one turned the handle of a door, rattling it noisely and impatiently. It was the handle of No. 29.

Presently there was a smart rapping, as of the knuckles against the woodwork. This was repeated more and more loudly. I approached the door.

"I am locked in. Bring a key—instantly," an excited and imperious voice demanded.

"Yes," I responded in an eager whisper. And in less time than it takes to tell I had gone to the service-room, snatched the key of number 29 from its hook, was upstairs again, and had turned it in the lock.

Robed from head to feet in some costly floating Oriental stuff—her dark hair hanging in a cloud about her, her red lips quivering, and gipsy-like eyes flashing with what seemed to be electric sparks—breathless, panting, stood the girl whom I had seen for the first time the evening before, the most beautiful being I had ever beheld—nay, it seemed impossible that in the wide world there could be such another. She drew back when she saw me.

"I supposed it was a chambermaid passing," she began apologetically, evidently striving to regain her composure. This, however, appeared impossible. Her will was powerless to curb her excited passion.

"I cannot help it! I am driven to it, whatever you may think of me!" she went on, recklessly. "I *must* place confidence in some one. But, first, who are you? Do you belong to this place?"

"My name is Dudley. I am a visitor—like yourself," said I, in hopes my reply would reassure her.

"Is this—" and she bent eagerly forward and whispered with a wild, scared look in her magnificent eyes—"is this a . . . lunatic asylum?"

"No; nothing of the kind. It is the Glendale Hydropathic Establishment in Northshire."

"A kind of hotel, then?"

"Yes."

"Do they lock people up here, as a rule, and muffle the bells?"

"Why, no," I answered, smiling; "who locked you in?"

"My mother. Possibly she tampered with the bells also," she added quickly, with a little mocking laugh.

"I suppose a mother considers she has a right to lock up a child if so disposed——" Would not any man placed in like circumstances have talked nonsense to prolong the interview?

"She is only my stepmother, and I am no child. I am of age," broke in Miss Hargreave, drawing herself up proudly, and as she did so—she was above the ordinary height of woman—she looked superb.

Suddenly a distrustful, suspicious expression came into her eyes. "You are not—a doctor?" she inquired, quickly.

"No, indeed."

Her face cleared instantly.

"Then you shall help me, since Fate seems to have sent you to me. I have been ill," she went on hurriedly, "for how long I do not know, and my stepmother wishes it thought—for reasons best known to herself—that I am an invalid still. It amused me to act the part last night. To-day I think differently about it. I am being treated cruelly—shamefully, Mr. Dudley——"

"Can't I help you?" I cried impulsively.

"If I manage to have a message conveyed to you, will you swear to do whatever I ask you, and at the same time observe the strictest secrecy?"

"Yes. I swear it on my most sacred word of honor."

She looked at me intently, said "Thank you," with a most bewitching smile, and the next moment the door closed.

Disappointed at the abrupt dismissal, yet pleased and bewildered by what had transpired, I turned to go, and, as I did so, almost ran against Mrs. Hargreave, whom, probably, her daughter had seen coming along the corridor. A chambermaid accompanying her was talking in a high-pitched voice about the key. I heard her draw the lady's attention to the fact that it was in the lock, and I managed to escape, as I hoped and believed, unnoticed.

CHAPTER III.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

"I wish to see Mrs. Hargreave."

These words, spoken low and somewhat timidly, were addressed to "Buttons," who, that same afternoon, was standing gazing out on vacancy from the front door step.

There was nothing about the speaker to attract attention. She was small and slight, and dressed very quietly in black. I should probably have passed out without noticing her but for the boy's reply.

"Know no one that name here," said he; which perhaps was true. But he was apt enough at figures.

"There is a Mrs. Hargreave here. Her sitting-room is 29."

The young lady turned to thank me for my information. I was about to raise my hat, when——

"Miss Lynton—Edna!" I exclaimed.

She blushed crimson as our eyes met, then, dropping hers shyly, "You are mistaken, sir," she said falteringly. "You take me for someone else."

"Is it possible that you have forgotten me? I knew you instantly, although it is six years since——"

"Excuse me. It is a mistake." Then to the page: "Will you tell Mrs. Hargreave I have come?"

"What name, Miss?"

"Say the maid she engaged this morning to attend on Miss Hargreave. That is enough."

She spoke proudly, almost defiantly, with a coolness that amazed me.

Edna Lynton, my old tutor's daughter—my old sweetheart—reduced to this!

Six years since—that is, one year before my father died, and the subsequent break up of my home—Mr. and Mrs. Lynton visited us at our place at Surrey, and an ardent flirtation between Edna and myself was the result, though it came to an abrupt and unfortunate ending. Afterwards the father and daughter went to reside in Jersey, and some six months ago I had seen Mr. Lynton's death recorded in the *Times.* Vaguely wondering what had become of Edna, I heard incidentally she had gone out as a governess, and, if the truth must be told, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts as entirely as I had believed I had dismissed her from my heart.

That the girl I had just seen was Edna Lynton I felt as certain of as of the fact that she pretended not to know me. But how can a gentleman insist on an acquaintance which a lady virtually denies? My only course was to wait as patiently as I could for the unravelling of the mysterious circumstances in which I appeared suddenly to have become involved.

For the remainder of the day I avoided the company of Dr. Gascoigne, wandered a good deal about the passages, and as frequently as I dared, without exciting suspicion, lingered in the vicinity of a certain corridor. It was all in vain. Neither message nor note reached me; and I went toward my room at last more disappointed than I should have cared to own.

As I was about to open my bedroom door, however, I heard a light footfall behind me—looked around—and there was Edna.

"At 11 to-morrow in the 'Fernery,'" she whispered hurriedly, and without giving me time to answer, turned and fled.

Here was an assignation thrust upon me for the following morning, but which of the two ladies was the originator of it—whether mistress or maid—I could not for the life of me determine.

It might be that Miss Hargreave—availing herself of this means of communication—meant to claim on the morrow my promised aid. Or, equally likely, Edna Lynton—repenting her strange conduct—sought an opportunity to explain why she had affected not to know me. The situation was becoming complicated with a vengeance, but I bore it with the greatest equanimity, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and while I did so there stole over me a feeling of such pleased confidence in myself, my appearance, and my prospects, as for five long years I had never known.

Next day, Sunday—a bright, chill October morning—after watching a few stragglers set off for church, among whom was Mrs. Hargreave, I bent my steps toward the "Fernery," a small grotto situated in the grounds, close to Glendale House.

It was filled so full of ferns and greenery, a fish pond, and towering palms, that more than two persons moving about in it at the same time was impossible. I reached this spot early, and sat down on the solitary rustic bench the place contained.

The distant church bells ceased to chime, eleven o'clock struck, and shortly afterwards I could hear approaching footsteps.

"He has not come!" Miss Hargreave exclaimed, impulsively.

"Hush!" then followed a few whispered words.

By no means desirous of overhearing anything not intended for my ears, I rose and showed myself at the entrance. Edna Lynton drew back instantly, and without looking at me walked away; but Miss Hargreave, with a slight bow, entered the grotto, and sank on the rustic bench as though exhausted.

"I am weak still," she said, faintly, and leaning back, she closed her eyes, while I gazed in silent admiration at the dark curved lashes that drooped on the flushed cheeks, noting also the exquisite figure, set off by the tight-fitting velvet dress.

"Sit down, Mr. Dudley," she said presently, but I declined and continued to stand over her, waiting in a respectful attitude till she should feel herself sufficiently recovered to say more.

At length, with a deep sigh, she roused herself and looked straight into my face.

"This is very humiliating," she said, with a laugh that sounded hysterical; "very humiliating—for *me.*"

With all the eloquence I was master of—in words, in looks—I besought her to put aside such an idea now and forever. She had but to command, I would obey. Was I not her chosen knight?

"How delightfully romantic!" she cried, her whole face, but above all her glorious eyes, lighting up with that look of *espièglerie* which had so charmed me on first seeing her.

"I at least am in earnest," I remarked in a tone of pique.

"And so am I. God knows I need help sorely! It is with the greatest difficulty I have been able to arrange this meeting. But for that good girl who came with me, I should have been powerless to do so. I must make haste and tell you everything, Mr. Dudley, or you cannot understand. My own mother died before I can remember. My father married again about twelve years since—I believe solely on my account. I was a charge, a trouble to him. I called his wife 'mother,' and I loved her, for she was very kind. Two years ago my father was thrown from his horse—in the hunting field—and died next day. Oh it was a terrible time!" she said shudderingly; and for a moment she covered her face with her hands. "I was ill after that—so ill! And then . . . mother changed to me. She became less kind, and, later, she became severe, unfeeling, cruel. She insisted upon leaving our beautiful home, and she took me about traveling from place to place. She says it is for my good, but I hate it—oh, how I hate it! My father was a rich man, I know it, and she has plenty of money. But I—oh, how am I to tell for very shame?" Then springing from the seat, and pushing back the little fur hat she wore, so that it fell down among the ferns, she laid her beautiful white hand upon my sleeve. "I am not allowed to have even the smallest coin you would fling to the poorest beggar!" she whispered, and the gleam of her dark eyes fixed on mine seemed to exercise a magnetic influence over me. "Fine dresses, jewels, anything that can be bought, are mine simply for the asking, but I have no money. I have no freedom . . . . Mr. Dudley," she continued speaking more rapidly and eagerly, with both hands now clasped upon my arm, "I am treated like a slave, a prisoner—dragged about this country, as I was about the Continent last year, from place to place. We can keep no servants. If my mother engages a traveling maid, and I like her, she is at once dismissed. The servants mother approves, I hate. They are set as spies over me. The girl who was engaged and came from Wexham yesterday will be sent away immediately it is discovered I have made a friend of her. But a man can help me best—a man like you! There must surely be some English law to protect a poor girl placed as I am. But without money how am I to appeal to law? I want to know about my father's will. He must have left money that I should have, now that I am of age? It is not possible he could be so unjust, so cruel, as to leave it all to her——"

"You would like me to find out particulars of your father's will, I suppose, Miss Hargreave," said I, with difficulty restraining all outward manifestation of the burning indignation I felt against this dreadful step-mother.

"But can you—will you?"

"Most certainly. All you have to do is to tell me his name, his place of residence, and date of death."

"Lester Hargreave, Whitmore Park, Leicestershire. He died the 30th of December, 1878."

"Thank you. I will bring a copy of your father's will on Saturday. I hope you trust me, Miss Hargreave?"

"In whom else should I have confidence, if not in you? Yes! Indeed I trust you. But you must be a magician, Mr. Dudley, if you can do that."

I saw she was totally ignorant of business affairs, and felt the more enchanted at her guilelessness. Taking one of her hands from my arm where it was still resting, and raising it to my lips—"May I?" I asked, doubtingly.

There was no denial in those flashing gipsy eyes that met mine now so archly. I kissed her hand once, twice, thrice—each time with increasing fervor—then let it go.

"You are my own sworn knight, you know," she said, as though that were excuse enough.

"And you, being my liege lady"—and thus encouraged I continued—"may I claim something more when my task is done?"

"You may, sir knight. When that time comes, ask what you will, and I——"

The sentence was not destined to be completed. With a startled cry she sprang as far from me as the very limited space allowed. A shadow fell on us. Mrs. Hargreave stood there shutting out the sunlight.

"Georgie! What are you doing here, and who is this gentleman? He is no acquaintance of mine—of yours." She spoke in a voice tremulous with what might be anger; but to me it more resembled fear.

"This is——Mr. Dudley, mother." The girl spoke with a pitiful effort.

I bowed; so did Mrs. Hargreave.

The introduction thus effected was alike embarrassing to all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HINTS FOR THE TRAVELER.

How a Little Home System Will Make Things Come Easier.

The journey being over and the first resting place reached comes the unpacking. Now it will be seen if brains have been used in filling the trunks and all possible contingencies foreseen. We will hope so, and that the tired traveler will find all she needs without diving to the bottom of even one trunk. Now the house-keeping talent will come into play: everything that is left out of the trunk for future use will be put as nearly as possible in the same position in the strange room that it would occupy in the familiar bed chamber at home.

If handkerchiefs are usually kept in the left hand corner of the upper bureau drawer, in they go in the same place in the hotel bureau. Thus no time is lost in looking for things; we know by instinct where to go to find everything, and our tired heads are saved worry and trouble. But one caution on leaving the temporary resting place: Don't rely on "feeling sure" that a certain drawer or closet has not been opened. If the owner put nothing in there, perhaps the chambermaid did, and there is no thought so comforting, when seated in the train again, as to reflect that every spot has been examined before the room was left, and that nothing remains behind.

Bringing Up Children Rationally.

It is as natural to a child to be happy, says a writer in *Woman*, as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of "letting alone." It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B.'s, our next-door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house, and they are scarcely allowed to go near it lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate, or swim, or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all, with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mischief that ever wore a sunbonnet, and she learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parents' eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder.

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is a dull routine and that "nothing ever happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

Grammar Was His Strong Point.

Justice of the Peace—Have you ever saw this man before?

Witness—Yes.

"Had he came before you had went?"

"No."

"Is them your eggs what you say was stole?"

"Yes."

"Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?"

"Yes; I would have knowed them."

"Speak grammatic, young man! It ain't proper to say 'have knowed'; you should say 'have knew.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

Hair Ornaments.

Ornaments for the hair, in the way of decorative hairpins, small combs and back combs are, if possible, more fashionable than ever. The back combs, the newest comer in this line of goods, will be out for the spring trade in novel patterns. The prongs of both combs and pins are variously made of amber and dark-colored tortoise shell or of silver and of gold. The shell prongs are perhaps most popular, with their ornamental tips of gold or silver.

An Apt Answer.

"Who was the wisest man?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Solomon," promptly replied a little girl.

"And who was the holiest?"

"Moses."

"Moses! What makes you think so?"

"Because I often hear papa speaking of 'Holy Moses.'"

Slippery Elm Vows Not Good.

"I swear by those tall elms in yonder park——" he commenced, but she interrupted him.

"Swear not by them," she said, imploringly.

"Why not?"

"Because those trees are slippery elms," she said simply.—*Merchant Traveler.*

An Eye to Business.

Wife (to husband)—Do you expect to contribute to the fund for the erection of "The Home for Orphans," my dear?

Husband—No; I did think of sending a check, but I've made up my mind that there wouldn't be anything in it for me.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Leap Year Episode.

Wife—Where have you been?

Husband—I have just ushered that impertinent Miss Smythe to the door. This is the eleventh time this week she has called on our son, and I have sworn never to give her his hand.—*Tidbits.*

Does it Work Both Ways?

Mother—Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?

Son—No; the boss never speaks to me about it when he goes.—*Judge.*

Recent Literature.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND NOVEL.

Higher Ground or Hints Towards Settling the Labor Troubles—The Doctor of Deane—Trusts—A B C of Agriculture—Free Rum on the Congo—The First Steps in Electricity—Nerve Waste—Judaism on the Social Question—Literary Notes.

"Higher Ground or Hints Towards Settling the Labor Troubles," is the title of a little book by Col. Augustus Jacobson, of Chicago, treating of the colossal fortunes accumulating in this country, and the danger to our institutions from them; of the conflicts becoming more and more menacing between labor and capital, and suggesting a cure or amelioration of both these unfortunate tendencies through simple but novel and most efficient means. These suggest neither the disorganization of society or business, and yet are of a character that would be peacefully revolutionary. It is a book of extraordinary suggestions. The writer believes that, if widely read, it would have an influence on the future history and legislation of this country as great as that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the past. Compared with the average of books suggesting reform, it is as a cut diamond among gross pebbles. It is practical. It is constructive, and not destructive. It suggests laws of a novel character but not difficult to graft on the common law.

The process suggested by Col. Jacobson for checking the cumulative progress of great fortunes is exceedingly simple and effective. It is to tax estates at death an increasing percentage in proportion to their magnitude, and to use the proceeds of this tax for an educational fund to make industrial education free and universal.

"This tax would not and could not fall heavily upon anybody because where there was no estate there could be no tax. It would not annoy the man of business struggling with difficulties, because it would not be levied upon business, but only upon accumulations actually left at death. If the estate were small it would be a very small tax, at a very small rate. If the estate were large the estate would pay a large tax at a rate high in proportion to its size. If there were no accumulations there would be no tax."

The above plan outlines one of Col. Jacobson's peaceful and efficient means of restoring society to its republican equilibrium. For the still more radical means of securing an education for all the people so complete and practical that it would make the tendency of labor and capital to be arrayed against each other, almost impossible, the reader must see the book itself. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"The Doctor of Deane" is a story by Mary Y. Palmer, published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. It illustrates village life in the few characters drawn, but village life at its best. Dr. West is a young physician of refined tastes in the village of Deane, living with his mother, a woman of rare qualities. He becomes interested in a beautiful girl, the daughter of wealthy but uncultivated parents, who falls in love with him, while he recognizes the fact that her nature has limitations which could never develop the best in him. Later he meets another young girl in whom he finds his true soul-mate. Meanwhile the first realizes that her love is hopeless, and the struggle to conceal it results in a long and nearly fatal illness. The denoument of the story must be left to the reader to find out for himself. The characters are all interesting and very well depicted in the development of the story.

"Trusts," by William W. Cook, of the New York bar, describes the character of the recent combinations in trade under the above name, which have caused considerable alarm among thinking men of the country. He gives their mode of organization and the rights, duties and liabilities of their managers, and ends with a strong denunciation of them and a prophecy of their destruction by the American people, who will never stand such a monopoly. Published by L. K. Strouse & Co., Law Publishers, Nassau street, New York.

"A B C of Agriculture," by Mason C. Wold and other writers, is published by the O. Judd company, New York. Its title proclaims its character, that of a manual for those who are about to begin farming with little or no practical knowledge of what is to be done in order to make the land blossom and bear fruit.

"Free Rum on the Congo" is a little book published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association of Chicago, denouncing the shipment of intoxicating liquor to uncivilized countries. The amount sent to Africa in one year is over 10,000,000 gallons, seven-tenths of which is from Germany. "Oh, yes!" is the comment of this book, "Africa is being opened up with a vengeance." The author, Wm. T. Hornaday, proposes that the leading nations combine to keep intoxicants out of Africa. The population of the Congo Basin is estimated at nearly 52,000,000. The inhabitants have the usual savage passion for whisky, and there can be no question as to the villainy of supplying them with it.

An unusually mystic and stirring tale by Julian Hawthorne has lately been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in their paper series of excellent novels. The title of this story is "David Poindexter's Disappearance, and Other Tales." The "other tales" are quite up to the standard of the initial number, and the volume will yield a chance hour of first class entertainment.

From the same house comes "The Story of Colette," in the Gainsborough Series. It is a translation of the French novel, "*La Neuvaine Colette*," and is a very interesting story.

Charles Barnard has issued an interesting little work on "The First Steps in Electricity," which is designed for the entertainment and instruction of young people at home and in school. The aim of the book is to describe a number of simple and inexpensive experiments, which, without being by any possibility dangerous, will give the reader and the operator a general idea of the laws which govern the manifestations of electrical force both in nature and in its application in the human industries. It is published by Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York.

No. 1 in the new series of the Elite Library is entitled "Mimon, a Tale of Romance and Intrigue," by Fred W. Pearson. This series of books is to consist of not less than five volumes, devoted to prose, fiction and historical romance. They are published by the Welles Publishing company, New York. Price in paper is 50 cents a volume; in half-calf with marbled edges, $1.50.

"Nerve Waste" is the title of a book by H. C. Sawyer, M. D. published by the Bancroft Co., of San Francisco. The author is a working physician who is especially interested in functional diseases of the Nervous System. He has divided his subject into first: "Causes of Nervous Impairement;" second, "The Physiology of Nerve Force;" third, "Phases;" and fourth, "Remedies." A thoughtful reading of the work will do good to many.

"Judaism on the Social Question," by Rabbi H. Berkowitz, D. D., is a book made up of a series of lectures which, upon their delivery, attracted wide attention and won for their author the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and have been reprinted in the Hebrew periodicals, while some have been translated into the German language. They are the first expression from the Jewish pulpit upon the socialistic problem, and have been welcomed as a valuable addition to current information upon this subject. Dr. B. is Rabbi of the leading Hebrew synagogue in Mobile, Ala. The book treats of a vital question of the day from the standpoint of Israel in a most able manner. Published by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York city.

In the Boys Home Library, A. L. Burt, New York, publisher, comes "Ben Burton, the Slate-Picker," by Harry Prentice. Price 25 cents.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Nos. 13 and 14, have made their appearance, covering the ground from "McClellan's Change of Base and Malvern Hill" to "The Battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro." The maps and engravings are many in number and most excellent. When completed, the volumes will be of the greatest value. It is published by the Century Co., New York, and sold only by subscription at 50 cents a number.

"Dainty Desserts for Dainty Diners" is made up of choice recipes for these accompaniments to good dinners by Nellie M. Littlehole. The little book cannot fail to be a great help to housekeepers who like to try something new, and to have pleasant results. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass. Price 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

Cassel & Co. issue a biography of the late German Empeoror, written by Archibald Forbes.

Miss Amelie Rives's short stories are to be collected in a volume, which will be published by the Harpers.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for March a fantastic sketch entitled "The Nixie."

The fifth part of Prof. Childs's unequaled edition of English and Scottish ballads will soon be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A vigorous article entitled "The Decay of Public Morals" is contributed by Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, to the April number of the *Chautauquan*.

Mr. Kennan's Siberian papers, illustrated by Mr. G. A. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his trip through Asiatic Russia, will begin in the May *Century*.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson (who has seldom published verse) will contribute a sonnet to *Scribner's* for April, entitled "The Snowing of the Pines."

Henry James has written a paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, which will appear in the April *Century*, with a portrait sketch of Stevenson's individual face, by Alexander.

Mr. John Bartlett, of Cambridge, has in press "A new and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Words, Phrases and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare."

Those given to the study and demonstration of moral philosophy will be interested in Rev. C. T. Stockwell's discussion of "The Evolution of Immortality." Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

The Philadelphia Social Science association will shortly publish a monograph by Prof. E. J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, entitled "Chairs of Pedagogics in our Colleges and Universities."

With its March number the *Forum* enters upon its fifth volume. Within the past year the circulation of this magazine is said to have doubled—a statement which is certainly creditable to the appetite of the American people for good magazine reading.

Lee & Shepard announce new editions of Petroleum V. Nasby's books. Among them "Hannah Jane," "The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby," "The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem," "A Paper City," "Swingin' Round the Cirkle," "Ekkoes from Kentucky," and "Nasby in Exile."

In the concluding paper by John C. Ropes, on "The Campaign of Waterloo," *Scribner's Magazine* for April there will be four full-page illustrations, two ideal pictures by R. F. Zogbaum, and two by W. T. Smedley. There are also a great many smaller sketches by Mr. Smedley, which were made during his recent visit to the field of Waterloo for this magazine.

The solid reading in *Harper's Magazine* for April is lightened up, and its weight offset, by many charming fancies in verse. Poems are furnished by Andrew Lang, who sings of Isaack Walton; Elizabeth Stoddard contributes "On the Hill-top;" Richard E. Burton, "A Spring Thought;" Dora Read Goodale, "All's at an End," and Harriet Spofford "In April Days."

Mr. James Russell Lowell has just finished an article on the general advancement of mankind, which will be used as an introduction to "The History of the World's Progress." In his article he takes a conservative stand. "If we cannot strike a precise balance and say that the world is better, we may at least comfort ourselves with the belief that this, if not demonstrably true, is more than probable."

"Ouida" has the place of honor in the *Woman's World* for April, and writes feelingly "Apropos of a Dinner." It seems that Mr. Frith in his recently published "Reminiscences" speaks of having dined with "Ouida," and mentions en passant that cigarettes were served with the oysters. The whole soul of the novelists rises at this accusation. "No such abomination can have been perpetrated at any dinner of mine!" she exclaims indignantly.

MR. THIKHED AND GLADYS.

A Disposition on the Gentleman's Part to Take Things Too Literally.

Young Mr Thikhed carefully attired himself in his new spring trousers from New York last night and sauntered around on to Delaware avenue to make a call on Gladys. She welcomed him with much effusion and began entertaining him by showing him some of the valentines she had received this year. Pointing to a beautiful plush sentiment of affection on the centre-table, she said:

"Isn't that just lovely, Mr. Thikhed? The postman brought it the first thing Valentine's day morning."

"Postman, eh? He's a good one. How long has he loved you?"

"Loved me? Who?"

"The postman. Nice for him, ain't it? He can call on you three or four times a day, can't he? And everybody'll think its on business, won't they, eh?"

"Why, Mr. Thikhed, you are quite wrong. The postman doesn't love me. How did you get such a funny notion?"

"You said he brought you that valentine. What did he bring you the valentine for if he didn't——?"

"Why he brought it from the Postoffice. Some one dropped it there. I'm sure I don't know who."

"Twasn't that spider-legged man with the red hair that folks used to say you was engaged to?"

Oh, Mr Romney, you mean? Oh, dear, no; I rejected his suit some months ago."

"Great Scott! Didn't it fit?"

"Fit? What fit?"

"His suit, his suit; wasn't it all wool? He'd ought to have bought his clothes in N'York; then he'd 'a' been all right."

"Why, I've said nothing about any clothes."

"Oh, yes you have. You said you rejected his suit. Wasn't his pants wide enough?"

"Really, Mr. Thikhed, you misunderstand. I told Mr. Romney that I could hear no more of his protestations of affection."

"Couldn't, eh? Why didn't he open his mouth and speak louder?"

"Speak louder? Why on earth should he do that?"

"So you could hear."

"But I didn't want to hear."

"Oh!"

"No. I think Mr. Bustleton sent me this valentine; it's just like him."

"He must be giddy—plush and hand-painted."

"Who? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Bustleton or Fustleton, or whatever it is. If he's plush and hand-painted he must be gay."

"Why, how perfectly absurd; you ridiculous creature!"

"You said he was, anyhow."

"I? I never!"

"You said he was just like the valentine."

"Why, I didn't say any such thing."

"Well, then you said it was just like him. What's the difference, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, dear, Mr. Thikhed, you are very, very incomprehensible. I meant it was just like him to send me such a lovely token of esteem."

"Oh, oh, yes; now I see. How funny. Ha! ha!"

"You've never met Mr. Bustleton, have you?"

"No. Awfully sorry."

"So am I. Oh, he is perfectly exquisite I met him first out at a little progressive euchre party. He had the most lovely nails——."

"Tenpenny? Picture nails? or were they carpet tacks?"

"Dear me, no; finger nails."

"Oh, yes."

"And we sat down at the same table, you know, and he gave just the sweetest glance—"

"In a box?"

"Box?"

"Oh, huh; eighty cents a pound?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You said he gave you a sweet glance."

"Why, that ain't confectionery, you. It was the way he expressed his admiration."

"American or Wells-Fargo?"

"What?"

"The express, the express. You say he expressed his admiration. Did he send it C. O. D.?"

"Why, no. You are very obtuse. He looked at me fondly, and only think, he told his brother I was aduck."

"But you ain't, are you?"

"Why of course, not a real duck."

"Not a web-footed——"

"Why, you horrid thing—no; I'm not an animal at all."

"Sort of a decoy duck, perhaps."

"Why, the idea! Really, Mr. Thikhed, I shall have to bid you good night. Your remarks are not flattering, to say the least. Please excuse me."

And Mr. Thikhed went out into the night muttering to himself: 'Hang it all. Try to get a little knowledge by asking questions and they get mad. What ails 'em, anyhow?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THERE is a woman in New Jersey who is building her own house. It is no rare thing to read of women who manage their own farms, but house building is a new departure even for female enterprise. This independent lady has been architect, the carpenter, plasterer and general maker of her own castle. Rain or shine, heat or cold, have no effect upon her. She goes right along with her work, climbs ladders, carries brick and mortar on the top of the half finished structure with all the agility and confidence of one to the manner born. When the weather is very stormy she attends to the interior work, floor laying, window castings and piece moulding and they are all accomplished with quickness and dispatch. Nothing short of a blizzard keeps this indomitable spirit inside and generally she may be seen with a hod of brick one moment, and of mortar the next, climbing a steep ladder like a professional. She is known far and wide and is never without an audience to "boss the job." The fair lady, though somewhat remarkable upon week days for the oddness of her work, differs very little from her sex upon the day of rest, for when the Sabbath comes around she dons her Sunday clothes and resumes her position in society. At last has been found Western enterprise in the conventional East. This queer woman has the best of health and enjoys the respect and association of the high and low, rich and poor characters of her territory, and day after day she goes merrily on building her home, which, when finished, will not prove a castle in the air.

ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON calls attention to the fact that the working women of New York have utterly changed their habits with regard to the lunches they take at mid-day. Once it was the rule for them to remain at their places of work and eat bread and butter, sandwiches and fruits, or cake and pie, but now very many go forth as men do to restaurants for something hot and substantial. The kind of lunch taken is, she says, in some sort a test of ability in the matter of earning good wages. The change indexes another thing with respect to women's habits and ideas, and that is, their growing independence with regard to self-protection. They go to these restaurants down town, once only frequented by men, and demand and receive the same courtesy and consideration for their money, as would be afforded in those especially designed for their frequenting up-town. They are no less womanly than of yore, but far more courageous in the assertion of their own individuality.

A YOUNG English author has lately written a book called "Uncle Sam at Home." He evidently wished to forestall Max O'Rell in a cynical, critical and satirical work upon America and the American people. One of the distinguished points of this little volume, seems to be the unlimited and lavish praise he bestows upon the American girl. She is very unlike the Daisy Miller type of young woman, and coming from such an unexpected source as an English pen, one is led to believe the author has some warmer interest in one of our fair countrywomen than social contact and knowledge alone would give. The American girl has long been yielded the palm for beauty and style, while at the same time her manner and education have not been favorably compared with the young girls of other countries. That she is given too much liberty and has an overabundant supply of independence and self-assertion, have been frequently urged against her. But at the same time these so-called faults render her more capable of caring for herself in time of need than the foreign young woman who has never been allowed to develop self-dependence or a mind of her own. After all has been said against her, so much still remains in her favor that the American girl always is well received in whatever part of the globe she may chance to visit. It is true, as a general thing, she can not speak seventeen languages, which vast accomplishment, it is said, the daughters of nobility may claim. But she has the ability to learn, and possesses so much ready wit and knowledge of ways and means that she is able to hold her own in any emergency.

UNDER the title of "Self-Supporting," H. G. Perkins turns his poetry machine and grinds out the following for *Tid Bits*:

Wistful he gazed into her face,
Roguish and gay, ne'er in repose,
Boldly he stole one soft embrace,
Quickly with blazing eyes she rose,

"I can support myself," she cried,
"Then," he replied, "then cease our strife,
"Years to find one like you I've tried
"Ah, thrifty maiden, be my wife."

MRS. CLEVELAND has developed a penchant for collecting diamonds. It is not an original idea, as many a woman possesses the desire without the ways and means of gratifying her inclinations. The lady of the White House, being one of the fortunate ones, is already the owner of quite a fine collection of the sparkling gems. The President has aided his wife in this respect, and whenever he wished to give her a surprise in the form of a present, it has always been diamonds set in different ways. Necklace, rings in profusion, pendants, brooches and bracelets—in fact, the jewel case of this lady holds a fortune in rare diamonds. The unmounted jewels are of Mrs Cleveland's own selection; they are not very large and some are off color, but at the same time, when displayed in cabinets of inlaid wood, they make a very pretty appearance. The cabinets are provided with tiny compartments filled with cotton, and in them the diamonds rest. Each nest is numbered, and a memorandum book tells, after every number, the time, place and value of the purchase. The total collection of gems set and unmounted, are valued at $50,000. There may be a method in this madness, as the Presidential chair and salary are but a fleeting show. Stocks may rise and fall, and real estate prove a bad investment, but the market value of a diamond is always essentially the same.

What It Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this "priceless boon."

Outbursts of Budding Genius

Bobby (sentimentally to his cousin, whom he adores)—"Maud, won't you give me some souvenir of yourself to take back to school with me?" Maud—"Why, Bobby, dear, of course I will." Bobby (with much pathos)—And you'll let it be something to eat, dear, won't you?"

The superintendent of a Sunday school told his boys that they should be like the train—the scholars being the engine and his converts the carriages. Next Sunday the door opened during lessons and a little boy, making a noise like an engine, ran in, followed by a half-dozen others in single file at his back. He came to a halt before the superintendent, who asked the meaning of it all. The answer was, "Please, sir, I'm the engine, and them's the carriages."

Tho following is a boy's composition about "Clumbus:" "Clumbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Clumbus: 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Clumbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he got a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him, and said: 'Clumbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Clumbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Clumbus said: 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then the chief said: 'I suppose you are Clumbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men, and said: 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

The Raising of Two-Lips

is a branch of floriculture in which maidens and youths sometimes indulge. But when the ruddy petals opening disclose specks and discoloration, and emit an unpleasant odor, the use of SOZODONT for the teeth remedies both defects.

The Prevailing Topic!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting)—"O, all right, 'f't wasn't for these east winds——"

Talboys (who is a little hard of hearing) —"Twins! My dear fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were ——. And how are they—all three? I hope ——"

Stumpson (testily—large family already) —"I didn't say these twins"—(shouting)— "I said the east winds!"—*Punch.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Didn't Know it Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.
"He didn't know it was loaded."

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known," has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulation of the waste of the system,—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year. Whyb

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a great deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditure.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous sick headache of which I have been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aarea Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other,—there's nothing like it or as good,—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself, and give it to the other members of your family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorally with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first-class in every particular.

THE CHILDREN'S BRIGHT TALK.

Pithy Ideas and Humorous Inferences of the Little Ones.

New York World.

A PERSONAL APPLICATION.

Grace had often been told to be quiet while papa said grace at the table. One day she fixed herself demurely at dinner, her hands in her lap and her eyes cast down and said: "Papa, say *me*."

BEYOND EARTHLY COMPREHENSION.

Little Alice frequently begins to say her prayers before her mother is ready. She repeats them as she does her nursery rhymes, very rapidly, running the words together into an unintelligible jumble, meanwhile swaying her body back and forth in time with her utterances. Her tot of a brother sat watching her the other night and listening to "now I lay me," and "twinkle, twinkle, little star," with impatience and amazement depicted on his countenance. When she had finished he said, "Mother, do you 'spose God knew what she was sayin'?"

"Why certainly, dear."

"Well, he must be pretty smart, then."

GENERAL REPAIRS NEEDED.

One day Arline and Katie were discussing a story which the latter had read a long time ago. Katie said that she did not believe it was true, whereupon the little 7-year-old indignantly cried: "Katie, your believer is out of order, your rememberer needs to be altered, and your forgotter needs to be made smaller."

THE GROWTH OF INTIMACY.

Grace, aged five, had noticed that mamma said "Will" when addressing papa, and that the hired girl said, "Mr. C——." Thinking this formality had continued long enough, she cried out one day: "Katie, how long will you have to know papa before you will call him Will?"

UNTIMELY ENTHUSIASM.

That company in the country is a great event is well known. This was fully illustrated by the experience of a certain Bostonian who was snow-bound in a small town last week. He was invited to take supper at the house of a well-to-do farmer whom he knew, where there was a small boy not yet beyond the high-chair stage of existence. Of course preparations had been made to give the visitor a good repast and an enjoyable evening, and these did not pass unnoticed by the small boy. When the family and guest were seated at the table the youngster looked at the feast with glistening eyes, then rose in his high chair, waved his arms frantically and exclaimed: "Hullo, pies! Hullo, cake! Haven't seen you for a hundred years!"

A STARTLING THOUGHT.

Miss Blank is a teacher in the Girls' Latin school, Boston. In teaching anatomy she uses the articulated skeleton of a girl, and beginners in the study of anatomy in Miss Blank's class are usually very much impressed by her familiarity with the to them awesome object. Not long ago a new girl in the class sat through the lesson in a sort of stupefied silence, gazing fearfully at the grinning skeleton and amazedly at the teacher who handled it with such serene composure. When the lesson was over the new girl, making a frightened detour around the skeleton, approaching Miss Blank, and in a horrified, thrilling whisper inquired:

"Is that the skeleton of a Latin school girl or a high school girl?"

Miss Blank was obliged to confess ignorance on that point.

THANKS AT BOTH ENDS.

Little Fred D—— and his father and mother were going to board with a neighbor for two weeks, while the house was undergoing repairs. Fred was delighted at the prospect.

"Mamma," he said, didn't you say I must thank God for every good thing?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Shall I thank him because we are going to board?"

"Yes, if you wish."

When the two weeks had expired, and the last dinner at the boarding-house had been eaten, Fred leaned back in his chair, and heaving a long sigh of relief, said, in the hearing of the hostess:

"Now, let's thank God we've got through boarding."

PEACE BY COMPULSION.

Fred D——, 5 years old, had to learn a verse to recite at Sunday school. His verse was, "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not exactly understand what it meant, and his mother explained it to him, telling him that whenever he saw two boys quarrelling or fighting he must be a little peacemaker and try to stop them.

The next night as he was being undressed he said: "Mamma, I was a little peacemaker to-day."

"Were you?" said his mother; "how?"

"I saw two little boys fighting in the street, and I stopped them."

"That's a good boy," said the mother, giving him a kiss; "and how did you part them?"

"Why, I just ran up and fired stones at them till they stopped fighting and ran away."

A SPRING PETITION.

Mother (to wayward young son)—Tommy, why don't you say your prayers like your sister Alice? Wayward Son—I would, mother, if I knew a short prayer like Alice says. "Well, what is it that Alice says?" "Why, she jumps into bed and says: 'O Lord! I wish I had a new bonnet.'"

A NEW TRANSLATION.

A little boy up town who has just learned to say his prayers, and, we regret to state, with considerable opposition, was at breakfast the other morning and the waiter was putting lumps of sugar in his coffee. When the fourth lump went in the boy put his hand on the waiter's arm.

"Amen," he said briefly.

"Why, Tommie, what do you mean by that?" inquired his mother, greatly shocked.

"That means I've got enough," replied the youngster, with his mind on his devotional exercises.

SKETCH OF THE SERMON.

"My little 5-year-old come home from church last Sunday," said Mr. Ed. Stevens, with "'Papa I can tell you what the preacher said to-day.'

"'Let's have it,' I answered.

"'He said that Jesus was in the temple, and after awhile put on his hat and went out on the sidewalk where a man lay sick, and he said to him, roll up your mattress and go home, and he went.'"

THE REMEDY.

Little four-year-old Cora did not want to learn to read, and her mother asked her what she would do if she were unable to read when she grew up.

"I'll get my husband to read to me," was the reply.

MY LADY'S HANDS.

HOW THEY ARE KEPT BEAUTIFUL.

Some Suggestions as to Methods to Whiten, Soften and Beautify Them—Suggestion for Gloves—And Chilblains.

A delicate, well-kept hand is one of the chief points of beauty; therefore every woman who would add to her attractions should bestow careful attention to those details which affect not only her personal appearance, but reveal a refined and cultured mind. The gentlewoman of to day s not a useless doll to show off fine clothes and jewels, but has many occupations, and devotes some part of her time to actual attention to her home, and is not above arranging and assisting in such matters as contribute to its beauty and harmonious effect. Thus, perhaps, she may have less delicate hands than the woman who does nothing at all; for, if constantly used even in such light matters as writing, painting or sewing, they will be less white than if always in repose. But a little care will preserve soft, fine flesh, and daily attention will keep well-rounded and polished nails.

The treatment necessary for some hands is not suitable for others, but all should see that their toilet necessaries are such as will assist in the care of their hands. If the hand is naturally white and delicate, you have only to guard against temporary disfigurement, such as stains, chilblains and that soreness of the skin which is generally spoken of as chapped hands. For stains caused by ink, paints, fruit and other similar things, you place a few drops of oil of vitriol in cold water and wash the hands without soap; or, for lighter or more superficial stains, you take a little vaseline, and after well rubbing the hands round and round, you wash in warm water with soap. Pumice stone, as sold by the chemist, is useful on all washing stands, as it smooths down any hard surface, or rubs out slight stains or marks.

Another necessary adjunct to the dressing table is the little Parisian box used by the manicure, and which may be bought for a small sum of any chemist or perfumer. It contains a boat-shaped instrument, covered in chamois leather, and furnished with a handle, and there is a tiny box of fine pink powder of a slightly gritty nature. You breathe on the nails, and then sprinkle them with the powder, and polish briskly on the chamois pad. But before this process is reached you must first use the other little implement, which is of ivory, with one end shaped almost like a pen, the other fitted like a small brush. In the center is a flat file, on which you carefully shape the tops of the nails, rounding them off on either side to follow the line of the finger.

Scissors should never be used for the finger nails, as by cutting them you make the nails coarse and thick. With the ivory point you clean the finger nails, and also gently push back the flesh to reveal the white crescent and to prevent the skin splitting and forming "hang nails," which quickly appear if the skin adheres to the nail.

Wash the hands always in warm water, and do not be sparing with the brush or the soap. If, in cold weather, your hands are liable to chap, keep a small pot of honey, and, just before you dry your hands, dip in a finger and well rub the hands round and round, give a slight rinse and dry carefully, dust a little oatmeal on them, and rub off with a dry towel.

To whiten and soften the hands, there is nothing equal to real almond paste; and when I so emphatically say real, I mean that which is made from sweet and bitter almonds pounded in a mortar, and not of lard or other fatty substances mixed with almond oil, this composing the ordinary compound known as almond paste. For hands that are red and coarse, the following treatment will soon effect a change, but it must be persevered in, as it is quite impossible to change the color and texture of the skin in a few days, and those who believe the wonderful assertions of some patent medicines must indeed be of a credulous nature.

Once you get the improvement, it is not diffiult to retain, but perseverance only will attain this. Your first precaution must be to use warm water always; but if you are subject to rheumatism or chilblains let it be of medium warmth only. Keep a pot of fine oatmeal and a puff on your washing stand, dry the hands with a bath towel, rub briskly, and dust with oatmeal. At night use rather warmer water, apply a flesh or ordinary nail brush all over the hands, and, when quite dry, apply almond paste, and sleep in easy-fitting gloves. Chevrette gloves, with four or six buttons, are preferable to kid, which soon become greasy on the outside. A pair of these gloves will last for months if real almond paste is employed.

To make a good almond paste obtain of sweet and bitter almonds each 2 ounces, pound to a paste and work up with half an ounce of Windsor soap cut in fine shreds. To this add two drams of spermaceti and half an ounce of oil of almonds; oil of bergamot, 12 drops. Subject to gentle heat, stir well and cool in china pots.

A mixture of honey, lemon juice and eau de cologne is exceedingly useful to whiten the hands when discolored by sun, wind or work, and may be kept mixed for the purpose in a small toilet jar. Take a wineglassful of each ingredient and mix well; then pour into the jar and keep closely corked. This may be applied night or day, and the inside of the fingers rubbed with pumice stone.

Cold cream made with oil of almonds is a good substitute for almond paste, but does not whiten the hands so much, although it softens the skin. To make this, mix half an ounce of each of white wax and spermaceti; oil of almonds, four ounces, orange or elderflower water, two ounces. Before adding the latter, subject the ingredients to gradual heat, and, when liquid, add the orange water and stir gently. Stand in cold water to cool. Cold cream made from hog's lard tends to coarsen the skin, when it becomes flabby and wrinkles soon form. Emollients are of two kinds, namely, those which lie on the skin and form a poultice, and those which are of a light greasy nature and easily penetrate and fill up the pores. These latter should be avoided; therefore the almond paste and the cold cream of almonds should be selected in preference.

When the hands are of good color, but the skin lacks softness, glycerine is useful, but it has no effect on the color. The hands may be, however, greatly improved in texture if, after the nightly wash, they are well coated with glycerine and dipped into oatmeal, or well powdered with the same.

Gloves are, of course, necessary, and should fit well at the wrists; otherwise the loose oatmeal becomes disagreeable. Bran is supposed to have great influence on the skin, and some manicures advise glycerine and bran which has been stewed in water. The bran is used quite moist, and is, therefore, of similar type to the bran poultice which our great-grandmothers used on the neck and arms, which, being daily exposed to the then fashionable decollete gown, were no doubt a source of trouble to them.

Some women suffer terribly from chilblains, which are not only painful, but when they appear on the hands cause great disfigurement. Never plunge the hands into very cold or hot water, and do not expose them to the air without stout gloves and a warm muff. Above all, attend to the wrists and arms, as wrapping the hands only is of little avail. Long, close-fitting armlets do more to prevent chilblains than any outward applications. If chilblains appear in spite of or from neglect of these precautions, let not the first twinge be neglected. Get either of the following mixtures and apply night and morning or whenever the chilblain is troublesome, and remember that friction combined with a stimulating lotion helps to disperse the chilblain.

Lotion No. 1: Spirit of rosemary, five parts; spirits of wine, one part. No. 2 lotion is more active, and consists of tincture cantharides, two drams; soap liniment, ten drams. On the first sign of redness or irritation, an excellent plan is to rub briskly with one of the lotions named, and to cover the part with adhesive plaster, but friction is earnestly advised, or if this is neglected until there are symptoms of their appearance then apply a lotion and friction every two hours.

Broken or ulcerated chilblains should be washed with tincture of myrrh in water, but with care, and wearing warm clothing, chilblains may be prevented, or at least will not reach beyond the first and easily cured stage.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home; or send 7 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE, for examination, an 8x10 sample of our NONPARIEL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it in case you do not take the agency for our work. Address

W. E. McCHRISTIE,
Nonpariel Photo-Copying Co.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE NAVAL VETERANS

Will Hold a Reunion at Columbus During the Grand Army Encampment.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—It is proposed to hold a reunion of the naval veterans at Columbus, Ohio, during the Grand Army Encampment, which will occur September next. Naval veterans generally who favor such a reunion, and expect to attend, will please send name and address to William Simmons, commander of Naval Post No. 400, Philadelphia, Pa. If sufficient interest is taken in the matter, suitable arrangements will be made to insure success.

"The object of this association is fully set forth in article third of its constitution:—'To cherish the memories and associations of the War of the Rebellion, perpetuate the glorious name and deeds of our navy, strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy, maintain national honor, union and independence,' and to consist of local associations of Naval veterans throughout the country, who shall choose their own officers and adopt rules for their own government."

I invite your attention to the motto of the association, and beg leave to assure you that we propose to see to it that in all future legislation the naval veterans shall stand upon equal footing with our more fortunate comrades of the army. We ask no more, and should be satisfied with nothing less. For the successful accomplishment of this object I cannot too strongly urge upon you the importance of organizing. Do so whenever and whatever it is practicable, or connect yourselves with some of the associations now organized, bearing in mind the important fact that in a multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and "in union there is strength."

In the presentation of our grievances to the attention of our national lawmakers we are fully convinced that we can secure such recognition as the character and importance of the service we rendered entitles us to. In this we have the assurance of sympathy from our army comrades, because we gallantly stood by them in the hour of trial and danger, at Morris Island, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Fort Fisher, and on the Western waters. We shared with them in the dangers of battle and in the triumphs of peace which crowned our united efforts with success. We shall advocate the equalization of bounties, the passage of a just and equitable pension bill, and the furnishing of duplicate discharges to those of our people who have lost the original. For the successful accomplishment of these objects, it is essentially requisite that we have a long pull, and a pull together.

The vast, extensive and important service rendered by our gallant navy in the late war is not known or appreciated by the present generation as fully as it should be. Not only in the war of the rebellion, but in all previous conflicts in which we have been engaged as a nation, our navy came fully up to the requirements of the emergency; surpassing the expectations of the people and fairly covering itself with imperishable renown. We shall urge liberal legislation for its maintenance, and in view of its past record feel perfectly safe in predicting for it a brilliant future.

We point with a feeling of pride to its heroic achievements and brilliant exploits, to the battles we fought, the victories we won, and the grand results accomplished. Forts Walker and Beauregard, Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Forts Henry and Hindman, Forts Morgan and Gaines, Forts Hatteras and Clarke, are but a few of the victories for which the nation is indebted exclusively to the navy. We did equally well on the ocean, everywhere demonstrating, in language too plain to be misunderstood, the superiority of the American sailor.

The destruction of the Merrimac, by Worden; the Manassas, by Farragut, the Albemarle, by Cushing; the Arkansas, by Porter; the Alabama, by Winslow, are events to which we can refer with a considerable degree of pride. Farragut's triumphant ascension of the Mississippi river, and his August morning in Mobile bay, has never been equalled in the annals of warfare, ancient or modern. The names of Morris and Worden, Stringham and Goldsborough, Foote and Davis, DuPont and Dahlgren, Cushing and Rodgers, Wilkes and Winslow, Porter and Farragut should be written in letters of gold on the pages of our country's history, because they will continue to accumulate additional honor and lustre from generation to generation, until time shall be no more.

From the official records of the Navy department it has been ascertained that there were 121,954 enlistments in the navy during the war of the rebellion.

The secretary of the association is engaged in the compilation of a directory of the present address of naval veterans. Shipmates who write to him for information will please state what vessels they served on during the war, the date of such service, if possible, and their rating. He may be addressed in care of the naval post in Philadelphia, enclosing stamps to cover actual postage.—JOSEPH HADFIELD, commodore, New York city.

A Soldier's Close Call.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I thought I would take a stool at your CAMP FIRE with your permission and try to relate what happened on the 18th of June, 1864, near Petersburg, Va. About noon our regiment was ordered to take position on a ridge and open fire, which we kept up until about 4 in the afternoon, when we were ordered to advance and take position along the railroad track. As we started, a storm of lead came upon us. When about half way down the hill one of my comrades, S. J. Baxter, fell with a groan. As I looked around at him I fell into a hole washed out by heavy rains, where I laid partly stunned by the fall. When I came to my senses, the rebels were firing on Baxter, which they kept up until he was dead. My company was at the railroad and I could hear the men talking. All was quiet except the firing on poor Baxter. I concluded to draw my feet under me, spring up and run for my life, but, at the first move of my foot, they commenced firing on me, until dark, for I lay still until it was so dark that the rebs could not see me. I got up, shook the dirt from my back, and made a break for my company, which I reached. My comrades were surprised, for they had believed that both Baxter and myself were dead. Had Grover been in my place he would have been shot, for he is thicker than I am, and the rebs hit my knapsack.—D. S. CLARK, Co. E, 2d N. Y. Vol.

A Deer in Camp.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Another pine knot to keep up the blaze. I do not feel thankful to realize that the boys of blue have a column by which we, as comrades, can talk to one another. I do love to read the letters of my comrades of the late war. It reminds me of old times, bad and good. I wish here to state a circumstance that occurred just before the battle of Missionary Ridge. While 15,000 of us boys lay in one valley, I think on the west side of the Tennessee river, a wild deer came running down the mountain side right into our camp, and such yelling and screaming you never heard if you were not there. Not only the privates, but also the officers joined in the noise, for the officers were afraid we would shoot one another. They would shout: "Do not shoot! Do not shoot! Do not shoot!" for fear of killing the boys instead of the deer, but with all the noise that the boys made, the deer came right among us. Well the boys circled around it, so thick that you could not see it for a minute. Then all at once you could have seen the poor deer jump high above the heads of the boys, and start again, only to be encircled by others. So it made three trials, but at last, weary and worn out, it had to yield to its fate. I think that some of the boys will recollect the incident. If so, write and let me hear from you. The boys used to call me "Buffalo John." Soon after we caught the deer, another came for us to cross the river in the night. So we marched, I should judge about one mile, came to the river at 12 o'clock, got into flat boats and took possession of the opposite bank. Next day we were met by the Johnnies and we had a little three days hitch in all, before we got at the top of Missionary Ridge.—J. W. GERHART, company E, 48th Indiana Volunteers, Arkadelphia, Clark county, Arkansas.

She Aided a Veteran.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—After having been wounded in the left arm on the 6th of July, in a conflict near Aldie, with what was said to be the Virginia 5th Cav., under Moseby, I made my way back to camp at Fall's church alone. On the 7th I stopped at a house, supposed to be about half way from the scene of conflict, to Vienna, and about 100 yards south of a railroad grade, which I think was to be a part of the railroad that ran from Alexander to Vienna. The house was a hewn log house one and a half story, single dower room, about three-fourths of a mile west or southwest from a large brick house. The house at which I stopped was occupied by a comely woman about 25 years of age. I called for food which she offered me but I was too weak to eat having lost so much blood, and suffeted so much. She dressed my wound, and asked me to wash my face, which I was too weak to do; seeing which, she took the rag from me and washed it herself. She begged me to stay and she would send for a doctor who lived about three miles away. I told her he might capture me. I then offered pay which she refused. She then proposed to send me to the brick house where the old gentleman or his large boys would direct me to camp, but I told her I feared they would capture me. She sent her sister, a girl about 14 years old, to show me the right path. If the persons referred to or any of your readers can give me the name of the lady, I shall be greatly delighted.—JAMES LOGSDOW, Olesburgh, Kan.

Count Him for Lincoln.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am glad to say that I am a reader of the BLADE, one of the best papers published in the United States. I naturally turn to the CAMP FIRE stories first to hear what the boys have to say, many of whom, like myself, are not accustomed to write for the general public, but, nevertheless, we can understand each other like a love feast at an old-fashioned camp meeting, where there is a free favor. If we cannot understand we take it for granted that it is all right, anyhow.

I have neither rail or pine knot to lay on, but I will bring my little arm load of sage brush, which will make a big smoke, if it wont blaze. I have little to say for myself more than that I enlisted in 1863, at the age of 16, and served in all two years in three different regiments, cavalry, artillery and infantry. I went into the service as stout and healthy a boy as ever bucked a musket. I did duty faithfully every day, but came out prematurely old. Now I am a decrepit old fellow at the age of 41. But Uncle Sam has forgotten me. Guess I didn't play off enough. I am unfortunate enough to live in a section where we feel the force of all the cussedness of this administration, although I was born and raised a Democrat. But at the beginning of the war I am glad to say that my father had brains enough to see that, although all Democrats were not rebels, yet all rebels were Democrats, a fact which I am fearful many a good fellow has overlooked. I can not see how any right-minded Yankee soldier can vote for a Democrat for President of the United States; but you may say, "Fudge! the war is over." True enough in one sense, but the feeling is as bitter as it was in 1865. Many of my neighbors are ex confederate soldiers, pretty good fellows in the main, but we have learned to let each other alone politically. We do our voting quietly, but determinedly. I am glad to learn that so many of the boys are in favor of Bob Lincoln for '88. You may count me in.—I. H. GREENE, late Co. C, 180th O. V. I., Molden, Colorado.

A Change of Administration.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I have not contributed any fuel lately to the fire, I will say a few words to the boys of the 5th Tennessee Vol. Cav. As I have never seen anything from any one of them in the CAMP FIRE, I thought I would see if they were all dead; so come to the front, boys, and let me hear from you, and tell me how you like Grover, for instance, and what do you think of a second term of such an administration? Come, speak out, and don't be so slow about it. Do you not think we had about as well have old Jeff in the chair as old Grover? I don't think that Jeff Davis would call the old broken-down soldiers of the Union army as hard names as Grover Cleveland has, and I think a man that is a true friend to the Union, is above making such remarks about soldiers who lost their health in the service of their country. Let's try Bob Lincoln for 1888, and I don't think we will regret it. So come out, boys, and let me know what you think about it.—A. J. THOMPSON, Galloway, Cass Co., Tex., Co. B, 5th Tenn. Cav.

J. E. Johnson, of Butler, Pa., writes that the veterans held a meeting recently to raise funds for a soldier's monument, and, with such success that $15,000 was subscribed. At the meeting a petition was circulated and largely signed urging Congress to pass the service pension bill.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with their ills
The man who trusts in Pierce's Pills.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets:—vegetable, harmless, painless, sure!

Russell Sage on Money.

A visitor to Russell Sage's office the other day asked the great financier what fun there was in making money—more than he could use.

"Merely the pleasure of successful competition," he said. "Just the same pleasure that a boy experiences in running faster and climbing higher than his mates. There are other ways of surpassing that I should think would give even more of this sort of gratification—being the greatest poet, or the greatest artist, or the greatest inventor, or the greatest scientific authority."

"Then there is no pleasure in the mere possession of money?"

"What do you mean by the 'mere possession?'" he replied. "Winning the money and keeping it when all the rest of the fellows are trying to get it is just the successful competition I was speaking of. Money in itself has no power of conferring pleasure, of course, any more than so much mud. It is the knowledge of what money will do that gives pleasure."

"Are you rich enough, Mr. Sage?"

"Am I? Why, yes, I have a great deal more money than I need, and don't really want any more."

"Why don't you go out of business, then?"

"Because there is nothing else that I want to do. I don't care about horse-racing or yachting. I don't want to travel. New York I like better than Paris, and Broadway is good enough for me. In fact I'd rather stay at No. 71 Broadway and guess on the prices of things than anywhere else in the world."—*N. Y. Mail.*

Hit It Both Ways.

Matthew Steffens is a chicago policeman who has had a streak of luck. Many a day when the mercury ran low, has Matthew shivered on State and Harrison streets and contemplated the unhappiness of the policeman's lot. One cold night last month an idea flashed forth upon his inner consciousness and grew upon him as he trod the ice along his weary beat, impelling him almost against his will to woo the fickle goddess Fortune.

And so he took two dollars of his hard earned wealth and bought two tickets, each but a tenth coupon, in the lottery whose monthly drawings are overseen by those two ex-confederate warriors, Beauregard and Early, and when on the 7th of February the drawing occurred it transpired that Matthew's presentiment was a tip from his good angel, for one of his tickets was a tenth of No. 71,575, which drew the first capital prize of $150,000, while the other drew a tenth prize of $100. The latter wasn't much, but it showed the fellow's luck.

A *Traveller* reporter dropped into the Harrison street station a day or two ago, just for the sake of seeing how such a lucky man might look, but Steffens was gone. He had got his $15,000, bought a saloon on State street, and taken a train to the Hot Springs of Arkansaw to thaw out the cold that had accumulated during the recent blizzard. Clerk Daniel Hogan was on hand, and said he saw the $15,000 when it came, on February 13th, all in $500 bills in a Southern Express envelope, from the Louisiana State Lottery.

Mr. Steffens will return to Chicago in a few days, when his many friends will have a chance to congratulate him at his saloon, at No. 385 State street. He is now on leave of absence, but upon his return will send in his resignation as a police officer, and with such a comfortable little fortune as has thus come to him, like a gift from the gods, he can take life easy, and never shiver on a beat again.—*Chicago (Ill.) Arkansaw Traveller, March 3.*

$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for $93; it now sells for $50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequaled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this?—easily enough! We often get as much as $2,000 or $3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free.

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Adjustable Lacing Socket Legs
Best Limb Manufactured on the Face of the Globe.
MADE BY MEN WHO WEAR THEM.
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MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

Ceremony Through Which Boys and Girls Pass.

The following is an abstract from a letter received a short time ago from India:

"As I write there is a terrific din going on next door, which is made by natives that are celebrating the marriage of their children, who, to judge by looking at them, are about twelve years of age. The celebration was commenced last Tuesday (to-day is Sunday), and has been kept up day and night ever since. The music (?) is produced from an old keg with one head knocked out and covered with sheepskin, upon which they beat with their hands, which is called a tom-tom. There is one other instrument in use which sounds very much like a bagpipe and a tambourine. There is no harmony in the sound they make, and, in fact, all they seem to want to do is to make a noise. This is accompanied by a chat by the females, which is very much like the sound a saw makes when it strikes a knot in a log.

"It is the custom of Indian parents to make a match for their children when they are born, and then, between the age of 11 13, they celebrate the wedding with feasting and rejoicing, according to their means. Their parents will stint themselves for years before and after the event, so as to make a great show. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom are separated and do not meet until they are of age, when, if the man does not like the women, he is not compelled to live with her, but he must support her. But I am told that cases are rare of the husband's refusing to live with a wife of his parent's choice.

"The first intimation I had of the arrival of the bride and bridegroom was hearing a full brass band, whereupon I left this letter and went out to see the fun. First came 150 children, each carrying a lamp, and followed by 30 or 40 men who amused themselves by firing off fireworks. They were succeeded by the band and followed by 30 or 40 men who amused themselves by firing off fireworks. They were succeeded by the band and directly behind this came what is called here a "pilekene." To get a good idea of what this latter article is, imagine a small pagoda with no sides. This was decorated with all kinds of silks and gold and silver trimmings, and with a lamp hung in every place in which it was possible to put one. This was borne upon the shoulders of fourteen men, and inside sat the bridegroom, very richly dressed, with his parents. At the door of the house the procession stopped, where the rite of sprinkling him with rice was gone through, after which he entered the house, where he remains for three days, and then he returns home to await his coming of age."—*Boston Herald.*

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Washington Newspaper Correspondents.

The newspaper correspondents occupy a very prominent place in Washington life. They are seen everywhere and are always welcome. At the teas, receptions and dances they are always present, noting down, without any appearance of doing so, the interesting bits of gossip. They are the first to see the great rooms in the white house, decked in its beautiful flowers; they know, too, how the state dining rooms looks before its guests are there, and note with an accurate eye the minutest details of its grandeur. They have the privilege of knowing all they desire, and there is seldom much of importance that passes them by. In some measure the reputations of our law-makers and society leaders are in their hands, as they can use them as they please. They have all the freedom our country can give. As a rule they are charming and agreeable people, and their familiarity with the well-known topics of the day makes their conversations interesting. They are generally prosperous, and have few complaints to make about the treatment they receive from the world.

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four-story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't,
Green Spring, Ohio.

It Was a Libretto Boy's Voice.

Some libretto boys have futures and some have not. One of the former class stood in the wings of the Continental theater stage the other night. A chorus girl, in male attire, which was of the customary scantiness, while toying with her hat, which was decorated with a green leaf, detached the decoration and it fell to the floor. Quick as a flash came the voice of the libretto boy:

"Hi, there, Adam, you've dropped your leaf!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Caged with a Lunatic.

First baker—Just opening, I see. I suppose you will join the bakers' trust?

Second baker—I have no use for a trust, sir.

"Ah, ha! I thought so. You intend to cut under us in prices. We'll just show you, sir, that——"

"I have no intention of cutting under in prices. I shall charge the full market rates whatever they are."

"Eh?"

"I expect, sir, to gain custom by the superior excellence of my bread."

First baker (springing for the door and dashing into the street)—Heaven preserve us! What an escape! He's mad, mad as a March hare!—*Omaha World.*

—THE correct way, is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co. of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisement.

In the City of Brotherly Love.

The meanest man on earth has been found. He is a mill owner in Philadelphia, whose name it is not necessary to give. His father died last week, and he attended the funeral in company with his only brother, whom he employed in his mill at $12 a week. When pay day came on Saturday the younger brother found that the time lost in burying the father had been deducted from his wages by his brother.

Upstairs and Down

From Garret to Cellar, in the Laundry, Kitchen, Butler's Pantry, and Bath Room—JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE has its place. There's nothing too coarse—nothing too fine for it.

With the aid of PEARLINE a delicate woman can clean house and wash clothes. It virtually takes the place of hard work, and is perfectly harmless; in fact, your things last longer, because you do not have to rub them to pieces to get them clean. PEARLINE is for sale everywhere, but beware of the numerous imitations which are peddled from door to door—they are dangerous.

Question Bureau.

Valentine Day.

Victor Lovejoy, Ripley, Ia.:

Where did the custom arise of sending valentines on St. Valentine's Day?

Valentine day is, or more correctly was, celebrated in England, Scotland, and in different parts of the European continent, particularly Lorraine and Main, in France, by a very peculiar and amusing custom. On the eve of St. Valentine a number of young folks, maids and batchelors would assemble, and inscribe on little billets the names of an equal number of maids and batchelors of their acquaintances, throw the whole into some kind of a receptacle, and then draw them out, care of course being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine. The connection of the custom with St. Valentine is purely accidental in the legends of the different saints of that name recorded in the Acta Sanctorum no trace of the practice peculiar to the fourteenth of February is found.

W. A. Washington.

A. J., Bloomington, Mo.:

1. Please give a sketch of the life of Colonel William A. Washington. 2. Recipe for making red ink for Hektograph.

1. William Augustine Washington was born in Stafford county, Va., February 28, 1752. He was the son of Baily Washington, and was educated for the university, but upon the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, entered the Continental army with the rank of captain. He took part in the battles of Long Island, Trenton, and Princeton, and afterwards commanded a troop of lighthorse in South Carolina. For his daring conduct at the battle of Cowpens he received a silver medal from Congress. He was taken prisoner by the British at Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781, and was not released until after the close of the war. In 1798 he was made a member of General Washington's staff with the rank of Brigadier General. He afterward settled in Charleston, S. C., where he died March 6, 1810. 2. Red Diamond analine 10 parts, alcohol 10 parts, acetic acid 2½ parts, gum arabic 10 parts, water 70 parts.

The American Flag.

A. H. C., Sprague.

Will you please tell me in your question bureau, when and by whom was the first American flag made?

The American flag is a growth rather than a creation. Capt. Marco, of the Philadelphia light horse, in 1774 used a flag with a canton of thirteen stripes. In the latter part of 1775 Dr. Franklin, and Messrs. Lynch and Harrison were appointed to consider the subject of a national flag. The result of this conference was a flag like that of the East India company and the Sandwich Islands—the King's colors, or Union Jack, recognizing the yet recognized sovereignty of England with a field of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies. The new flag was hoisted for the first time on the 2nd of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. When independence was determined on, the British Jack was dropped. The stars have been supposed to have been suggested by the Chief of the Washington Arms as shown on monuments at Brington, North Hampshire. The stars were a natural symbol of the states. Congress on the 14th of June, 1777, adopted the basis of the existing national flag. A committee of congress, appointed by Gen. Washington in 1776, called upon Mrs. John Ross, of Philadelphia, and engaged her to make a model flag from a rough drawing, which was modified by General Washington in pencil, who substituted a star of five points for the six pointed star which was in the original draft. This was the first official United States flag of the present design ever used on land or sea.

Fossils.

Thomas Fait, Joliet, Ill.:

Please give in the BLADE a description of the way in which wood, plants, animals and other things become fossilized. Is it possible for all kinds of animals to become fossilized? Give the name of some fossil animals.

Fossil was the term formerly applied to whatever was dug out of the earth, whether mineral or organic, but is now restricted to the remains of plants and animals embedded in the earth's crust. They were formerly, and are sometimes still called petrifactions. They occur in nearly all the stratified rocks which have on this account been named fossiliferous strata. In some pleistocense beds the organic remains are but slightly altered, and are spoken of as subfossils. In this state are the shells, and some raised sea-beaches, and the remains of the hugh struthious birds of New Zeeland, which still retain a large portion of the animal basis. In the progress of fossilization every trace of animal substance disappears, and if we find the body at this stage without being effected by any other change, it is fragile like some of the shells in the London clay. Most frequently, however, a petrified infiltration occupies the cavities left in the fossil by the disappearance of the animal matter, and then it becomes hardened, and solidified—somdtimes the whole organism is dissolved and carried off by water percolating the rock, and its former presence is indicated by the mold of its outer surface, and the cast of its inner in the rocky matrix, leaving a cavity between the cast and the mold agreeing with the size of the fossil. This cavity is occasionally filled up with calcareous spar, flint, or some other mineral; and we thus obtain the form of the organism with the markings of the outer and inner surface, but not exhibiting the internal structure. The study of fossils is very interesting but to go into detail to a greater extent would take more space than the BUREAU can devote to one question.

Edmunds—Evants—Conkling.

A. A. A., Ann Arbor, Mich.:

Will you please give a short biography, embracing the extent and the early education of the following named men: 1. George F. Edmunds; 2. Wm. M. Evarts, and 3. Roscoe Conkling?

1. George Edmunds, United States Senator from Vermont in 1865, also from 1869 to 1875, and from 1875 to 1882. He was born in 1828. He has always been a leader on the Republican side of the Senate, and has made many friends, even among his political enemies, for the straightforward manner of his speeches, and his general brilliancy. 2. William Maxwell Evarts, LL. D., is a son of Jeremiah Evarts. He was born in Boston February 6, 1818. He graduated at Yale in 1837, and was admitted to the bar in 1840, and practiced in New York with great distinction. He was the leading counsel for the defense of President Johnson in his trial. He was Attorney General of the United States from July, 1868, to 1869, and was one of the lawyers appointed by President Grant in 1871 to defend the interests of the United States before the tribunal that met at Geneva to settle the Alabama claims. He was secretary of State under President Hayes. Mr. Evarts is regarded as one of the most learned jurists in the United States. 3. Roscoe Conkling is a distinguished American statesman. He was born in Albany, N. Y., October 30, 1826. He studied and practiced law and removed to Utica in 1846, of which city he was elected mayor in 1858. He was further honored by being elected to represent the district in the United States Congress four times. Here, as a leading representative of the Republican party, he speedily acquired a national reputation for the vigor of his methods and the brilliancy with which they were advocated. In 1867-73-79 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in that body assumed the commanding position he held in the lower House. He resigned his seat in 1881, and has since devoted his time to the practice of his profession—the law.

Albricht Wallenstein.

J. M. M., Columbus, Wis.:

Will you please give a brief biography of Gen. Wallenstein?

Albricht Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, one of the most notable commanders of the early part of the Thirty Years' War, was born in 1583. He was of a rich and noble Bohemian family, and greatly increased his wealth and power by marriage. When the struggle between the Catholics and Protestants of Germany was going on, and the Danes came to the help of the latter, Wallenstein offered to raise and equip an army of 50,000 men to assist the emperor, Ferdinand II., on condition that he was to have full command of his men and the right to indemnify himself for the cost of supporting his troops by plundering the territories they conquered. The emperor accepted the terms, and Wallenstein raised his army and gained many victories over the Danes, and overran the whole North of Germany. But his successes aroused the envy of the Catholic princes and the fear of the emperor; and the latter, therefore, in 1629, forced him to disband his army. Wallenstein made no complaint at this injustice, but returned to his castle, where he lives in almost regal splendor. In the meantime, the great Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus, had taken the field against the German Emperor and inflicted terrible blows upon his armies. The Emperor, trembling for his own personal safety, implored Wallenstein to resume his command. This the noble consented to do, but still insisted upon the privilege of absolute control of his forces. In a few months he encountered the Swedish invaders with a powerful and well-equipped army, and for some months was uniformly victorious. At the great battle of Lutzen, Nov. 10, 1632, in which Gustavus Adolphus was killed, Wallenstein was defeated. After this, though he had re-organized his army and though it was expected that he would press hard upon the enemy just deprived of their great leader, he remained inactive, and it began to be reported that he was intriguing with the Swedes with a view of making himself King of Bohemia. It is not known whether there is any truth in this supposition, but it was the cause of his death. He was assassinated February 25, 1634, by an Irish officer, Col. Butler, aided by some others, and the Emperor rewarded his murderers with princely gifts and himself confiscated Wallenstein's property.

Shay's Rebellion.

L. H. H., Lynchburg, O.:

Will you please describe "Shay's Rebellion" in your next paper? Tell causes, when and where it happened if you can.

The cause of this outbreak was the general poverty and suffering after the Revolutionary war. The provinces had been drained of money to pay the expenses of the army. Taxes were high and an enormous number of suits for debt were brought before the courts. The people were distressed, and thought that the easiest way to relieve their distress would be to force the few rich to bear part of the burdens of the many poor. By the fall of 1786 the general discontent had assumed an organized form. The people met here and there and formed themselves into bands of "regulators," and formulated their grievances in demands and petitions addressed to the state authorities. They complained that the salaries of the governor and other state officers were too high, that the lawyers exacted extortionate fees, and that the taxes were quite too burdensome to bear, and they demanded an issue of paper money and the removal of the Legislative Assembly from Boston. An effort was made in the spring of 1786 to allay the popular discontent by passing an act to diminish costs in the collection of debts, and allow certain back taxes and debts to be paid in produce, but the people were not satisfied. In September, the first armed demonstration of the insurgents was made, by interrupting and dispersing the court in session at Worcester. In like manner bodies of armed men broke up the sessions of the courts elsewhere, and in December over 1,000 men, under Daniel Shays, who had been a captain of troops during the Revolutionary war, suspended the sessions of the Supreme court at Worcester and Springfield. In January following, Shays, at the head of nearly 2,000 men, marched upon Springfield with the purpose of seizing the arsenal there. He was opposed by a force of militia under Gen. Shephard, and the insurgents were fired upon and fled, leaving three killed and one wounded on the field. Next day they were followed up by a large militia force under Gen. Lincoln, and at Petersham 150 were taken prisoners, and the remainder dispersed, the leaders making their escape into New Hampshire. A free pardon was offered to all who would lay down their arms, and it was generally accepted. Fourteen of the prisoners were tried and sentenced to death, but were all subsequently pardoned. Shays sought safety for some time in Vermont, but wa pardoned at his own petition about a year after. The popular feeling which gave rise to the rebellion continued to prevail, but no further forcible demonstrations were made. And as the country began to prosper the grievances complained of gradually disappeared.

History of Easter.

J. A. C., Sandusky, O.:

Please give the origin of Easter, and tell how the time it occurs each year is determined.

Easter Sunday is a festival in celebration of the resurrection of Christ. There is nothing in the New Testament, or in the writings of the apostles, regarding the celebration of Easter. Most of the Christian historians agree that Christ and His apostles did not positively enjoin the keeping of this or any other festival. The Easter celebration in the primitive church was probably the continuation of the feast of the Passover observed by the Jews, yet to the early Christians it bore a new and peculiar significance.

For many centuries there was a great lack of uniformity in the times of holding this Paschal celebration. The early Jewish Christians entertaining the idea of Christ as the true Paschal lamb, believed that the Easter services should correspond in date with that of the Jewish Passover. As this takes place on the fourteenth day of the paschal moon, the Easter festival would immediately follow without regard to the day of the week. The Christians of Gentile origin, however, insisted that Easter should always come on Sunday, and that the preceding Friday should commemorate the crucifixion, regardless of the day of the month. The controversies between these contending factions were very bitter, those in the minority being called heretics, and a division of the church being threatened on more than one occasion. Pope Pius issued an edict that "Pash should be celebrated on the Lord's day by all." The Council of Nice, A. D. 325, pronounced that Easter should be observed on the same day throughout Christendom. While in favor of having Easter on Sunday, this council did not attempt to determine the method of ascertaining on what Sunday it should fall. This was afterward announced from Alexandria, the seat of astronomical learning, and the bishop of that see communicated the date to the Bishop of Rome, who published it to the world. The method of ascertaining the exact date of Easter is a cumbersome and inconvenient one. The Council of Nice decided:

1. Easter must be celebrated on a Sunday.
2. This Sunday must follow the fourteenth day of the paschal moon, so that if the fourteenth of the paschal moon falls on Sunday, then Easter must be celebrated on the Sunday following.
3. The paschal moon is that of which the fourteenth day falls on or next follows the vernal equinox.
4. The equinox is fixed invariably in the calendar on March 21.

If it were the true full moon that is referred to the calculation of Easter would not be difficult. But it is an imaginary ecclesiastical moon, one or two days later than the real moon. To find it a series of artificial and very complicated tables must be consulted.

Battle of Monterey.

L. H. H., Cascade, Iowa:

Give a short sketch of the battle of Monterey, and greatly oblige.

In May, 1849, Gen. Taylor had crossed the Rio Grande and taken possession of the city of Matamoras. There he remained until September, when, having been reinforced, the main division of his army, under Gen. Worth, marched toward Monterey. That city, the capital of New Leon, was a strongly fortified place, and then defended by Gen. Ampudia with about 9,000 Mexican troops. The city had been very thoroughly barricaded in expectation of an attack from the Americans, both without and within. Strong forts with cannon commanded the roads leading into the town, and on the flat roofs of the houses were parapets of sand bags to protect the soldiery. The first assault wss made by the Americans September 21, on the eastern side of the city, where, after a terrible struggle, in which many of the Americans were killed, the troops under Gen. Quitman captured one of the forts and turned its guns against the city. On the following day Gen. Worth's division captured the fortifications overlooking the Satillo road, to the northwest of the city. This loss was felt by Gen. Ampudia to be such a serious one that he drew the main body of his army from the eastern part of the city to attempt to recover it, but they were met with such fierce resistance by the Americans that they rapidly retreated and intrenched themselves on the Grand Plaza, or great square of the town. On Sept. 23 the American army forced its way into the city, Gen. Taylor entering from the east, and Gen. Worth from the west. Four companies in Worth's division were armed with pick-axes and crow bars. The Mexicans from doors and windows, and from the barricades on the housetops met them with a sweeping fire, but it was too late to check the determind assailants. They, too, sought the cover of the houses and while the rifle companies in the rear returned the fire of the Mexicans, the pickax brigade cut its advance through the stone walls toward the heart of the city. It is not probable that there was any one at hand to check them in this proceeding, for any resistance meant death, and the frightened inhabitants were doubtless hiding anywhere where they could hope for safety. Gen. Ampudia, on Sept. 22, had begged permission to remove the women and children from the city before assault, but Gen. Taylor refused to allow him to do so—an act which casts a dark stain on the otherwise fair fame of the gallant soldier. As the way was cut through the walls the Mexicans retreated before the advancing enemy, but when the grand plaza was reached they made a last but vain effort to hold its guns. The sun set that night on a conquered city and on the following morning Gen. Ampudia surrendered unconditionally. The casualties on the American side were said to be not more than 500 in killed and wounded, but the loss on the other side, though never exactly reported, was known to be much greater.

Miscellaneous.

Ajax: We have no means of knowing.

A Subscriber, Mo.: James F. Joy lives in Detroit.

S. Y., Clark's Hill: No name is signed to your question.

B. H. H., Flat Gap, Ky.: We cannot give addresses of firm's selling goods.

Jennie Patrick, DeKalb, Ill.: We have do data at hand on the question you ask.

Inquisitive: No name is signed to your question, hence it cannot be answered.

W. P. A.: No name accompanied your question and it cannot receive an answer.

H. R., St. Joseph's Island, Ont.: The BUREAU cannot advertise firms selling books.

Constant Reader, New Amsterdam, Ind.: The QUESTION BUREAU is not a puzzle department.

An Old Reader, Pqua, Kan.: No name accompanies your question.

A Subscriber, Bassy, Ill.: We cannot give addresses of firms selling books.

Ezra H. Honnolo, Warrenton, Ill.: We cannot advertise firms selling books.

D. L. Marks, Reynolds, Neb.: We know of no history which contains the vision.

W. A. W., Mankato, Minn.: We cannot devote the Bureau to advertising purposes.

W. A. M.: No name accompanies your question, consequently you receive no answer.

Mrs. Flora Bryant, Scanlon, Ia.: No questions are answered by mail; please do not ask it.

H. Q. P., Nocona, Tex.: We do not know who was the author of the quotation you send.

James Whitham, Murdocksville, Pa.: Your questions are being answered editorially each week.

E. B., Lebanon, Tenn. You ask eight questions; see instructions at the head of the BUREAU.

A Subscriber: The Bureau cannot answer questions not accompanied by the writer's name.

G. C. M., Chillicothe, O.: See the public debt statement, published monthly in the BLADE.

L. W., Lake City, Kan.: Your question has been handed to the FARM, where it should have been sent.

Reader, Gibsonburg, O.: Your question is not accompanied by a name, therefore we cannot answer.

Mrs. W. H. Wright, Whitman, Neb.: Consult the nearest land office or the autnorities at Washington.

S. R. D.: Consult some lawyer in your state; we cannot keep posted on all the state laws in the United States.

R. A. Anderson, Willmington, Kan., The Bureau will not answer questions by mail. It is useless to ask it.

A. R. G., Trenton, Mo.: Questions on the tariff are being answered in a series of articles editorially each week.

Mrs. D. H. Henry, Polo, Mo.: Questions regarding the reliability of firms cannot be answered by the BUREAU.

——, Malden, W. Va.: No name accompanies your question. Please read instructions at the head of this department.

A. J. C., Texas: You will have to state your question to some land office and they will give you accurate information.

C. C., Akron, O.: You ask a question for the purpose of stirring up a religious controversy, and it cannot be answered.

N. E. Diggle: We cannot advertise firms in the Bureau. Please do not take up our valuable time by asking such questions.

M. E. H., Impprial, Kan.: The poems you request has been recently published; we cannot give addresses of firms selling goods.

S. E. Vernon, Corning, Kan.: We cannot comply with your request; write to Dan J. Ryan, Columbus, O., and he will send you one.

C. A. B.: Addresses of firms selling goods are not published in the Bureau; consult our advertising columns. Ditto to Mrs. T. DeLong, Turtle Lake, Wis.

Ella Dimms, Wast Lebanon, Ind.: Questions regarding the liability of firms are not answered in the Bureau. For your other question, consult a lawyer.

J. H., Gessie, Ind.:

Have photographs been made by any other right than sun or daylight?

They are taken by electric light.

M. D. H., Sardis, O.: Addresses are not given in the BUREAU. Both the gentlemen about whom you inquire are so well known that a letter addressed to Washington or New York would reach them without delay.

A. M. S., Waterman, Ill.:

Will you please give the number of votes polled by each of the three political parties at the last Presidential election?

Cleveland, 4,911,017; Blaine, 4,848,334; St. John, 151,809.

D. F. M., Zanesville, O.:

Publish the law that governs pawnbrokers. Is there a law that regulates the per cent and the time to collect; also, what is the amount of license to pay.

Consult your lawyer in your city.

C. C. R., Ursa, Ill.:

What would be the best way and to whom should I apply to obtain a position with an exploring party? Are there any explorations to be made in Asia or Africa the coming season?

Watch the newspapers and when you read of such parties write to them.

N. A. Jay, Steeleville, Ill.:

1.—Please publish the oath of an associate justice as a loyal man would take it, and also the modified form as Lamar took it?

2.—Of what church denomination is Rev. DeWitt Talmage?

1.—There is only one oath. 2.—Presbyterian.

A. M. Clark, Raglesville, Ind.:

When President Lincoln issued his proclamation on September 22, 1862, that slavery should cease to exist after one hundred days in the states in rebellion against the United States, did he agree to permit slave-holders to retain their slaves providing they would return to their allegiance before the hundred days expired?

No.

Mrs. J. H., Eau Claire, Wis.:

Your question about ear drums is of a class we do not answer. We would have to purchase and try them, to start with. If we expressed a favorable opinion, it would be a first-class free aduertisement, and we could not insert it. If our decision was adverse, we might have a suit for libel on our hands. Don't ask us questions about such things, for we will not answer them.

T. B. C., Red Rock, Mont.:

Will you please tell what an "Omnibus Bill" is?

An omnibus bill is one where a number of bills, on any one subject, are merged into one bill, for convenience or to avoid confusion. The cases of the crooked commissioners of Cook county, Ill., (Chicago) are spoken of as the "omnibus boodle cases," because they were taken to court and all tried at the same time. In many cases such a proceeding saves much time, and better presents the true state of affairs than if done otherwise.

A subscriber writes to "S. A. B.," White Oak, Mo.: I wish to say in regard to the origin of the name of Council Bluffs that when the Mormons were driven from Nauveau, Ill., they started west. Arriving at the Missouri river they stopped and held council whether to proceed further west or not. I believe some of them remained there all winter and then went on to Salt Lake. Part of the train wintered in central Iowa enduring many hardships. This is the origin of Council Bluffs as related by my father, he having an aunt among the number. If this is not correct I hope some one will correct it.

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or a kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.

The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN.

In fashion for shoes there seems to be a reaction against the use of patent leathers for street wear.

Light-weight derbys, gray to brown in color, are sold for summer wear. They have narrower brims and shorter crowns.

Probably more black cutaways will be worn this year. They can be made as light and cool as the grayish colored coats and look far more "dressy."

The only overcoat that will be worn much, the tailors say, is the "Chesterfield," a loosely-fitting, short pattern, with open fronts lined all the way to the edges. The materials used ranged from wide wale worsteds to plain grays in worsteds and Venetians.

The colored shirts outdo in brilliancy the plaids of the tailor shops. Most of them are made with the collar all of a piece. Nevertheless, white collars and cuffs may be worn with striped shirt fronts, or the reverse.

Scarfs are bright and seem a little broader. Both four-in-hands and made-up ones are worn. Collars turn over much the same, and are no higher. Shirts for evening wear are made plain or embroidered, or in pique. Nearly all have three buttons, though one stud is seen oftener, perhaps, than two.

The Prince Albert coat still retains a moderate degree of popularity with stout, middle-aged men. It is good for afternoon receptions, for walking, and for driving. Yet the cutaway answers every purpose just as well, and the younger men have almost unanimously discarded the heavy frock coat.

A cross between half dress and business is the three-button, one-piece cutaway, of rough light goods, with patch breast pockets and side flaps. All other business suits are made sack fashion. With a sack coat, as with a cutaway, a fancy coat and an odd pair of trousers may be worn. Sacks are larger this year, with wider backs.

For half dress nothing seems able to check the hold of the cutaways. The three-button coat is the better model for summer, though the fourteen-button one is coming into favor again. The tendency this year is toward rolling fronts, cut much lower. Some of them show the silk linings as far as the button holes. All sorts of light colored stuffs are used, as well as thin dark goods. All sorts of fancy waistcoats may be worn by either three-buttoner or four-buttoner.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Black Sheep for Mourning.

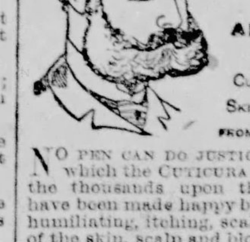
Butcher—What can I send up to-day, Mrs. Styles?

Mrs. Styles—Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure that it is from a black sheep.

Butcher—A black sheep?

Mrs. Styles—Yes; we are in mourning, you know.

A conference of the flint glass manufacturers and workers, which have been in session daily for several weeks at Pittsburg, trying to settle the strike, has adjourned without reaching an agreement.


MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Ice can be so secured that it will not lose 25 per cent. of its weight in six days, even in a room the temperature of which is 80 degrees. This can be done by placing the piece of ice in a bag, and then in a box containing enough barley chaff to surround it with a layer five or six inches thick.

Studies on the cross-fertilization and hybridization of plants have shown that in the cross-fertilization of our common vegetables the tendency is toward atavism, or a reversion to some primitive ancestral form, rather than toward the production of a plant possessing qualities common to a number of present existing species.

The presence of sewer gas in a room may be detected by the following method: Unglazed paper is saturated with a solution of acetate of lead in rain water, one ounce of lead salt being dissolved in eight ounces of the liquid. Allow the paper to partially dry and then expose it in the room which is suspected of containing the deleterious gas. Any considerable quantity of the gas turns the paper black.

Experiments performed at Aberdeen with a view of determining the effects of extreme cold upon micro-organisms contained in meat show that organic fluids may be exposed to a temperature of 120 degrees below zero for 100 hours, and that even at the end of that time, after they had been placed in a higher temperature, fermentation and putrefaction would proceed as in the ordinary way.

The remarkable substance known as poteline is formed of a mixture of glycerine, tannin and gelatin, to which may be added the sulphate of baryta or zinc white; the resulting mass may be colored by the addition of vegetable colors. While poteline is hot it can be moulded, and when cool, it is susceptible of every kind of manipulation, such as turning, filing, boring, etc., and takes a very fine polish.

Phosphate of calcium, one of the most important component parts of the teeth, is readidy dissolved in salicylic acid, which enters into the composition of a large number of tooth-washes and powders. Dentists who have experimented with it say that if a sound tooth is allowed to remain fifteen minutes in a comparatively weak solution of this acid it loses its gloss and the enamel is totally destroyed. Hence this acid should be avoided in the manufacture of preparations for the teeth.

A simple method of accurately cutting a bottle is to place it upon some level foundation and fill it with linseed oil to the point at which you desire the line of separation to occur. Then take an iron rod of as great a diameter as will pass into the bottle, make it almost white hot and dip it into the oil. After the lapse of a few moments a sharp crack is heard and the bottle is found to be as neatly cut as if with a diamond. If the bottle be very thick and the cracking sound not heard in a few seconds, a little cold water thrown on the outside will accomplish the desired resdlt.

Professor Brown Séquard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air, he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was not an alkaloic, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid.

The French have devised a process for the extraction of aluminium, the metal which, from its strength and lightness, hal recently found such a wide field of application. The method consists in mixing powdered alumina and carbon, 40 per cent. by weight of mixture being carbon, and forming a paste of it by adding oil or tar. The paste is then subjected to a red heat. The oil or tar, decomposed under the influence of the heat, insures an intimate admixture of the carbon and alumina; the tenacious mass of aluminous carbon thus formed is then broken into small pieces, which are placed in a closed vessel, and there acted upon by a current of gaseous carbon disulphde. Aluminium sulphide is thus formed, and this is raised to a red heat in a closed vessel and saturated with a current of carbureted hydrogen. This latter combines with the sulphur, and the aluminium is left in a pure state.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Working the Thing Both Ways.

"Darling" he said, lovingly, "I don't like you to destroy your own beautiful complexion with paint and powder, and if you paint your face before we go to the theater I will paint mine."

"My own true love," she said, kissing him, "you are right; we must be like each other. I will not paint or powder my face; and you must sit there by the fire a couple of minutes, and I will run around to Dutch Jake's and spice my breath up with a dish of beer and a Chinese cigarette and we will be ready to go to the theater like a pair of engaged Siamese twins with American breaths." And William thought it all over and told her to go and put on all the feminine fol-de-rols and crinkles she could find in the illustrated advertisements.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Proper Place to Look.

Mr. Huckle Berry—When I marry I don't want to marry a girl with her head all full of Latin and Greek and French and German—I don't want any girl who does embroidery and china painting and fal-lals and gim-cracks—I want a good plain, old-fashioned girl, who doesn't know more than is good for her and who will attend to her household and see that her husband is properly fed for his money. But I'm banged if I knew where to look for such a girl nowadays.

Mr. Raseredge—Why don't you try an intelligence office?—*Puck.*

CROWNED HEADS.

The Living Monarchs of Europe.

Queen Victoria now holds a place among the oldest sovereigns of Europe. In May of next year she will be 70 years of age. She has been on the throne for half a century. She enjoys good health and bids fair to live and reign for many years yet. If she attains the age of her grandfather, George III., she will wield the sceptre (barring accidents) up to the year 1901. If at that time her son, the Prince of Wales, becomes king, he will have reached the ripe age of 60 years, and his tendency to baldness will, doubtless, have become more marked than it is now.

The new German Emperor Frederick is 57 years of age, and his empress, the daughter of Queen Victoria, is 48. Judging from photographs, he does not closely resemble his departed father in the face, but she looks very much like her mother. If Frederick should live to be as old as his father, and perhaps he may, he will wear his crown (barring accidents) up to the year 1922. His ailments dim his prospects, but the Scotch Dr. Mackenzie may banish his ailments.

The king of the Belgians, Leopold II., is 53 years old, and if he should reign till he reaches the age at which his father died, he will be king up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne nearly 23 years.

The emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is 58 years old, and has worn the imperial crown for forty years. His predecessor was his uncle, who abdicated the throne in his favor when but 59 years of age, because he was tired of the turmoil and trouble. Francis Joseph is a polished scholar, a linguist, an equestrian, an admirer of military pomp and a charmer. He is healthy and bids fair to reign for a long time yet barring accidents.

The king of Italy, Umberto I., is 44 years old and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years ago. He is but the second of the kings of United Italy, and his throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is 43 years old, and mounted the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The king of Denmark, Christian IX., is seventy years old, or a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the sceptre for a quarter of a century, or just half as long as the British Queen. One of his daughters is the wife of the Russian czar, another of them is wife of the heir apparent to the British crown and his second son is king of Greece.

The king of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his sixtieth year and has reigned for sixteen years. He has favored some reforms.

The king of Portugal, Luis I., is fifty years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty-seven years a king.

The power and authority of the king of Spain, Alfonso XIII., who is not yet two years old, is limited by the regency of his mamma. He never saw his royal sire.

The king of Greece, or king of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is 43 years of age, and has been king for a quarter of a century, or since he was 18, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne. He finds it a hard job to rule the modern Greeks or keep their favor.

The sovereign or sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II, is 46 years old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the majesty who preceded him was deposed. He is the twenty-eighth sultan since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

The king of the Netherlands, William III, is the oldest monarch in Europe, being now of the age of 81, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on St. Patrick's Day, though he is a scion of the royal house of Orange. Even in Holland the old monarch is merry at times.

The king of Roumania, Carol I., is 49 years of age, and was proclaimed king only seven years ago, but before that time he had been fourteen years the domnul of his subjects.

The king of Servia, Milan I., is 34, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovic IV. He is the fourth of his dynasty since Servia threw off the Turkish yoke in 1829. His predecessor was assassinated.

The reigning prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is 47 years old, and has reigned for 28 years.

In Germany there are three kings and a grand duke, besides the emperor of Germany and the king of Prussia, who are one. There are the king of Bavaria, the king of Wurtemburg, the king of Saxony, and the reigning grand duke of Baden.

There are in Europe two kingless countries—France and Switzerland. Both of these republics seem to be able to get along and keep the peace without the guidance of kings or emperors.

The president of the French republic, M. Carnot, is 51 years of age, and was elected to office in December last. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic School at Paris, and held various offices before his election as President. There are 38,000,000 people in the French republic.

In the republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the president of the Federal Council, who is elected by the Federal Assembly, holds office for the term or one year, and enjoys a salary of $3,000 per annum. The president for the present year is Mr. W. F. Hertenstein. A president is not eligible to re-election until a year after the end of his term of office.

—Peculiar in medicinal merit and wonderful cures—Hood's Sarsaparilla. Now is the time to take it, for now it will do the most good.

What an Anthem Is.

British Sailor (to friend who has just described a church service, dwelling particularly on the anthem)—I say, Tom, what's a hanthem? Tom—What, do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is? "Not me." "Well, then I'll tell yer. If I was to tell you, 'Ere, Bill, giv me that 'and spike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv, me, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that 'and, giv me that 'and, 'and spike, spike, spike, Bill, giv, giv, me, that, 'and, 'and spike 'and, 'and spike, spike, spike, spike, Ah—men, ah—men, Billgivmethat'andspike, spike, ah—men'—why that would be a hanthem."

White Swelling.

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, one of the best known insurance men in North Carolina, writes from Winston, as follows: "Ever since I was seven years of age I have had what the doctors call hip disease, and which I call white swelling. My hip was drawn out of place. There was a swelling at the knee-joint, where there is a profuse running, which has been there for years. Of course this has greatly depleted my system, together with surgical operation on the leg bone. I tried every known blood purifier to build up my system, but none did me good until I took S. S. S. I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enables me to stand the long, trying, enervating, hot summer days. To me there is no such medicine for purifying the blood and building up the wasted system as S. S. S. On using it I soon became strong of body and easy of mind. My color changed from a pale, worn look to a healthy, robust complexion."

Mr. G. N. Frizzel, of Farmersville, Texas, writes: "About August 1st, 1865, an eruption appeared on my arms and legs, which pained me much and seemed to affect my physical condition generally. On the advice of a physician at this place, I finally commenced using Swift's Specific. I am glad to say that after using three large bottles the sores have all healed."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Putting It in Another Light.

Energetic mother—You should do your best to impress Mr. Featherly, Clara; he is awfully rich and very, very good.

Clara—I know that, mother; but he is too good. I hate good men.

Mother—Yes; but think, my dear. The good die young. (Clara promises to consider the matter.)

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

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This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Why Don't They Marry?

We sent out a few days since a note of inquiry to a number of bachelors in the city asking them to give us, confidentially and briefly for publication, the reason why they never married. Over one-half of them answered, and we give our readers some of the causes assigned:

"Am only 45 years old. Consider myself too young."

"Haven't been properly urged."

"Some other fellow married the girl. I owe him a debt of gratitude. She made it lively for him."

"Heard that my fiancee snored and I broke off the engagement."

"My best girl had fits."

"Came near being married once; I asked the girl and she said 'no.'"

"The happiest man I ever saw was one who had just been divorced."

"I had a friend who was married. He sent me a book called 'Don't.'"

"I know a man who sent in his resignation to the club the same day the invitations to the wedding were sent out. In three months he was re-elected to the club and now spends his evenings from 8 until 12 o'clock with the boys. This makes me wonder."

"Am afraid to get married. I know two or three young married men who congratulate each other when their wives go out of town. Think they ought not to do so, but there must be some cause."

"Find considerable difficulty in bringing my diverged rays of affection to focus owing to the beauty and charms of so many Richmond girls."—*Richmond State.*

What Constitutes a Family Medicine?

A preparation which is adapted to the relief and cure of ailments to which members of a household are most subject, and which is not only alleged to do this, but has long and unfailingly proved its ability to do it, assuredly deserves the title of a reliable Family Medicine. Among time-honored preparations, which experience and the sanction of the medical profession indicate as deserving of popular regard and confidence, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine adapted to the eradication of dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, the three most frequently occurring ailments that vex mankind. Derived from a botanic parentage, it is efficient as well as pure and wholesome. It relieves nervous disquietude and inactivity of the kidneys, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. For renewing flagging strength and imparting appetite it can be implicitly relied upon. Fever and ague, rheumatism and debility are remedied by it.

With Her Compliments.

"Everybody is getting compliments and puffs but me," whined Mr. Sardine, as he looked over the local columns of the village paper. "The editor has mentioned nearly every man in town this week but me. Guess I am not a favorite. Never had a compliment paid me in my life."

"Never was paid a compliment in your life!" echoed a scraggy, long-nosed woman in a sneering tone. "Never was paid a compliment in your life, eh? Mr. Sardine, will you please to remember that two years ago I married you!" and by way of jogging his memory she accidentally upset the tea-kettle of boiling water on Mr. Sardine's leg.—*Texas Siftings.*

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SALESMEN wanted at once. Pay weekly. Outfit free. B. F. Campbell, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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CUT THIS OUT and return to me with 10c silver, and you will get by mail a package of goods that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America. Absolute certainty. Needs no capital. G. M. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.

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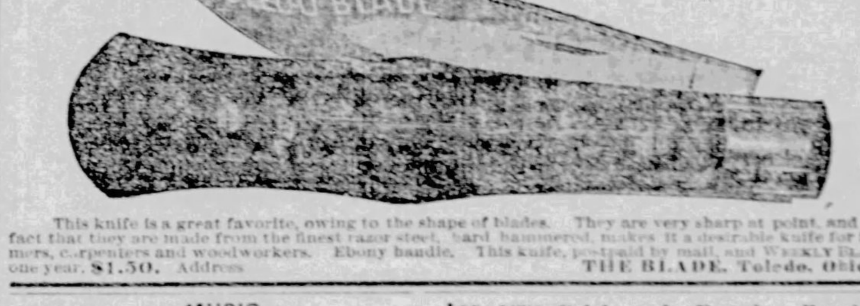

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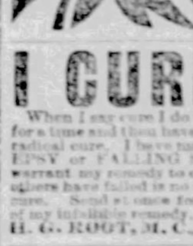
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THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The political battle of this year will be the most important that has been fought in the United States for years. The struggle will not only be for supremacy in the White House and in Congress, but it will also decide our future economic system—whether the Republican principle of protection, which has caused such an unparalleled development of our country in every possible line since its adoption, shall be continued, or whether we shall plunge the nation into financial depression, great labor troubles, bankruptcy and poverty, to carry out the theories of a stubborn and unstatesmanlike President.

The BLADE will be found where it has ever stood—on the side of the best interests of the whole people; on the side of American workingmen as against those of Europe; for the prosperity of American manufactures instead of those of foreign lands; in favor of American goods, made by American workmen, as against the conspiracy of the free trade theorists and the selfish ring of importers in the Atlantic cities, who see enormous fortunes in prospect as the result of the adoption of the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND; on the side of the American farmer, whose prosperity depends far more on a home market than on a foreign one; on the side of prosperity for all, rather than poverty to the many and prosperity to the merchant princes of New York.

The BLADE will be made brighter and better than ever the coming year. Mr. LOCKE had elaborated certain plans for its improvement during 1888, which will be fully and faithfully carried out. All the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

SENATOR McGINNIS, OF MISSOURI, IN DEFENSE OF THE RUM POWER.

A friend in Missouri kindly sends us the speech of Senator McGINNIS, of that state, against Prohibition, made in St. Louis on the evening of March 7, with the request that we traverse certain portions thereof. The speech is too long for us to use, even in part, as it would make a full page of the BLADE, in fine type. We will note several of the more important points. The first of these is this—the quotation below being from the speech itself:

The slogan of the Prohibitionists is "the saloon must go," because some saloon-keepers fail to obey the laws, and for the further alleged reason that the saloon tempts man from the paths of virtuous abstinence into the downward road of the drunkard. The one reason is as illogical as the other is false. As well close all banks because some of them cheat and ruin their depositors, or silence all preachers, because some of them lead immoral lives, as to close all saloons because some of the saloon-keepers violate the law.

The saloon has no temptation even for that man who is so weak that he has drunk until he is ready to graduate as a prohibition orator; the temptation is not in the saloon, but in the liquor, and the absence of saloons would prevent no one from getting liquor.

This is a skillful evasion of the real charge against the saloon. The friends of Prohibition oppose the saloon for a number of reasons, among them:

That it is a fruitful source of temptation for the young, the self-willed, the weak-natured, because it affords a constant opportunity for the habit of "treating," through which alone thousands have been drawn under the infernal spell of Rum.

That it affords a center around which rally the debased, the vile, the vicious, and the criminal classes; and its abolition has, wherever it has been tried, been followed by a most marked diminution in disorder and crime, thus clearly showing its evil tendency.

That if the *opportunity* to drink, which is so readily afforded by the saloon, were removed, the great stumbling-block to tens of thousands would be removed.

The Senator's plea is specious, when he draws a parallel between saloons on the one hand and banks and churches on the other. The two latter, properly conducted, are useful to mankind; the saloon is only a curse. It is not true that Prohibitionists oppose the saloon because some saloonists disobey the law. The opposition is to the saloon as an institution, not to the saloonists personally. Then Mr. McGINNIS goes on to say:

Then, as to the temptation: Why try to improve upon God's plan of dealing with man? The Almighty Father could have placed man on earth and freed his environments from even the faintest traces of temptation. He could have created man that it would have been impossible for him to sin. But He did not see fit to do so; on the contrary, He placed before man the choice of remaining ignorant of good and evil, with immortality; or having knowledge at the price of his life. And He did not remove the tempter from man, but subjected him to the wiles of the serpent, who induced him to choose knowledge and death rather than ignorance and life. But the Prohibitionist would remove from man all temptation. Hedge him about with laws, so that he could not transgress; brace him up with enactments so that he could not fall.

That is an argument that goes too far, that proves too much. Man is brought into the world without clothing, without shelter. If he did not provide himself with either, the race would not die out, but all the weak ones, those of delicate frame and without iron constitutions, would die. By the Senator's argument, we ask why should we try to save these weaker ones? If they deserved to live, they would live anyhow, even without clothing or shelter. Why improve on God's plan?

Apply the McGINNIS plea to the social evil, and the reasoning will run thus: Man is born with certain passions implanted in his nature. Among these is the one whose misuse leads to the social evil. It destroys women and ruins men, and some of the worst and most loathsome diseases that afflict humanity result from it. But GOD placed man here, and placed temptation before him. Repeal all laws against this vice. Let the palaces of sin open their doors on our streets as brazenly as do the saloons. If a man is worth saving he will refuse to enter.

Is such reasoning as this valid? Shall we repeal all laws which say "thou shalt not" to any human appetite or passion? We repeat, the argument proves too much; it is fallacious and misleading, a plea fit only for fools. Next he goes on:

You cannot bring on the millennium by law. But the banishment of liquor is impossible, and all that the most stringent repressive measures, rigorously enforced, have ever been able to do, was to drive the traffic into places beyond the control of authorities, leaving undisturbed the clubs, the private cellars, and the numerous methods of practicing that most pernicious habit of secret drinking, which destroys more persons in one year than saloons do in ten.

When a man gets so that he will go secretly and alone to his bottle, he is very far gone on the downward course to a drunkard's grave. He then takes his liquor, not for sociability, but because he has a taste for it, which, the chances are, will grow upon him until it consumes the last vestige of his manhood.

The allegation that "Prohibition does not prohibit," and can not prohibit, is false. It is true that a man who has the accursed thirst for Rum fixed upon him, will drink if Rum can be obtained. It is not hard to render it so difficult to obtain it that only the most determined law-breaker, the man whose morbid craving dominates him entirely, will take the trouble and run the risk. The decent portion of community are free from it, and the whole state will be when the then crop of drunkards die off. The saving of the individual is of but little moment after he gets so far gone; but even this is possible when every state has prohibited the manufacture and sale, and the federal government has prohibited the importation—which is the grand result to be attained by Prohibition.

Then the Senator steps upon what he considers high ground and declares:

We contend that Prohibition should not prevail for three general reasons. First, because it violates personal liberty. Second, because it is contrary to the teachings of the Bible, and third, because it is impracticable and delusive as a temperance expedient; in other words, is a dead failure and moral fraud.

The second of these reasons is untrue, as any Bible student knows. The sacred pages are full of denunciations of wine drunkards; and it is to be remembered that the art of distilling was not then discovered, and that whisky, brandy, gin, rum and other fiery compounds were not then known. The third we deny, and have advanced the proofs often and over. As to the first reason—that Prohibition violates personal liberty—we will quote from the succeeding portions of the speech, where MR. McGINNIS amplifies on the topic:

Now, what is personal liberty? It is the exercise of those unalienable rights with which all men are endowed by their Creator, among which "are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and which cannot be surrendered by man when he enters into the compact by which a state is formed, because they are personal and inalienable, nor can they be assumed, or in any way interfered with by the state for that same reason, and, therefore, all attempts by the majority, or, in other words, by the state, to interfere with them are only naked usurpations.

All restraints or limitations imposed by law upon the natural rights of the citizen must be clearly referable to the legitimate exercise of some of these powers, and to a necessary performance of this duty.

To carry out these purposes, and to act as a unit in furtherance of them, each individual of the community surrendered only such of his personal rights as may stand in the way of these purposes. All others are reserved to him to exercise as he may deem best, limited only by the requirement that he must so exercise them as not to interfere with the personal rights of others.

Of all the laws growing out of this assumed paternal relation of the state to its citizens, none are so obnoxious as those which attempt to supervise the morals and direct the personal habits of the people, because they make a direct assault upon the inalienable rights of personal liberty, which are so much dearer to every freeman than are those pertaining merely to property. And, whether limiting the cost of a dinner, prescribing the cut of a coat, or prohibiting the use of certain articles of food and drink, such laws are alike unwarranted in the very constitution and nature of man's relation to his fellow-men, and are impertinent, offensive and tyrannical in fact.

A law which compels you to drain a filthy pond under the direction of the board of health, is tolerable, because you can see that not only your neighbor's health, but your own also may be really jeopardized by the vicinity of the impure water; and the law which compels you to contribute of your substance toward the support of a hospital may be submitted to, because it appeals to the charitable instincts of the heart. But when the attempt is made to deprive you of certain articles of food or drink, under the specious pretence that it is necessary to do so in order to prevent your neighbor, if you please, from injuring his health by indulging to excess in such food or drink, you feel that such attempt is an unwarrantable infringement of your personal rights, an unbearable abridgment of your personal liberty, and is not justified in the least by the reasons given for the act.

We have quoted this portion of the so-called argument at some length, in order that our readers may have this specious "personal liberty" plea defined in full by one of its leading advocates. Let us examine it:

It is a plea that a man shall be allowed to indulge his appetites as he may see fit. It argues that by harmful indulgence he hurts nobody but himself. Is this true? Does the man who spends his money for Rum, until he loses his situation, or destroys his business, or wrecks his fortune, harm nobody but himself? Let the tens of thousands of hopeless wives of drunkards answer! Let the myriad of pauper children of drunkards answer! Let the mothers answer, whose sad hearts have bled over the wrecked manhood of a loved son! Let the vast army of those innocent ones who have suffered in name, or property, or in their affections, over this cause, answer!

The Senator is frank, at any rate, where he declares against any law which attempts "to supervise the morals" of the people. Shall we have no laws conserving morality? Shall any woman or girl be the prey of any man who looks at her with lustful eyes? Shall our children have shameless examples before them, unrebuked by the strong hand of the law?

The whole plea of the Senator is founded on a fallacy—that man has certain natural rights. He has none. Life is a struggle, and the weakest goes to the wall. Man, in a state of nature, has no right to life, even, if he is not able to protect it against his fellow-man. He has no right to food, unless he exerts himself to obtain it. The world owes no man a living. It shows him a chance to obtain it, and if he does not do so it is his own fault.

A government is not founded upon the surrender of a number of certain so-called "natural rights" by the individuals to the state. It is the agreement that certain powers shall be given to the state, and that the individuals shall refrain from exercising these powers of themselves. Our government is a government by the majority. What a majority of the people say the state may do, that it has power to do, provided that this does not conflict with the constitution; and the constitution is but a sort of superior law, which can only be changed by a more complicated and longer process than the law itself, but which the majority can eventually amend or make over, if they shall see fit to do so.

The majority of the people have the right to prohibit the manufacture and sale of Rum, and thus prevent its use by any one in the state, and in so doing are infringing no personal right of any one. They do it for the general good, not for the purpose of oppressing any one. The appetite of the one must be curbed that the whole body may not be harmed. The one great work of Prohibition is not so much to save those who drink now, as it is to stop the perpetuation of the cause through the teaching by example. To do this there is no way, save through Prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE REBELLION RECORD.

Some six or seven years ago the national government began the publication of the official records of the war of the rebellion. Up to date twenty-one volumes have been issued, and if it shall be completed on the lines first intended it will require about one hundred volumes. This will be the most valuable historic work ever issued, because, as originally projected, it should contain absolutely nothing but the official records on file in the War department, to the end that it should constitute an unbiased documentary history of the rebellion. It is now charged that a large amount of wholly irrelevant and improper matter has found its way into the record.

It was recently charged that a large amount of extraneous, irresponsible and unreliable matter has been introduced in the last volume issued. The present "reform" administration of course put new men in charge of the work, and it is asserted that the effort has been begun to change history, if possible, regarding the war between the states, by sending down to posterity, as official, statements that are colored in other interests than that of the truth. A resolution has been adopted by the House of Representatives for an investigation, and the committee on Military Affairs has begun the work of inquiry. The first point in the committee's work will be the charge that a newspaper correspondent's account of an incident occurring at the battle of Stone River, Tennessee, has been incorporated into the volume recently issued.

During that battle, an order was issued for ANDERSON's troop, part of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, to go into action. The officer in command refused to take his men in, on the ground that they were enlisted in Gen. ROSECRANS's body guard, hence not liable to be ordered to the front except as an escort for that officer. ROSECRANS was at once informed of the refusal, and sent word to the command to move forward immediately or he would send a battery to hurry them up. After addressing the men the captain of the troop succeeded in inducing 250 of the 700 men comprising the command to follow him to the front. The newspaper account is said to be unfair, in that it is given a bias in favor of the utterly indefensible action of the cavalrymen.

It is also charged that in the selection of official dispatches for embodiment in this history, undue prominence has been given to certain documents for the purpose of affecting the records of certain officers. It is pleasant to hear that the committee is determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and will give any disclosures that may be made the widest publicity. The original plan of the work should be adhered to strictly. The truth is what is wanted is history, not a garbled and unfair account, which would turn the official history of the war into a fable, of less historic value than one of the flood of "war novels" which deluged the country a few years ago.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

IT may be worth while for Republicans to be supplied with the figures regarding the treasury surplus, as it seems to be a matter on which the free trade Democrats are resorting to misrepresentation. Below will be found the treasury figures for the past three years, and the estimates for this and next year. It is to be remembered that the United States fiscal year closes on June 30; hence that for 1885 marks nearly the surplus when the present Democratic administration went into power:

Years.	Surplus.
1885	$17,859,735
1886	49,405,545
1887	55,567,849
1888 (estimated)	66,182,214
1889 "	56,469,106

The sums for this and next year are those given by Secretary FAIRCHILD. So it will be seen how wild are the claims that "the money is piling up in the treasury vaults at the rate of nearly ten millions a month," and that the surplus is "over one hundred millions annually."

FRANCE has just experienced another cabinet crisis. The TIRARD ministry has been defeated, and of course resigned at once. The agitation over General BOULANGER was the incentive for the struggle, which was made on a demand for the revision of the French constitution, so as to give it a broader democratic basis. The matter came up on a resolution of urgency for this revision. The ministry opposed this resolution, and a coalition of Monarchists and Radicals was made, resulting in the resolution being adopted by a majority of 31 in the chamber. This vote compels President CARNOT to choose a very radical cabinet, and out of the difficulties of the situation the Monarchists hope to make capital for the overthrow of the republic. In this they will probably be disappointed. The republic is too strong for them.

THERE is much talk in New York of Mr. DEPEW as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. He is an excellent man, of splendid executive ability, but his nomination can not be looked for. Whatever his personal merit may be, the fact that he is at the head of one of the great railway lines of the country would render him an extremely weak candidate in the West, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. The Eastern people do not understand the strong feeling existing among Western people, the farmers especially, against the railways, on account of what are considered oppressively high freight rates. No man affiliated with railway monopoly can make headway against this feeling, and all talk of Mr. DEPEW is idle. He could stand no chance in the convention.

A GRAND JURY in New York city made a presentment the other day in which it was stated that ample evidence had been brought before them to prove "open and extensive bribery, corruption, maladministration and violation of law" at the election last November, and that one of the election districts in the city was on that occasion "practically controlled by professional criminals." When one takes these startling statements in connection with the fact that the metropolis gives 40,000 to 50,000 Democratic majority, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is a case of cause and effect. It is a fact, too, that all organized efforts in this country at corruption and fraud in elections have been in the interests of the Democratic party.

THE House committee on reform in the civil service has agreed to report a bill to apportion appointments in public service at Washington, equally among the Congressional districts of the several states upon the basis of population. Certificates for appointments shall be given to the state or territory having the fewest number employed in such service, until all the states and territories and the District of Columbia, shall have an equal number of appointments in proportion to their population. The real strength of civil service reform with the people is apparent in this action. The spoilsmen hate it bitterly, but it is steadily growing in popular favor.

THE quiet feeling in favor of ROBERT T. LINCOLN's nomination grows apace. His friends do not make much stir, but the strength his name will develop at Chicago will be of the nature of a surprise to many politicians.

THE UNITED STATES "CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE."

The immortal DICKENS, in his novel, "Little Dorrit," satirized mercilessly the red tape snobbery and circuitous, slow and bungling methods of transacting official business under the British government, which he called the "Circumlocution Office," and of which he keenly said the animating spirit of the public functionaries was "How not to do it." The times seem ripe for an American DICKENS to come to the front and hold up the official methods in the federal departments at Washington to the same keen ridicule and sharp satire.

Senator COCKRELL, of Missouri, has devoted much time during the two years past to a study of executive methods in the departments at Washington, and in his report, made to the Senate recently, there is much interesting reading to people who believe that public officials are the people's servants, and that their sole duty is the dispatch of public business with as much rapidity as is consistent with careful economy and strict accountability. While our methods are still far in advance of British ones, there seems to be a vast deal of unnecessary and cumbrous official work, invented only to give men soft berths, and thus multiply positions for the faithful of Democracy. For instance, there are clerks in the departments whose sole business seems to be to receive papers, note the time of receipt and hand them to other clerks, who manipulate them in some way and pass them on and on. Many examples are given by the Senator, of which the following may be considered a typical case:

A clerk in the land office, dealing for the moment with the account of a receiver of public moneys, wishes to know the balance for or against that official at the last settlement.

Instead of the chief of the division of accounts (M) or the clerk in charge of the accounts sending a simple request to the register for the certificate and receiving back in reply thereto the proper certificate, as is done in other offices, the clerk in charge of the account using a blank prepared for the purpose, asking for the certificate from the register, fills it out and places his initials thereon and sends it to the chief of division; the assistant chief receives it, initials it, and sends it to the law examiners, one of whom initials it and passes it to another, who also initials it and sends it by messenger to the office of the commissioner of the general land office.

Here a clerk stamps the name of the commissioner thereon and returns it back to the division of accounts, where a clerk makes an entry on record of the same and of the name of the clerk who prepared it, and hands it to another clerk, who records it in full in the record of letters written, doubtless with all the solemnity of a last will and testament, initials it and hands it to another clerk, who takes a letter-press copy of the same. Then it is enclosed in an envelope and sent to the register of the treasury, where an answer is prepared and mailed to the commissioner of the general land office.

When the answer is so received it is delivered to a clerk, who delivers it to another clerk, who places around it a jacket, stamps thereon the date of its receipt and its index number, entering it on a record book called numerical index, showing date, number, the department sending it, and the letter of the division to which it is to be sent, and makes a brief on the back and hands it to another clerk. The latter enters the brief in full on a record book called register of letters received, and also the date received, the division to which sent, the department sending it, and the file number and date of the report, and then sends it to the division of accounts, where it is again entered by a clerk in a record book (register of accounts and letters received) and also in an index of letters and accounts received, so checked on the jacket, and then delivered to the clerk who prepared the original request to the register.

Such complicated methods are a burlesque upon actual business. It resembles child's play more than the daily work of men in the transaction of public affairs. No wonder that Senator COCKRELL declares the management of the Land office to be "chaotic." The people of the West have long believed this to be so, and the above extract clearly shows one reason. It would take a very clear-headed and experienced business man to keep the track of a half-dozen transactions conducted according to the preposterous red-tape methods detailed above; and when these transactions are multiplied by the hundreds, the wonder is that the wheels are not blocked entirely. We need "reform" in department methods, but not of the Democratic brand, if the above be a fair sample—as Mr. COCKRELL, himself a Democrat, declares it to be.

A CORRESPONDENT of the BLADE in Pennsylvania has sent us another Presidential coincidence, apropos of an article published recently on that subject. This is equally remarkable. Ever since the the commencement of the civil war, the state of New York has given its electoral vote to Republican and Democratic candidates alternately, as the following figures will show:

1864.		1876.	
Lincoln, R.	368,735	Tilden, D.	521,949
McClellan, D.	361,986	Hayes, R.	489,207
Rep. plurality	6,749	Dem. plurality	32,742
1868.		**1880.**	
Seymour, D.	429,883	Garfield, R.	555,544
Grant, R.	419,883	Hancock, D.	534,511
Dem. plurality	10,000	Rep. plurality	21,033
1872.		**1884.**	
Grant, R.	440,736	Cleveland, D.	563,048
Greeley, D.	387,281	Blaine, R.	562,001
Rep. plurality	53,455	Dem. plurality	1,047

MR. TARSNEY, a Michigan Democratic Representative, presented in the House the other day a table which purported to show the number of Democrats who enlisted in the Union armies from Northern states. We doubt the truth of his figures. The politics of volunteers were not recorded, either by the state authorities or those of the United States, and we can not imagine how any trustworthy data can be obtained on this question. Then the Michigan gentleman forgets the essential fact, even if his statistics are trustworthy—and that is, how many of these remained Democrats throughout their terms of enlistment? By the way, why doesn't some Democrat who is interested in this subject ascertain how many Republicans went into the rebel army? That was solidly Democratic, we will admit.

A HOSIERY manufacturer at Albany, N.Y., says that if the Democrats should remove the duty on wool and follow it up by making woollen goods free, he would close up his Albany business and go to Europe, for he could make American goods there with foreign labor for half what it costs here; and then, without any tax on his goods, could ship them over here and beat any manufacturer in the United States on his own grounds. That is a practical illustration of the effect that free trade would have upon workingmen.

"GATH," the noted correspondent, who has been visiting Buffalo, says that the only man in the town who would speak a kind word for President CLEVELAND was a Republican. The Buffalonians return the snubbing to which he has treated his former fellow-citizens with interest, and sarcastically quote the old proverb, "Put a beggar on horseback," etc.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER, the Iowa temperance advocate, says that the third-party movement is full of peril to the cause of temperance reform. She don't apparently understand that the object of the third-party is not Prohibition, but the destruction of the Republican party.

IF MR. CLEVELAND wants to follow out the civil service idea, for which he professed such enthusiastic support not long ago, he should promote the senior justice of the Supreme court to the vacant place, and put in a new man at the bottom of the list. But he won't.

AT a Republican caucus for township officers at LaHarpe, Ill., last Monday, a ballot was taken on Presidential candidates, which resulted:

R. T. Lincoln	35	Allison	2
Blaine	9	Sherman	2
Gresham	3	Sheridan	1

PRESIDENT CARNOT has succeeded in forming a new Cabinet, and the next topic of interest in French politics is of course the revision of the constitution, which will be proceeded with without unnecessary delay.

ENGLAND GROWING POORER THROUGH FREE TRADE.

Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN has been dealing some stinging blows to free trade in the columns of the London *Post*. He quotes facts and figures to show that the effect of free trade is to render the masses poorer; and if it be so that it makes the employing class richer, it would be well for the great mass of the American people to look into the matter thoroughly before they change our present economic system for that of England. If there is any truth in figures, as he well says, the following "should startle England from her free trade dream." He bases the following upon the official returns of the legacy duty, and compares England with France:

In 1826, England was 10s. a head richer than France.

In 1850, England was 19s. a head richer than France.

In 1877, England was 5s. a head poorer than France.

The blighting effect of free trade on English agriculture is clearly shown by this:

France has 57 per cent. of her land under tillage, and it is increasing every year.

The United Kingdom has 30 per cent. of her land under tillage, and it is diminishing every year; but the population of England increases much more rapidly than the population of France.

And the following comparison, based on official figures, completes the picture:

The commerce of England has increased 21 per cent. in ten years.

The commerce of France has increased 39 per cent. in ten years.

The commerce of the United States has increased 68 per cent. in ten years.

The commerce of the whole world has increased 36 per cent. in ten years.

THE MILLS BILL.

The administration is apparently making it a point of honor to have the Mills tariff bill pass. Official patronage is being employed with Congressmen for that purpose, and the River and Harbor committee has been shamelessly used to reach the same end. Several Democratic Representatives have been directly bribed with patronage and appropriations for their districts. But still the men pledged to its support are in a minority.

The general impression at Washington seems to be that the measure will be so amended and pared down and rounded out when debated in committee of the Whole, that when it comes to a vote it will be an entirely different measure from that formulated by the Ways and Means committee. The principal contest will be over free wool. Free lumber is likely to be struck out, and the framers of the bill will probably be willing to strike out the paragraph on lumber or sugar, to retain wool on the free list. However, even with these changes, there is as yet but little prospect that it can pass. The objection is radical—that it abandons the protective idea. CLEVELAND is determined to force it through in some form, however, and the people can only wait and watch the progress of the Presidential bulldozing.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. DR. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

THE death of Judge WAITE, curiously enough, may probably result in a different decision in the Bell telephone case. The present one was agreed to by but four judges, three others dissenting, while two judges—the remainder of the bench—did not sit. As the court now stands, of the judges who participated in this decision three survive on each side. It is the usage of the court in the case of a minority decision to grant a petition for a rehearing. The representatives of the Drawbaugh telephone, which three dissenting judges declared as a prior invention to that of BELL, had indicated their purpose before the death of Justice WAITE of filing a petition for a rehearing. If this be granted, and the precedents favor such a course, they would then come before the court with a knowledge of the fact that even on the evidence upon which the last decision was based, there were only three judges of the nine positively against them, and there would be a possibility that two more justices would sit in the case—namely, Justice LAMAR and the new Chief Justice. The opponents to the Bell interest may therefore, reasonably expect that, should the rehearing be granted, the case will be tried before at least eight justices, three of whom are committed against the validity of the Bell patent and two of whom as judges had not previously given an opinion.

IOWA gives her "favorite son," Senator ALLISON, a good boom for the Republican Presidential nomination. Mr. ALLISON is a good man, and the following editorial comment upon his endorsement by the Republicans of Iowa, from the Chicago *Tribune*, does no more than state the simple facts regarding his qualifications:

For a statesman long tried and schooled in public life, Senator Allison has a record remarkably free not only from blot but even from error. Earnest and unswerving in the advocacy of Republican doctrines, he has been always prudent and sagacious; and, while a conspicuous champion of Western interests, he has never provoked the ill-will or suspicion of any section or been identified with personal or factional quarrels inside the Republican party. His nomination would not open an old wound or revive a grudge.

Beyond question he is one of the ablest financiers in the country and perhaps no man in public life excels him in detailed knowledge of the entire machinery of the federal government. He brings to public duties not only clear purposes and firm convictions but the tact and sagacity equally needed to inspire success. He knows the representative men of the Republican party thoroughly, and there is no gainsaying the fact that he would make a splendid President. The Iowa Republicans have good reason to be proud of their candidate. If Senator Allison were only personally identified with one of the doubtful states, or had peculiar local strength in New York or Indiana, he would be just the man to head the Republican ticket this year.

THERE will occur seven state elections this year before the Presidential contest in November. Their dates are as follows:

Rhode Island	April 4
Louisiana	April 17
Alabama	August 6
Arkansas	September 3
Vermont	September 4
Maine	September 10
Georgia	October 3

Rhode Island went Democratic last year, and there is much interest evinced as to her political complexion at present. The Louisiana election is of national interest, also, to see if the governor will keep his pledge to have a fair election; if he does so, the Pelican state will go Republican.

GOVERNOR McENERY, of Louisiana, has been whipped into line by the Bourbons. He declared some time ago that there should be "a fair election," but at a public meeting recently he wound up an inflammatory harangue by declaring that during the present contest "the law should be suspended till the danger is past." The "danger" he refers to is that, if the negroes are allowed to vote, the state will be swept by the Republicans at the election two weeks hence.

THE Republican club movement is spreading all over the West with meteoric rapidity. The young men are enthusiastically wheeling into the national Republican League, whose white button is destined to be the sign by which we conquer.

LIGHT, FAITH, STRENGTH.

By D. R. LOCKE.

Come in thy power, O, Holy Spirit, come,
And pierce the shadows round me, through and through,
That I may SEE what 'tis that I must do
To win my way to an eternal home.

Descend upon me, Holy Dove, descend,
Dissolve my doubts and give, oh, give, instead
The FAITH by which the tim'rous soul is led
Up that steep path which at the throne doth end.

Come, Holy Spirit, in my sorest need
Give me the STRENGTH to either toil or fight,
For, if I faint, what good the Faith and Light?
LIGHT, FAITH, thy STRENGTH, with these I'm safe, indeed.

DRESDEN, GERMANY, October, 1882.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

The Free Trade Fallacy.

The central fallacy of the free trade theorists is the oft-repeated assertion that "the tariff is a tax on the consumer"—that, for instance, as common salt, when made in a foreign country and imported, pays a duty of 12 cents per 100 pounds (33.6 cents per barrel), the people who buy salt by the barrel pay 33.6 cents more than they would if there were no duty thereon. And so, for all other articles on the tariff schedule.

If you buy foreign salt, probably you pay the tax. But if you buy American-made salt, how can you do so, when there is no tax on it? "Oh," says the free trader, "the American manufacturer puts the amount of the duty on the selling price." But does he? We challenge the proof. We have done so, time and again, but it has never been forthcoming. No free trade theorist has ever attempted to prove that American manufacturers of salt, or anything else, sold their goods at a price equaling the cost plus the duty—nor can it be proved, for it is false.

Take salt, for example. A first-class article of Michigan salt can be bought today in Toledo at 75 cents a barrel. If the free trade argument were true, that this includes the duty on salt, then it ought to sell at 41.4 cents a barrel. The cold fact is, that it costs more than that to make it, at the works, not saying anything about the freight from thence to Toledo.

Our farmer friends in the West undoubtedly pay more than 75 cents a barrel for salt—but not because of the tariff. The freight is greater than to Toledo, and probably the local dealers make a greater profit than they do here, where competition is rather close. It is obvious that the abolition of the salt duty would not change either of these.

The free trader, in using this argument, leaves out of his calculation the effect of competition. To understand this clearly, let us take any industry which was non-existent at the time of the passage of the Morrill tariff bill of 1861. It was unprofitable to manufacture the product in this country, because the English make could be sold here at too cheap a price. The duty on the product makes it possible to compete. Men invest money in manufacturing plants. Of course they sell their products at first in competition with the English goods, which pay duty. The price is put only enough lower than the latter to make them sell. The manufacturers who went into the business first have a "good thing" of it, for they are making a large profit, and cannot supply the demand. But business men are quick to note chances for money-making. Other men spring into the field, and as soon as factories can be put in operation, they are competing for custom. It is not long until there are American factories enough to supply the American demand. The different manufacturers are fighting for the trade. What do they do? What is *always* done? They begin reducing prices, to gain an advantage over their competitors. And this cutting goes on, until the profits are down to a figure that will admit of no further cutting of the price, and it is fixed then, under free competition, by the cost of the raw product, the cost of labor, and the demand.

It is perfectly clear that, whatever may have been the case when the tariff was first imposed, as soon as the manufacture of any protected article gets fully established, the price is cut down, by competition, to the lowest available point. And we believe any intelligent reader can see it, too.

Wages Abroad.

We are frequently asked certain questions about the rate of wages abroad as compared with wages in the same industries here. We give below a comparison between this country and Great Britain in a number of common industries. The figures tell an interesting story:

	United States.	Great Britain.
Bakers	$12 00	$6 60
Blacksmiths	12 00	8 12
Bookbinders	20 00	7 83
Bricklayers	10 50	9 62
Cabinet makers	15 00	8 48
Carpenters	12 00	8 25
Laborers, porters, etc	9 00	5 00
Painters	12 00	8 16
Plasterers	15 00	10 13
Plumbers	20 00	8 46
Printers	18 00	7 75
Shoemakers	18 00	7 35
Tailors	18 00	7 30
Tinsmiths	12 00	7 30

The following comparison between the daily wages paid in 1887 at the works of a large steel rail manufacturer in Cumberland, England, and those paid for the same kinds of labor at the Joliet Steel works, Chicago:

	England.	Joliet.
Blast furnace keepers	$1 41	$3 25
Helpers	85	2 45@2 60
Top fillers	1 13	2 40
Bottom fillers	1 13	2 10
Cinder loaders	85	1 68
Hoist engineer	1 01	1 80
Blast engineer	1 09	3 50
Cindermen	1 11	1 68
General labor	77	1 68

In preparing this table we have converted the English rates of pay into American currency at the rate of $4.85 per pound sterling. Figures like these speak for themselves, and need no additional argument to show the condition of a workman in the iron and steel industry in the United States as compared with his fellow workmen in free trade England.

The "War Tariff."

The free trade organs have much to say about the "retention of the war tariff in time of peace." There are no doubt thousands of people who really believe that the tariff schedule to-day is the same as, or higher than, it was during the war. This is utterly false. The average free trader appears to be either wofully ignorant, or else maliciously falsifies in order to make his point. The tariff of 1861 has been repeatedly cut down and amended, and heavy additions of articles that, from the nature of the case, can not be produced or manufactured here, have been made to the free list.

It is also worthy of remark that the Democratic party has not made any of these reductions. For the past twelve years—except 1881 and 1882—the Democrats have had a majority in the national House of Representatives. Two years of that time it also had a majority in the Senate. Yet it never passed a bill reducing the tariff. All that has been done has been by the Republicans. The last reduction was made in the winter of 1882, when the House and Senate were both Republican. Look at the records as to our imports, and see the effect of these reductions:

From	Dutiable goods Value.	Goods on Free List, Value.
1867 to 1871, inclusive	$2,010,186,516	$116,699,491
1872 to 1877, inclusive	1,930,884,366	723,727,638
1878 to 1883, inclusive	2,312,037,058	1,014,673,080

Here are three periods of five years each. Note the proportion of dutiable goods and free goods to our total imports during each period:

From	Dutiable Goods, per cent. of total imports.	Free Goods, per cent. of total imports.
1867 to 1871, inclusive	94	6
1872 to 1877, inclusive	80	20
1878 to 1883, inclusive	70	30

The value of the dutiable goods did not vary within very wide bounds, while there was a steady increase in the imports of goods on the free list. Yet the free trade cranks do not admit that the Republican party has ever reduced the tariff. The truth is, that the Republican party has kept an intelligent watch on the matter, and has revised the tariff whenever the changing conditions of manufacture and trade showed that it could be done, and be advantageous to the whole people.

It is a favorite statement with free traders, repeated almost daily in their papers, that the "average duty" is 40 per cent. This is false, and all its repetitions will not make it true. In 1867, the average duty was 44½ per cent. A reduction took place then, and others since then, until now the average rate is but 30¾ per cent. Here is a little table we find in a valued exchange, showing the per cent. of duty on the leading classes of goods in 1867 and at the present:

Articles.	1867.	1887.
Chemicals, drugs, etc	41.14 per cent.	32.44 per cent.
Cotton goods	43.27 "	40.13 "
Hemp goods	31.94 "	20.34 "
Iron and steel	48.01 "	35.32 "
Leather goods	36.37 "	27.96 "
Paints and colors	45.01 "	32.30 "
Salt	88.69 "	50.03 "

However, this matter of percentages is of very little value; because this shows the rate of duty paid on dutiable goods only, not on total imports. During the year 1886 the total dutiable imports brought into the United States were valued at $413,778,054; the total value of imported articles free of duty was $211,530,759. The average percentage was only a fraction over 28 per cent.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

IN view of the disgusting developments made recently as to the articles which enter into the composition of "pure" lard, before the Congressional investigating committee, there should come a boom in cotton-seed oil for domestic use, to replace the filthy grease palmed off on the public as lard. The testimony shows that hogs smothered to death in cars, and those that die of disease, are rendered into lard, and that intestines and other unclean portions of the animals frequently contribute their quota of grease to increase the lard product. Besides these abominations, all kinds of adulterants are used, clean and unclean.

ALL is not harmony in the South over the Mills free trade bill, by a large majority. One of the loudest protests against its passage is that made by the rice-growers of South Carolina, the entire value of whose crop is about $1,500,000. These individuals seem to oppose the measure solely because it proposes to make a reduction in the duty of their product. Undoubtedly they favor the part of the bill which relates to iron, cotton and woolen manufactures, although the injury which it inflict on these industries is at least one hundred times as a great as that which it would impose on the rice growers.

AMERICAN women who marry English husbands will have much difficulty in dissolving their union, if the conditions are unhappy, by a new divorce decision of the English court, which establishes the point that if an American woman married to an English husband wishes to obtain a valid divorce she must sue in the English courts or she cannot get it, the domicile of her husband being the controlling fact in the eye of the law.

THE rumor is again revived of Mr. BLAINE's failing health. A "prominent Eastern Republican" now traveling in Europe, is quoted as having written from Rome to a friend in Indianapolis that he fears Mr. BLAINE cannot live out the year; that he is completely broken down physically, and then says:

No one who could see Mr. Blaine as I saw him to-day could question for one moment the sincerity of his declination, or entertain any doubt as to the reasons that induced it.

THE Senate committee on Territories, in reporting adversely to the consideration of the bill for the admission of Utah as a state, makes a declaration which should stand as the expression of the opinion of every true American, when it declares that

The territory of Utah ought not to be admitted as a state until plural marriages, bigamy or polygamy, shall have been entirely abandoned by the inhabitants of that territory, and until it is certain that the civil affairs of the territory are not controlled by the Mormon priesthood.

A REFLECTIVE Los Angeles paper encourages the sturdy farmers' boys of the country by reminding them that the men who come to the front in the United States are largely from the farms. BLAINE, LINCOLN, HAWLEY, GRESHAM, HARRISON, EVARTS, SHERMAN, all mentioned for the Presidency, were born in the country, it declares.

THE GORMAN gang in Maryland has been reinforced by seven Democratic election officers, who were recently convicted of the grossest frauds on the ballot and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The Democratic governor has pardoned them out, probably to have them on hand to help out CLEVELAND this fall.

THE friends of General BLACK are very confident he will get the support of the majority of the Illinois delegation for Vice President, notwithstanding the efforts of Colonel MORRISON to defeat him.

SENATOR DON CAMERON says that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Mr. CAMERON thus relieves the Republican party from an embarrassing situation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Gen. Crook is the senior brigadier general.

Chicago belles are cultivating an inaudible laugh.

Senator Ingalls has the smallest foot in the Senate.

R. M. Pickles wants to be lieutenant governor of Kansas.

Mrs. Garfield has an annual income of upward of $20,000.

April 27 has been selected as the Pennsylvania Arbor Day.

A pound of seeds yield about 10,000 sticks of asparagus.

It is now a penal offense in Alabama to participate in a raffle.

The last Southern President was President Taylor, elected in 1848.

Toronto will try to get the next Pan-Presbyterian council, in 1892.

There are 261,160 persons in New York City who do not speak English.

Prof. Sumner thinks marriage regulation the first step toward the millennium.

The new Empress of Germany has a personal income of $80,000 a year.

It will be fifty years next Fourth of July since Iowa was organized as a territory.

The Mormon establishment or church in this country comprises 162,383 persons.

The annual rush of immigrants has begun. The great majority are from Ireland.

March has been the most disastrous month the railroad companies have ever experienced.

Emperor Frederick and Empress Victoria will be crowned King and Queen of Prussia at Konigsberg in June, if alive.

Judge Gresham owns a handsome farm near Indianapolis, and takes delight in looking after his crops and live stock.

Until a few years ago Kaiser Wilhelm exchanged photographs with every pretty woman whose acquaintance he made.

Senator Reagan, of Texas, is one of the champion officeholders, having drawn a salary from the public purse since 1838.

There is a man in Rawlins county, Kansas, who is the owner of 60,000 trees all planted by himself on his homestead.

The late Barghash Bin Saed, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaves 27 widows and 232 children. Enough has Bin Saed.—*New York World.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller invented the bloomer costume. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton wore it for two years and Mrs. Miller for six.

A party of six gentlemen, who propose to make a tour of Europe on bicycles, sailed from New York for the Old World the other day.

King Kalakaua is going to settle down to hard work and become a coffee planter. He finds that there is more in it than in being a king.

In a kissing match at Leavenworth a few evenings since Frank Lynch, postmaster, editor, husband and twice a father, won the prize.

A Chicago street car conductor with a taste for gardening ekes out of his modest salary by raising mushrooms in the cellar of his house.

A correspondent who writes from Honduras says that more than $12,000,000 of American capital is invested in gold mines in that country.

A proposal to make Kaiser Wilhelm's birthday, March 22, a great national holiday in Germany, has been enthusiastically received by the people.

The Chinese have four classes of slaves—slaves of the imperial households, labor slaves, concubines, or plural wives, and slaves for immoral purposes.

A Bradford (Pa.) preached announced to his flock that "Amens" were all right at the proper time, but that they did not rattle in the collection basket.

Mrs. Mary A. Judkins, who died recently in Portland, Me., was a native of the state in which she died, and was born 117 years and seven months ago.

Hon. William M. Smith, general manager of the Western Associated Press, will deliver the chief address at the Ohio centennial at Marietta next Saturday.

Major General Terry will soon make application for retirement, on the ground of ill health. It is said that President Cleveland will comply with his request.

The Prince of Wales, according to the London *Times*, has an "unfortunate weakness which has led him to patronize American cattle-drovers and prize-fighters."

The nickel five-cent piece may be used as a unit of measure in calculating by the metric system. It is exactly two centimeters in diameter and weighs five grammes.

The Detroit *Journal* offers a prize of $500 in gold to the man, woman or child, (Gen. Greely not excepted) who will name the three hottest days in the year of 1888.

The lightning rod, says the *Electrical Review*, is a relic of superstition, and will eventually be regarded on a house in the same light as a horseshoe over a door.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

Mr. M. Force, of Newark, N. J., writes to the New York *World* that he is "still in the field with $10,000 to bet that the next President of the United States will be a Republican."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says if the women had the ballot they would vote to cut down the taxes and reduce the surplus. The second clause o. the platform embraces no new proposition.

The Bible carried by Gen. "Chinese" Gordon during his sojourn in the Soudan, lies open in an enclosed enamel and crystal case in front of the marble statue of the general in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, pays his chef $10,000, and takes great interest in the science of gastronomy. It is said that he is better posted than Bayard even in the mysteries of cooking terrapin.

Mrs. Kate Chase is expected home from Europe this month. She will bring her daughter, who is at school in Paris, and, with Miss Ethel Chase Sprague, will spend the summer at their country place near Washington.

Bishop Whitehead, of the Episcopal Diocese of Pittsburg, has declared war on Easter flowers. He says too many people go to church that day just to see them. The good bishop forgets the drawing capacity of the Easter bonnet.

Conductor Stillwell, who was in charge of the ill-fated train that was wrecked and burned near Chatsworth, Ill., and whose hair turned gray from the shock of the disaster, is still in the service of the road. His hair is now as white as snow.

DeLesseps has come up serenely again. He has constituted every stockholder in his Panama scheme a canvasser for his lottery loan and it is likely with such immense backing the French government will be forced to grant the required permission.

John A. Logan, son of the late Gen. John A. Logan, owns four thoroughbred race-horses, now stationed at the Lexington (Ky.) track. This is Mr. Logan's first venture as a sporting man, and he has the good will, it is said, of all the trainers at Lexington.

At Mount Pleasant, Pa., a farmer sold a load of oats to a business firm. A $20 bill was found in one of the bags with the grain. The purchasers claim that the money belongs to them, and the farmer maintains that it is his. It will probably take a law-suit to decide.

The late Duke of Rutland had at Belvoir a "confession book," in which the Princess of Wales recorded that her favorite artist was Rubens, her favorite author Dickens, her favorite dish Yorkshire pudding, and her favorite ambition non-interference in other people's business.

Henry George's name has been stricken from the roll of the Anti-Poverty society, and is always hissed when mentioned at the meetings. He is even restrained by the courts from starting another society. Dr. McGlynn thus proves to be a most perfectly-organized anti-poverty trust all in himself.

"Father" Custer, as the farmer father of the late General Custer is familiarly called at Monroe, Mich., near which town he lives, can be found at the Methodist church in that place every Sunday, no matter how stormy the weather or how muddy the roads. He is 82 years old, hale and hearty.

Gen. Bragg, minister to Mexico, is said by Wisconsin politicians to be scheming for the nomination for governor of that state, and an effort is being made to secure his indorsement by the workingmen. So Mr. Vilas's trick to silence the doughty general by banishment is not likely to prove a complete success.

Gen. Adam Badeau, who has suddenly leaped into such unenviable notoriety, is a stout, little man but 5 feet 6 in hight, with almost as much paunch as hight. He is not attractive, has a large, full face, a good square head, peevish lower jaw and mouth, near-sighted eyes, which necessitate wearing spectacles. There is nothing unpleasing, but he is certainly not a handsome man.

The blizzard began in Oregon and passed clear across the continent without causing trouble until it reached the Atlantic coast and found its progress barred by an anti-cyclone wave of high barometer which stretched along over the ocean. Then came the clash and the gulf stream vapor was converted into snow which buried New York, Boston and Philadelphia. A blizzard is a bad animal to monkey with.

Mrs. Cleveland, according to a Washington letter writer, last summer tipped the scales at 170 good, hard, solid pounds, and since that time she has been growing heavier every month. Her precise weight is as deep a secret as the future of the fisheries question. Her recent walking tours have not accomplished much in the reduction of her surplus flesh. In fact, it is quietly whispered that her exercise has had just the opposite effect, and that she is fast approaching the 200-pound record.

Speaking of the income of Gen. Grant's widow, Joe Howard says: "She has received about $450,000 from Grant's book, and has a pension of $5,000 from the nation, the interest of $100,000. She also has the income from the $250,000 raised by George Jones from Jay Gould, James Gordon Bennett and others. She also has the income from $100,000 raised by George W. Childs. In other words, she has the income of not far from $1,000,000."

THE FAMOUS MILLS BILL.

The Report which will Accompany its Introduction — The Minority Report Scores the Democrats.

LOUISVILLE, March 30.—From a Washington special to the *Courier-Journal*, the following is furnished the Associated Press:

The report of the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means committee, which will accompany the tariff bill to the House, cites that the surplus for the last fiscal year was $55,500,000, and the current fiscal year is estimated at $81,000,000, and says:

"With receipts growing larger and expenditures growing smaller, we must soon gather in the treasury the largest part of the circulation of the country, to the great injury of its business and the bankruptcy of many of its people. Some method must be adopted by Congress to prevent the congestion which must occur under existing laws.

"There are two ways in which this excessive accumulation may be prevented. We may reduce taxation to the level of expenditures and leave in the pockets of the people all moneys not needed for public purposes, or we may raise expenditures to the hight of taxation, seeking out new and useless objects of appropriation on which to lavish the great and growing revenues, not needed for any legitimate wants of the public service. If we adopt the latter course these very objects of useless expenditures will gather upon Congress in such increasing numbers and with such growing demand as to fasten upon the government a permanent and unchangeable policy of extravagant and reckless appropriations. This policy, once adopted, will not only breed corruption in public life and demoralization in private life, but will compel, in periods of depression, an increased rate of taxation for the people or an increase of bonded debt for the government."

Then stating that there is but one safe course, viz., reduction of taxation to the necessary requirements of an honest, efficient administration of the government, the report discusses the question, "Upon what articles shall the reduction be made?" and proceeds:

"The committee have determined to recommend a reduction of the revenues from both customs and internal taxes. They have carefully kept in view at all times the interests of the manufacturer, the laborer, the producer and the consumer.

"The bill herewith reported to the House is not offered as a perfect bill. Many articles are left subject to duty which might well be transferred to the free list. Many articles are left subject to rates of duty which might well be lessened.

PRODUCE MORE THAN IS NEEDED.

"In the progressive growth of our manufactures we have reached the point where our capacity to produce is far in excess of the requirements of our home consumption. As a consequence many of our mills are closed, and many of these in operation are running on short time. This condition is hurtful to the manufacturer, to the laborer and producer of the materials consumed in manufacture. The manufacturer loses the profits on his capital, the laborer loses his wages, and the producer of the material consumed in manufacture loses the market for his products. Manufacturers, in many instances, to guard against losses by low prices caused by an over supply in the home market, are organizing trusts, combinations and pools to limit production and keep up prices. This vicious condition of business could not exist with low duties on imports. Prohibitory tariffs surround the country with lines of investment and prevent all relief without, while trusts, combinations and pools plunder the people within.

"In a country like ours, prolific in its resources, where the rewards of labor are large, the capitalists may by such methods keep his investment secure and still make profits. But what is to become of the laborers who are thrown out of employment by stopping the wheels of machinery and limiting the amount of product? And what is to become of the producer of the materials to be consumed by the manufacturer? When the fires are shut off the laborer and the materials are shut off at the same time, and the market for both is gone. Whether they labor in the factory or the field, whether they produce cotton, wool, hemp, flax, coal or ore, whether the product of their daily labor is cloth, iron, steel, boots or shoes, they must have constant employment to obtain for themselves and families the necessaries and comforts of life.

THE PRICE GREATER THAN THE VALUE.

"When out of employment, with earnings cut short, with low prices for the products, caused by the closing of the market, they still must pay, for whatever their daily wants require, the prices which the trusts have fixed. What is the remedy for this wrong? It is more extended markets for the sale of our products and a constant and active competition in business. With active competition, combinations and pools are impossible. With the markets of the world open to us, our manufacturers may run their mills on full time and give constant employment to their laborers, with a steadily increasing rate of wages. With the markets of the world open to the sale of their products, they will create an active and constant demand for all the raw materials required in manufacturing, which will stimulate, promote and reward the wool grower and the producer of cotton, hemp, flax, hides, ores and other materials of manufacturers. The annual product of our manufacturers is now estimated at $7,000,000, of which amount we export only about $136,000,000, or less than two per cent. If we could obtain free of duty such raw materials as we do not produce, and can only be procured in foreign countries, and mix with our home products in the various branches of manufacture, we could soon increase our exports several hundred millions. With untaxed raw materials we could keep our mills running on full time, our operatives in constant employment, and have an active demand for our raw materials in our own factories. If there should be no duty on any materials entering into manufactures, many articles now made abroad would be made at home, which, while it would give more employment to our own labor, would give a better market to many articles which we produce and which enter into manufactures, such as cotton, wool, hemp, flax and others.

SOME FIGURES.

"In starting on this policy, we have transferred many articles from the dutiable to the free list. The revenues now received on these articles amount to $22,189,505. Three fourths of this amount is collected on articles that go into manufactures, of which wool and tin plates are the most important. The revenues derived from wool during the last fiscal year amounted to $5,800,816.63, and the revenue from tin plates to $5,706,433.08. The repeal of all duties on wool enables us to reduce the duties on the manufactures of wool $12,332,211.65. The largest reduction we have made is in the woolen schedule, and this reduction was only made possible by putting wool on the free list. There is no greater need for a duty on wool than there is for a duty on any other raw material. A duty on wool makes it necessary to impose a higher duty on the goods made from wool, and the consumer has to pay a double tax. If we leave wool untaxed the consumer has to pay a tax only on the manufactured goods.

"We say to the manufacturer we have put wool on the free list to enable him to obtain foreign wools cheaper and send them into foreign markets and successfully compete with the foreign manufacturers. We say to the laborer in the factory we have put wool on the free list so that it may be imported and he may be employed to make the goods that are now made by foreign labor and imported into the United States. We say to the consumer we have put wool on the free list that he may have woolen goods cheaper. We say to the domestic wool grower we have put wool on the free list to enable the manufacturer to import foreign wool to mix with his, and thus enlarge his market and quicken the demand for the consumption of home wool, while it lightens the burden of the taxpayer.

"The duty on wool now prevents all the better classes of wool from coming into the country. The domestic product can supply only about one-half of the amount required for home consumption.

THE WOOL GROWERS.

"The Wool Growers' association ask us to put on a duty high enough to prevent the importation of all wool. The Wool Manufacturers' association asks us to put on a duty high enough to keep out all manufactures of wool. If Congress grants this joint request, what are the people to do for woolen clothing? Are the people to be compelled by Congress to wear cotton goods in the winter or go without, to give bounties to wool growers and wool manufactures!

"In the woolen schedule we have substituted ad valorem for specific duties. The specific duties are the favorite of those who to be benefitted by high rates, who are protected against combinations against the consumer of their products, because it conceals from the consumer the tax he pays the manufacturer.

"The commissioner of labor's report shows the true nature of specific duties, and the consumer can see why it is that manufacturers clamor for them. They know the different values of their goods, and what apt words will embrace the high and low-priced together and make the poorer people pay the same tax for a yard of cloth worth 45 cents that the wealthy do for a yard that costs $3.66. But that fact the specific tariff conceals. The ad valorem rate taxes everthing according to its value. A duty of 40 per cent. ad valorem would have imposed a tax of $1.44 on the yard of broadcloth, and eighteen cents on the cotton wrap cloth that cost 45 cents, and the duty would have been fair to both. As it is, the tax is 180 per cent. on the cheap cloth and 50 per cent. on the high-priced broadcloth.

"In the cotton goods schedule we see the same 'vicious, inequitable and illogical' results of the specific duty.

THE SUGAR REVENUE.

The decrease of the production of hemp and flax under duty is discussed, and the reasons given for placing them on the free list: also, briefly, the reductions on earthen and glassware and steel rails. On sugar the report says:

"We have reduced the revenue received from sugar about 20 per cent. and extended the first class from No. 13 to No. 16, Dutch standard of color. The sugars between Nos. 13 and 16 are grades of brown sugars which can go into consumption without refining, and consumers may protect themselves against trusts and combinations by purchasing these grades of imported sugars when the price of the refined is put up and kept up by organized trusts of the domestic manufacturers. The rate of all sugars above No. 16 is reduced, so that foreign refined sugars may be imported to prevent high prices and protect the consumers against combinations."

A reduction in the price of all canned goods and a benefit to the manufacturer of cans are cited as results of freeing tin plate. The report concludes:

The bill which the committee reports provides for the repeal of all restrictions on the sale of tobacco by the producer and for the repeal of all taxes on tobacco except on cigars, cigarettes and cheroots, and of all privilege and license taxes except those for manufacturing and selling cigars, cigarettes and cheroots.

Department tables are furnished in support of statistical assertions.

THE MINORITY REPORT.

Major McKinley Scores the Democratic Party.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(Special.)—The minority report of the committee on ways and means against Mills's tariff bill occupies almost twice the space of the majority report in favor of the bill. It was written by Major McKinley, of Ohio, one of the minority members of the committee, and is now in the hands of the public printer.

The report begins with a severe criticism on the manner in which the Mills bill was compiled. It states that the minority were never consulted, the bill was laid before the full committee in complete form, and then it was voted through by strict party lines, no opportunity being given the minority to be heard.

The manufacturers of the country were refused a hearing by a majority of the committee and also the workingmen and mechanics, although they are most directly interested. A few manufacturers, known to be in favor of just what the majority wanted, and a few who wielded potential Democratic influence, were given clandestine hearings by the majority of the committee. Then, to cap the climax of shutting the mouths of the people, members of Congress were refused a hearing by the majority of the committee.

The report then enters upon a review of the bill, showing how it will not reduce revenues except by transfers to the free list.

The reductions it makes in customs dues will but have the effect of keeping up the present inflow of the surplus. The talk and no work policy of the Democratic party in Congress is given a hard blow. The report states that during the time the Republicans have had control of Congress, from 1869 to 1883, they reduced the incomes over $200 million a year, but though the Democrats have had control often, they have never reduced the tariff a penny.

They have been crying tariff reform vigorously and campaigning upon it for the last five years, when they have had a majority of the House of Representatives, and yet they have not passed a tariff bill, and will not.

The Mills bill is declared to be sectional. The slight cut it makes on sugar, rice and other Southern products are pointed out, while its inroads on the farm and other products of the North and West are cited in an impressive way.

Free wool is given extended comment and is treated as one of the sectional provisions by which the South strikes at the North. The minority state that the Republican party favors a reasonable reduction of the tariff, but that it should be made with respect to the interests of manufacturers, labor and protection in general, with a fair regard to the government income; that there should be impartiality as to the sections of country, as well as interests, and this can not be done without a full, free, and impartial hearing from those most interested. Altogether the report is a strong Republican document, and is intended to meet the approval of all elements in the party.

The committee on Ways and Means amended the Tariff bill to-day by the addition of provisions slightly increasing the sugar duties so as to equal a net reduction of 20 per cent. in the existing duty; authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to classify as woolens, worsted clothes, and guarding against interference with existing treaties.

—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is becoming a universal favorite for restoring gray hair to its original color, and making hair grow thick and strong.

THEY CLOSED UP THE MINE.

Clever and Laughable Ruse by Which the Bonanza Kings Made Millions.

"One of the shrewdest tricks ever played upon investors in mining securities," said Alfred B. Sawyer, of Sacramento, Cal., to a reporter, "was that engineered by the owners of the Consolidated Virginia in 1873. There had been a great deal of speculation in Comstock stocks, but the bottom had rather fallen out of the market, and prices were very low. Desiring to turn an honest penny, Flood, O'Brien and Mackay determined to make an effort to boom the stock. Accordingly Mackay one day left for Virginia City, and on arriving at that place ordered that the shafts of the Consolidated Virginia be strictly guarded, and neither ingress nor egress permitted. More than 500 workmen were employed in the different drifts, not one of whom was allowed to ascend to the surface, while no outsider was allowed to go anywhere near the shafts. The news was of course at once telegraphed all over the country and caused tremendous excitement. It was at once assumed that a great strike had been made which the principal stockholders desired to conceal from the public, and the stock accordingly began to mount skyward. Flood and O'Brien both stated in the most positive terms that no strike had been made, and advised every one not to invest, saying that the price of the stock was far above its value, and declaring that if it continued to rise they would dispose of their holdings. This only added fuel to the flames, and the stock rose from $35 to $500. Flood, Mackay and O'Brien unloaded all they had, and when this was accomplished withdrew the guards from the shaft and allowed the men to ascend. Of course each one of them was eagerly questioned as to the cause of his long detention underground, and asked to give a description of the ore body recently discovered, which was assumed to be the cause of this unusual proceeding. One and all answered that there had been no strike, and that they could see no reason for their detention. They had been paid triple wages for the time they had been kept from going to the top of the shaft, but could assign no reason for this course of action. The spectators saw at once that they had been victimized, and stock dropped in a day below 20. The bonanza kings advised their friends not to sell, saying that the stock was worth more than the price asked, but this was regarded as an effort to bolster it up, and caused it to sink even lower. The bonanza insiders bought it up, and in less than three months from the time when the shafts were closed held more stock than ever before, and had a clear profit of more than $5,000,000 in their pockets, gained without once telling a lie, and, in fact, by means of speaking the truth in an unusually open and unreserved manner. Their previous reputation had been such that the truth from them was the only thing that would have surprised those who had formerly dealt with them, and they traded on their bad name with immense advantage to themselves, victimizing the entire population on the Pacific coast, as they had so often done, both before and since."

—Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton, of West Gorham, Maine, advertises her new system of Bee Keeping in this paper. Mrs. Cotton is indorsed by ex-Gov. Frederick Robie, who lives near her home, and who has been Master of the State Grange for several years. She is also indorsed as a member of the Gorham Grange by Secretary Weeks. These gentlemen also commend her new system of Bee Keeping, having tested it. All interested should write Mrs. Cotton for particulars of her new system of Bee Keeping.

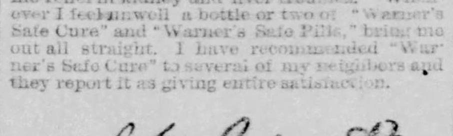
The impeachment trial of Treasurer Tate has begun in the Kentucky senate. It is entirely formal. The amount of cash found in his office was $1,300; the amount of the deficit is not stated.

RIGHT HERE IN OHIO.

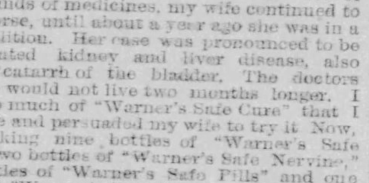
What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door:

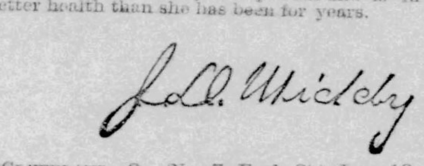
MARK CENTER, O., Jan. 4, 1888.—I have been a patron of "Warner's Safe Remedies" for the last five years and find them unfailing in giving me relief in kidney and liver troubles. Whenever I feel unwell a bottle or two of "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," bring me out all straight. I have recommended "Warner's Safe Cure" to several of my neighbors and they report it as giving entire satisfaction.



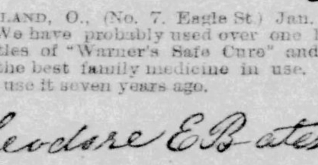
LOCKINGTON, O., Feb. 8th, 1888.—About seven or eight years ago my wife had symptoms of kidney and liver troubles and placed herself under the treatment of one of the best physicians in this community. She improved under his treatment and in a short time was pronounced well. It was not long until all the old trouble reappeared, and although temporary relief was again derived from the efforts of several other physicians, as well as the use of many kinds of medicines, my wife continued to grow worse, until about a year ago she was in a sad condition. Her case was pronounced to be complicated kidney and liver disease, also chronic catarrh of the bladder. The doctors said she would not live two months longer. I heard so much of "Warner's Safe Cure" that I got some and persuaded my wife to try it. Now, after taking nine bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," two bottles of "Warner's Safe Nervine," ten bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills" and one bottle of "Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure," my wife has gained thirty-five pounds and is in better health than she has been for years.



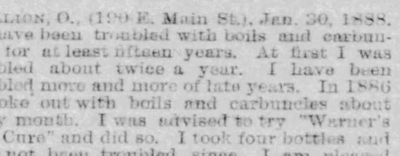
CLEVELAND, O., (No. 7, Eagle St.) Jan. 13, 1888.—We have probably used over one hundred bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure" and we think it the best family medicine in use. We began to use it seven years ago.



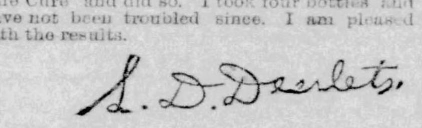
GALION, O., (190 E. Main St.), Jan. 30, 1888.—I have been troubled with boils and carbuncles for at least fifteen years. At first I was troubled about twice a year. I have been troubled more and more of late years. In 1886 I broke out with boils and carbuncles about every month. I was advised to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and did so. I took four bottles and have not been troubled since. I am pleased with the results.



CLEVELAND, O., (688 Pearl St.), Feb. 6, 1888.—"Warner's Safe Cure" has done wonders for neuralgia and general debility in our family. It tones the system up so quickly, and I shall never tire of recommending it.



BEREA, O., Dec. 23, 1888.—I am troubled with dyspepsia. I tried "Warner's Safe Cure" and think it has no equal.



TO STOP DRINKING.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.

Plain Talk on a Grave Subject—Interviews With Chicago Physicians on the Abandonment of the Rum Habit.

Chicago Mail.

There are doubtless some thousands of men in Chicago who feel that they are taking too much stimulant daily, men upon whom the drinking habit has grown until they consider it unsafe and desire to shake it off, but who find difficulty in the task. Many have tried to abandon drink, have succeeded, perhaps, for a day or two, and have then drifted into the old way again. These are not the drunkards, but are those who may become such. They are the so-called moderate drinkers. They are in various walks of life, and are of various ages and conditions. They do not feel as they would like to at all seasons. They are spending some money needlessly. They carry an incubus. They dread what may come some time. They would like to know of a way of emancipating themselves.

Is there one course better than another for a man to adopt in endeavoring to break himself of the drinking habit?

We have sought to obtain from those who should be best informed a practical answer to the above question. A number of leading physicians have been visited, and a given set of questions put to each. The result of these interviews is here presented:

What is sought to be learned is the best course to be pursued by the man who, for anywhere from two to ten years, has been a pretty steady drinker, until he now consumes anywhere, say from five to ten drinks of whisky a day.

QUESTION 1. What is the anatomical, the mechanical reason that he finds it difficult to stop?

2. Is it best, or even advisable, to "taper off," to change to light wines, or anything of that sort?

3. When the break-off is sudden, should anything be taken? Bromide, or anything else? If so, in what doses?—the exact prescription.

4. What diet should he adopt during the breaking-off process? Should he try to cease smoking at the same time? Does smoking make a man want to drink?

5. If he stop drinking, how soon, on an average, will a man feel as well even as he did before stopping? For how many days or weeks or months must the average man go after reforming, before his normal tone is restored?

6. Can a man who has taken from five to ten drinks of whisky a day for four or five years by stopping completely, exercising, and leading a proper life become as good a man physically and mentally as before he drank? Will his memory, his general acuteness of mind and his strength of body return in cases where they seem to have been impaired? In other words, is he permanently injured?

DR. CHARLES GILMAN SMITH.

"Ah," said Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, "the man who solved the problem of the best way to break off the liquor habit will have achieved a great victory. A man loses heart in the struggle to gain the mastery of himself, and every relapse but makes it harder for him to get back again. The vice grows by what it feeds on. Taper off? Ah, but they never do taper off. They can't. The way to break off drinking is to stop, and stop short. They'll go two or three days maybe on a tapering-off sliding scale, and then they take a big drink again and go on in the same old way. A week or ten days is the longest average period of tapering off. What makes it so hard to quit is the stimulating influence of alcohol in the heart, driving the blood in a strong tide to the brain. It acts as a whip to a jaded horse. Leave off the stimulant and the brain acts sluggishly. The man is dull and stupid, and he craves the activity, so he applies the whip again. In stopping short, don't use bromides, unless the reforming drinker can't sleep. Use the fluid extract of coca leaves. That's a sort of of stimulant, not so dangerous as alcohol, perhaps, although its continued use impairs the heart. It is hard to lay down a general course of medication, since every case is different. A physician must prescribe for a patient what he particularly needs. As to diet it should be generous and rich; not fatty or greasy, but strengthening. Rare roast beef, juicy steak, mutton chops, oysters, eggs, and especially plenty of good beef tea, well peppered with red pepper. If the patient can't sleep, let him take a brisk walk before bed-time and get himself tired out. Regular exercise in a gymnasium you can rarely get a drunkard to take. They're weak physically. You never saw a strong drunkard in your life. The man who leaves off drinking had better stop smoking too. Tobacco has a relaxing effect on your system, as you probably know yourself. It demands something to brace you up afterward, something to counteract the depressing action of the nicotine. Stop both together. It will pay.

"Will a man recover his old physical and mental tone? Well, if he leaves off altogether he will practically be as good a man as he was before he began to drink. He will not really be the man he would have been, but the improvement will be well worth the trouble he has taken. This is supposing him to be a moderate drinker, who has not developed the diseases of the kidney and liver characteristic of long continued use of alcoholic liquors. In England they call it the 'gin liver,' or the 'hob-nailed liver,' from the appearance of that organ when it is cut open. Cirrhosis is the technical name of it. Those cases require special treatment."

"Is there any remedy for drunkenness that a wife can drop into her husband's coffee on the sly to cure him of intemperance without his knowing it?"

"Well, there are a few things I have given in such cases, but they don't take away the appetite for drink. I have given antimony to be put in the husband's tea. That makes him deathly sick, and he declares it is the liquor that is beginning to affect him, and he quits drinking for a day or two. A man can't quit drinking unknown to himself or without a strong, continued effort of the will."

DR. J. ADAMS ALLEN.

J. Adams Allen, president of Rush Medical college, said bluffly: "If a man's going to stop he's got to stop, and there's an end of it. Don't let him try to taper off. All nonsense. But he ought never to try to quit without consulting a physician, because a steady drinker is sure to have some organic trouble of the liver or kidneys, which whisky spurs up to action, and which becomes torpid when it is left. He don't want tonic and other stimulants to stay him up. A good dose of calomel to set his liver going right is worth more than them all. Yes, leave off tobacco, too. It's harder to break off than liquor-drinking. The alcohol habit is the easiest to quit. The opium habit is 100 per cent harder to break up than the appetite for drink. Clear out the sooty flues and the man who stops drinking ought to get back a good part of his normal physical tone, but he will never be the man he would have been if he had always been temperate."

DR. D. N. DELAMATER.

Dr. D. N. Delamater, the specialist in nervous diseases, took a decidedly different view of the propositions. He said: "The reason of the difficulty in stopping the drink habit is that the use of liquor has produced certain actual congestions—pathological changes which demand a stimulant to keep the circulatory force sufficient. Then the sudden cessation of an habitual stimulant to which the entire system has been accustomed causes a great reaction, which is very distressing in many cases. Whether the would-be reformed drunkard shall taper off with light wines and short rations of drinks depends entirely on the individual. He who is anxious to quit and is a man of strong will and in the habit of controlling himself in other ways, and is able to withstand the pain and suffering, can do either way. There is less suffering tapering off than stopping suddenly. A man who is not accustomed to controlling himself would either have to be put under restraint or be obliged to taper off. I am in the habit of prescribing drugs to men who are trying to reform. Whether I treat them on the regular school plan or according to homeopathic principles depends entirely upon the individual. I sometimes prescribe bromides in doses of from ten to twenty grains, the bromide of ammonium preferred. The fluid extract of cinchona in one to two grain doses is good, and monobromate of camphor in one to three grain doses. A favorite prescription of mine in such cases is this.

"Equal parts fluid extract of chinchona and fluid extract of coca leaves, in one to two dram doses three times a day.

"Homeopathically the treatment would be one of these: Digitalis leaves, first decimal trituration, every hour or two. Arsenite of China, third decimal trituration, every hour or two. Nux vomica, third trituration, every hour or two. I frequently alternate the nux vomica and the digitalis with good results. In any case I cut according to my cloth. I don't think it's necessary to stop smoking at the same time one leaves off drink." The doctor was himself smoking at the time, and he looked with satisfaction at the slender blue threads that rose from the cigar, and made tangled skeins of fragance in the air.

"How soon will the recuperation being to set in?"

"Ordinarily the man will begin to feel better in three weeks' time. The normal tone ought to be restored in a couple of months, unless some organic disease has been developed. Some men can regain everything they have lost. Others cannot. It depends on the man and it depends on the amount of drinking he has indulged in. Those men of a finer quality of nervous temperament are those who are most bound by liquor, and to whom the damage is most permanent. Coarse, brutal natures are not much affected. They recover as much as ever they lost."

DR. E. H. PRATT.

"All habits of life are hard to break off," said Dr. E. H. Pratt. "Every phase of life is a sort of vibration, a mode or form of molecular motion, and it requires a great impelling force of some kind or other to change the length of the undulations of life, if I may use the figure. This particular habit is hard to break, in the first place, because temptation is usually so close at hand and the occasions of sin, to use a theological phrase, so frequent. Most of the men who become hard drinkers are whole-souled, genial fellows, who have had trouble of some kind or other, and drink is a sort of anæsthetic which dulls the mental sensibilities. The habit of drinking, once begun, excites on irritation in the terminal nerve fibers which can be easiest soothed by a repetition of the drink. What physiologists call the plexus or abdominal brain is a great knot of nervous fiber behind the stomach, which, when a man is hungry, gives him that sense of 'goneness.' Give the system sufficient food and the abdominal stomach telegraphs the good news to the brain. Deceive the abdominal brain by giving it liquor and the same good news will be telegraphed, but in this case the correspondent has been misled. The same buoyancy has been obtained, but at the expense of the nerve strength. It irritates the terminal nerves, and it is a well known fact that an exposed nerve fiber in a sore will prevent that sore from healing for years. The fiber is irritated and keeps the tissues from healing. May we not believe that the same thing occurs in the congested and excoriated surface of the drunkard's stomach?

"There are two phases of the appetite for drink, the physical and mental, and one works upon the other. A man who wants to stop drinking must realize that the task can only be accomplished by a strong effort of the mind, and as long as he weakens his body by keeping up the irritation with even diminished doses of alcohol, so long he will be a slave to the liquor habit. If he wants to quit, why quit. It lies more with the man himself than with drugs. You can't reform a man unless it is a thorough reform. Therefore, in such cases, I do not attempt to drive out one bad habit with a worse. I give a weak solution of cayenne pepper to relieve the burning sensation, and I give him lots of milk. Milk is, of all things, the most necessary. The great thing in breaking off a habit of this kind is keeping busy. Push the mind and body to the utmost activity to divert attention from the hankerings of the old habit. Concentrate the thought on some hobby and ride it at full speed. For mercy's sake don't think about trying to stop. Don't tell anybody how long it has been since you tasted a drop. Don't congratulate yourself that you have gone without liquor for six weeks or six months. Dismiss the subject from your mind as completely as if you had never heard of such a thing as whisky, and had no curiosity to learn about it. If a man asked you how long it has been since you stopped drinking, change the subject of conversation without answering. The mind has the greatest part of the task at first. That is the reason what they inject water hypodermically into persons addicted to the morphine habit. They think they're getting their regular dose of morphine, and will hardly believe they have not after they have been completely cut off from it for months at a time. They would have suffered untold agonies if they had known they were being deprived of morphine, whereas, not having their mind on the subject, they felt all right. Now, all this agony that drunkards suffer in leaving off drink is due to the fact that they are morbidly conscious of the effort to quit.

"I should certainly say that a man who wants to quit drinking should stop smoking, too. Not only because nicotine is a depressant, but because the fight is for principle, and there should be no surrender at any point. It is a question as to who shall boss, the man or his body. It is just as easy to quit everything at once as it is one thing, and a great deal easier. The gain in strength will be greater and more rapid.

"How long it will be before he begins to feel as good as he did before he stopped drinking depends on how badly besotted he is. The most rapid gain will be in the case of the man who has made up his mind in dead sincerity that he has taken his last drink and that he will never look back with longing on the old habit. Six months ought to restore him to complete health if he has no organic disease. He will never be as good a man as he would have been if he had never drank. You can't keep your money in bank drawing interest and still spend the principal. You can't have your cake and eat it too. A man who wastes his nervous strength in dissipation of any kind is permanently harmed by it. But he can still be a much stronger, healthier, and happier man by reforming. The damage is mental and physical. The man who drinks pickles himself. The alcohol not only hinders reparative process, but keeps the tissues from breaking down, thus retaining effete and worn-out tissue in the system. The brain becomes hardened so that it cannot act unless stimulated by liquor. Medical students are always glad to get hold of the brain of an old toper to dissect, as it cuts so smoothly. It's hardened by alcohol."

DR. A. J. BAXTER.

"The notion that quitting suddenly is more dangerous or more difficult than tapering off is one of whisky's fallacies," said Dr. A. J. Baxter. "Tapering off is simply taking smaller doses of poison. A man can't quit taking poison too suddenly. As for bromides, and all that sort of thing, if his physician finds he needs bromides let him prescribe them, but if they are needed it will not be because the man has quit drinking entirely, but because liquor has undermined his health and made tonics necessary to pull nature through in her efforts to restore what has been lost. No man on the top of earth can say how long it will take to make a man well again. Some men are affected more by liquor than others. Some can guzzle for years and never seem to be affected, while some others are simply torn to pieces in a little while. The finer qualities of brain are those which are ruined by drink. It's too bad, too bad."

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Nervous Prostration,
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Stomach and Liver Complaint,

resulting in an attack of Bilious Colic. At this time I saw Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertised and sent for a bottle. I also sent for my physician and told him I was going to try the Favorite Remedy. He examined it and told me to use it three days and let him know the result. In the three days I walked four miles, and have been on my feet ever since. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life. I have used five bottles and have recommended it to others with good result. W. S. BITZER, Slate Mills, Ross Co., O.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
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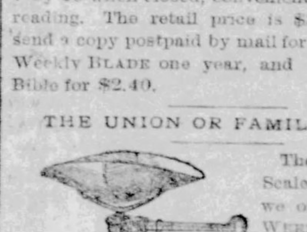
Publishers' Column.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 7 by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand, McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons — To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage.

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

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We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
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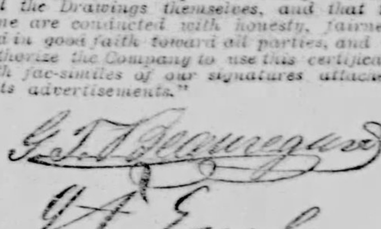

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We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
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500 "	100	50,000
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100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$30,000
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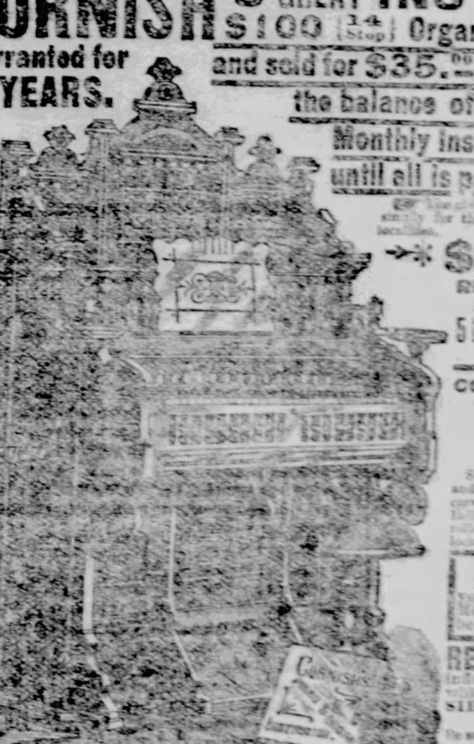

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Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

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Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

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THREE MONTHS FREE. We will send the American Bazar, equal to the character of its contents to any $2.00 magazine. Each issue containing nearly 800 inches of reading matter. Same size pages as HARPER'S WEEKLY. Three months on trial for three 2c. stamps to pay advertising expenses, etc., if you will show it to your friends and tell them about it. Gives thousands of Stories, Poems, Funny Pieces, Fancy Work Notes, Recipes, Fashions, Home Hints, Health Items. All Elegantly Illustrated. Cut this out and send at once with three 2c. stamps to AMERICAN BAZAR, Boston, Mass.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Rarely does a week—I might almost say a day—pass away without the arrival of a letter of inquiry in regard to the possibilities for some aspirant for literary fame, and about the money emoluments. They are of all sorts and kinds—some of them modest, but earnest, showing some degree of appreciation of the difficulty the writers would have in reaching the object of their ambition; others again writing with a calm assuance of their ability and deserts that would make one smile, if it were not for the surety of the bitter disappointment that was sure to be their lot.

So fast and furious do these letters come sometimes, that I feel in the position of the fated regiment at Balaklava, of whom Tennyson wrote:

> Cannon to the right of them
> Cannon to the left of them
> Cannon in front of them
> Volleyed and thundered,

only I would substitute ambitious tyros for cannon, for it really seems sometimes as if every man, woman and girl in the whole length and breadth of the country had gone mad with a desire to see themselves in print, and to be paid for getting there.

The ease with which literary people earn their money appears to be the predominant idea with the majority of these would-be writers. They have no more comprehension of what even ordinary success means of labor, than of how the moon was constructed out of nothing. "I wish I could earn my living as easily as you do," said one of these persons to me once. "You just sit by your desk all day and write what comes into your head, while I have to *work*." I made no effort to enlighten her. It was useless. It is, however, just this ignorance that prompts so many to turn to writing, "what comes into their heads" for the edification of the public and to get their daily bread.

Once this letter came to me: "Dear editor, Ime a pore woman who has got to urn her livin, and Ive took to ritin sum poetry. You may have it fur the BLADE, but I want you to send me the money fur it rite away, as I need it bad."

Accompanying the epistle were six pages of the largest sized letter paper filled with —poetry! Here is a sample verse:

> The moon is shining out rite brite,
> It makes me think of my lost dere
> Who went away the other nite,
> And will not come back again i fere!

Strange to say the BLADE did not accept it, and to this day I suppose that woman thinks I am a cold blooded wretch who was jealous of her budding genius, and so would not help her climb the ladder of fame. She wrote me to that effect at the time.

Another letter reads like this: "My husband died not long ago and left me without a cent in the world. I have been thinking over what I can do, and have concluded that writing for the paper would be as easy as anything. I suppose you wouldn't have any trouble in getting me a place something like the one you have, so I thought I would write and ask you. Let me hear from you right away."

It is easy to see the underlying thought in this letter. The writer believed, and she was thoroughly honest in the belief, that she had only to "get a place" and all her troubles would vanish. The greatest difficulty was then overcome. The necessity of preparation did not occur to her, neither the thought that for every such place there are a hundred ambitious aspirants, the majority of whom have probably just as little idea of its requirements as she.

I like a certain degree of self-confidence. It is necessary to success, to which, however, there is no royal road, and whoever imagines there may be is sure to make a failure. The kind of confidence which I mean is that which impels to effort in the conviction that anything, with that persistently employed, is within the possibility of achievement. It is not born of ignorance, but of a belief in the power of will and work.

I trust that not one, desiring with real earnestness to do literary labor, who is willing to give time and energy to their purposes, no one who is willing to work and wait, will imagine that I mean any discouragement to their effort by my words. On the contrary, I would do exactly the opposite, by offering all encouragement—only advising you to take it up just as you would any other profession. You would not think of becoming a lawyer, a doctor, a machinist without study or apprenticeship. Nor would you expect to get a living, without any preparation, simply because you had decided to enter such a field.

Of one thing you may be sure. Because you have written some things which have found a place in your home papers, and been admired by friends and acquaintances, it is by no means certain that they have a market value for giving to the general public. Quite likely should you offer them to some editor who knows nothing of you or your friends, they would be refused, and especially if you asked for pay. It is not always because they are without merit, but that the market is already well stocked, and it must be something exceedingly timely or unusually brilliant that would give it any chance. By timely, I mean it must be in reference to something which at that precise time was occupying the attention of the public.

If your articles be refused, however, that is no reason for giving up. Feeling that there is something within you that must find expression, that you have something to say of interest to the public, go right on trying, only do not imagine that you can do at once what many very fair writers never do—earn a competence.

Be sure that you will not succeed unless you put yourself in your work, and the best of yourself, too. You must feel what you say. If you are writing a story, you must live by turn in each one of your characters. Not long ago I was reading that Charles Dickens was so taken possession of by the characters of any story he was writing, that they followed him about everywhere, and would not let him be alone a moment. He said that "in the making of 'Old Curiosity Shop,' the creatures of his imagination so haunted him that they would neither allow him to sleep or eat in peace, that little Nell was constantly at his elbow claiming his attention and sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to any one else. When he was writing 'Martin Chuzzlewit' Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him even in church, that he was compelled to fight her off by force when he did not want her company."

Not many are so entirely one with their characters as this, but it is a necessity to have your heart in your work if you would achieve even a moderate success.

Then another thing. Publishers are not monsters of cruelty even when they refuse what are really good articles. They make mistakes in judgment, as every business man does sometimes, but generally they are keenly alive to the demands of *their* public, and ready to take and pay for what will answer to them best. All that you have to do under such circumstances is to sing that little ditty of "Try, Try Again," and follow it up with appropriate action.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

STAND COVER.—Get a square of plush of any color which will best correspond with the surroundings where it is to be placed. Put on a border of bolting cloth eight inches wide, covering the line of joning with fancy stitches. Either embroider or paint a running pattern upon the border, or a conventional pattern in different colored tinsels will be very handsome. Finish the edge with fringe or with tassels or ornaments put on at intervals around the four sides.

ANOTHER TABLE COVER.—Take a squsre of felt of any color. Work a pattern in cross stitche around the four sides in two shades of a color contrasting well with the felt. Trim it around with wide antique lace, working some of the spots over with the same color of silks used in the border. It can be still further trimmed by putting tossels upon the points of the lace.—ED.

TO MAKE STAMPING POWDER.—For Mrs. John Newman. To make a blue stamping powder, use pulverized rosin, gum dammar, gum copal, gum sandarac, gilding powder, Prussian blue and ultramarine blue in equal parts. Mix well together, and keep in a cool place. For white, use pulverized zinc white, with the three gums spoken of in the blue powder, and also a little gum-mastic and borax.

A MATCH SAFE.—A pretty match safe may be made by gilding two new clay smoking pipes, crossing the stems and tying with some bright shade of ribbon. They are nice to insert in the ring under the hanging lamp, the stems pointing opposite ways and tied to the ring with ribbon or securely tied together and hung from the gas. The bowls are useful to hold matches.—FANNIE CAMPBELL, Boyleston, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

MITTENS.—I send a pattern for mittens with heart down the back which will be good for next winter. Cast on 77 stitches; 1st needle 28, 2nd needle 22, 3rd needle 27. First round knit plain; 2d round—k 6—p 2—o—k 1—o twice—p 2 tog.—repeat; 3d round k 4—n—p 2—k 3—p 2—repeat; 4th round—k 3—n—p 2—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 2—repeat; 5th round—k 2—n—p 2—k 5—p 2—repeat; 6th round—k 1—n—p 2—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p—2—repeat; 7th round—o—n—o twice—p 2—k 5—n—p 2—repeat; 8th round—k 3—p 2—k 4—n—p 2—repeat; 9th round—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 2—k 3—n—p 2—repeat; 10th round—k 5—p 2—k 2—n—p 2—repeat; 11th round—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—p 2—k 1—n—p 2—repeat; 12th round—k 5—n—p 2—o—n—o twice—p 2 tog. Then repeat from 3d round until the pattern is finished. For the back of the hand arrange for 5 hearts and 6 seams, 22 stitches on first plain needle, 22 on second needle; leave 7 plain stitches before commencing the thumb.—B. L. S.

KNITTED SHELL FOR MITTENS.—To commence have a certain number of stitches, as it requires 12 stitches for each shell. We will now assume you have 24 stitches on each needle, enough for two shells. 1st row—narrow 2—t t o—k 1; t t o—k 2; t t o—k 1; narrow four times—t t o—k 1; t t o—k 2; t t o—k 1; narrow twice—t t o—k1; t t o—k 2; t t o—k 1. You are now across one needle; knit the other two the same way, then knit alternately one row by directions given above and the next row plain, and I think you will find you have a shell both pretty and easily made.—MRS. T. J. ERWIN, Rensselaer, Ind.

THE WHEEL.—Make a chain of 4—join crochet in ring 12—l c—join. 1st round—2 l c between 1st and 2d l c of preceding round—2 l c between 2d and 3d—and so on to end of round. 2d round—1 l c between 2d and 3d l c*—ch 3—skip 2—1 l c between 4 and 5—repeat from *. 3d round—*ch 10—crochet back in l c in every stitch of ch—fasten with s c in top of l c—repeat from *. 4th round—fasten thread in middle of bottom l c in the 1st point—* ch 10—crochet back in every stitch of ch in l c—fasten thread with s c in bottom l c in next point—repeat * to end of round and break thread. 5th round—fasten thread in end of one of the points—* ch 4—fasten thread in next point on the side underneath—repeat from *. 6th round—* 5 l c under 1st 5 ch—5 l c under next 5 ch—repeat to end of round. 7th round—* 5 l c in middle stitch of 5 l c—fasten with s c in last of 5 l c—repeat from *. This completes one wheel. Make as many as is desired for a tidy. In joining them sew 3 scallops together—skip 2—sew 3—and so on. For filling in the spaces between the wheels—make a ch of 4—join—crochet in circle—16 l c—join—* ch 10—fasten thread in scallop of 1 wheel—ch 10—skip 2 stitches and fasten thread back in circle—ch 10—fasten thread in next scallop of same wheel—ch 10—skip 2—fasten in circle—repeat from *—fill in the spaces in like manner, and you will have a very pretty tidy. If any of my friends find any trouble in making either of the tidies, please let me know and I will try and enlighten them on the subject. I have directions for very pretty knitted slippers that I will send to the HOUSEHOLD by and by, if they will be acceptable.—MISS NETTIE WALLACE, Berry, Ill.

Dame Fashion's Voice.

The bustle must go. Dresses are made far less bunchy in the back, many of them being entirely without loopings, but laid in broad plaits. The skirts are held out by two springs placed on the lower half of the foundation skirt. The latter is made wider than they have been.

Moire antique is thought to make a prettier trimming for cloth than anything else, when it is not braided or embroidered. All cloth is really in the best taste, but sometimes in making over a half worn dress, it is necessary to combine it with some other material.

Silk is coming into great favor again as a material for dresses, and the changeable effects are now meeting with success. Many will remember them of old, but it has been many years since fashion gave them her approval.

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

I want to tell those who do not wish to adopt the new dress reform, how I dress. I used to be in favor of the corset for every woman, but have changed my mind some, as I think the pressure over the hips and abdomen very injurious. I take muslin and cut a basque, cutting it out as low in the neck as desired; put thin whale bones in the front darts—two darts each side—and corset steels in the front, as my stomach has always required the support. Sew two buttons at the back to fasten that "indispensable bustle" to. Be sure to place the buttons so that the weight of the bustle will fall on them, then the whole weight of skirts comes upon the shoulders. Now some will oppose the steels. If you do not need them, button your underwaist. If some of the sisters will try this, they will be so relieved from that weight upon the hips that they will wonder how they endured it so long. I do not have the waist tight as I do not believe in tight clothes.—AUGUST.

I want to tell the sisters what I do when my BLADE comes. I sit down and look over the HOUSEHOLD first; then when it is read by each member of the family I lay it away carefully. When I have leisure time I take my BLADES and look over them. The knitting patterns I cut out, and having an old day book, or any book that has lost its usefulness, cut out part of the leaves and paste them in, also the recipes. I have recipes from the BLADE for almost everything that has bee published for the last eight years; also, Miss Bouton's talk on any and all subjects. I find it convenient. I can show six scrap books made from the dear old BLADE. I appreciate them very much, and after I am gone, my children and grandchildren will appreciate them. I have a daughter that has just gone to housekeeping, and keeps one of my BLADE recipe books on hand all the time; can't get along without it. Will some sister give me a recipe for making pepper sauce out of red pepper?—A. R. N.

To the poor people who may read this—the immigration movement gotten up here to bring immigrants (poor people) here to Texas: 1st. I will say Texas is full to over flowing of poor people. Texas will be to some extent greatly overrated in the literature to be circulated soon by the immigration committees. Those benefited by the move will be the merchant, landholder and railroads. The great droughts in the West, is one great drawback, free schools are below par, and renters generally and landholders frequently are in debt, mortgaging stock, crops, etc., for supplies upon which to subsist while cultivating and gathering his crop and paying high prices for the same, having to buy bacon, flour, potatoes, etc., shipped here from Kansas, Missouri, etc. I will say there are more cattle and less good beef, more cows and less milk and butter, more streams and less water, more teachers and less good schools, more lawyers and less justice by law in Texas than in any place I ever saw. The immigration movement is only to benefit the rich man through the sweat of the poor man's brow. All that will come the landholder will offer to furnish land, team, tools and feed for one-half the crop and after it is made and gathered, he claims the other half for supplies for which he stood good for to the merchant and the renter is right where he started.—BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A GOOD WORK.—Some time since a letter was published in the BLADE from a lady in Etowah, Alabama, asking for books for the colored schools in her vicinity. A gentleman here sent a box of books which was kindly forwarded by the U. S. Express Co. free of charge. The following letter received in reply shows how great the need expressed in the first letter, and what may yet be done to help the lady in her good work. Temperance societies can help her in her temperance work by forwarding some leaflets:

DEAR FRIEND:—I came home from my days work at school, all tired out and discouraged with the outlook, but finding your box contaning so much that my school, and the country schools around me needed, I took heart and went on unpacking the books with a thankful heart—thankful for several things as well as the books, thankful to know there are so many good, kind hearted people in this world, and when I found that dollar in the envelope I could not keep the tears back any longer,—they had been gathering all day, I will tell you why, When I asked for these school books, I thought the people, just a few perhaps would would write and ask me, and I would send stamps enough to get a few packages that my school needed the worst, and a great many kind people did write and inquire what I mostly needed, and the want of the books was so great amongst both white and colored people, that I could not stay my hand nor restrain myself from sending until I had sent out every penny I could get hold of. But just to think of it,—there are books at the express office to my address amounting to at least fifteen dollars, sent by dear kind people, who, perhaps hadn't a thought that I was poor

To add to the worry, my husband is not in sympathy with me at all; he thinks I am wearing out my life for an unappreciative people. Indeed I am a weakly little woman; at times my health is very poor, but what care I for appreciation? There is such a crying need or laborers in this white harvest field of of the South, particularly here in this section of Northern Alabama, where the country is comparatively thinly settled, and the people are so ignorant and so poor, most especially the negroes. I was so glad of the temperance papers you sent. Those little temperance papers, if I had means to scatter them all over the south, would go a long ways towards educating the masses in the temperance cause.

I wish I had thousands of them. I could send them through the school children into many drunkards' homes, for they reach for them eagerly. I am going to try to get those boxes out of the express office somehow, so I can send school books into every log cabin school house in this backwoods county. We have good schools in Gadsden, our county seat, but the country around is in a state of shameful ignorance. I have long been trying to influence the colored people to vote for the temperance cause, but want of means is my greatest hindrance. My life is such a busy one, that of a farmer's wife, My husband is a mechanic whose time is employed in Gadsden, three miles from home, and I see after the little farm and keep the machinery of the little home running, besides teaching the school. I have no children. There is one little rosewood coffin under the trees that keeps my heart always soft and tender for the children around me so neglected, for you know by them our nation is to be ruled after awhile, and they are coming, these future rulers, from the school houses of America.

God grant us more earnest hearts in the work, that each of us may add our mite towards Christianizing the world. Respectfully yours,—MRS. M. K. MILAM, Gadsden, Etowah Co., Ala.

MODESTY.—The pure-souled young woman is modest and modesty is to the maiden what perfume is to the rose; but the majority of the young girls of the present day do not value it highly enough. Where it is not unplanted by nature it is not cultivated.

A maiden may be modest and not bashful. Marion Harland says: "She was at once the least shy and the most modest child I ever saw." Some writers would have filled a page and expressed less.

There are girls who have a mistaken idea in regard to this "gentler, sweeter grace of girlhood." They think it is a mark of modesty to blush and simper, lisp and giggle when spoken to by young men. There is no occasion for them to be prudish or priggish. The truly modest maiden is usually frank and sincere, merry and sweet, loving and loveable; but while her laugh is gleeful, her glance frank, her words truthful, while she has never a shadow of affectation, she does not, unless her home training is very deficient, use slang; and she is never boisterous or unmaidenly.

Not long ago I overheard some school girls conversing together; they were all pretty, healthful, honest looking, but—five of them were scolding and teasing the sixth, because she was "entirely too nice!"

"You'll have no friends at our school," said one, "if you are so fastidious."

"No," up spoke another, "if you're so good you can't use slang you'd better pack your trunk and go to some other climate."

"Slang never hurt any one," affirmed No. 3, pertly.

"I like to use it," declared another.

"Je-whiz, you needn't be too stuck up to use common plain talk," was the fifth girl's contribution.

I hoped, most earnestly, that the young girl would continue to discard slang expressions from her vocabulary, and perhaps, after a time influence for schoolmates by so doing. But I was surprised to learn that slang was so popular with these young girls, some of whom I recognized as belonging to the best families of the city.

It is only human to err and the pure-souled girl will make mistakes, but they will be the result of thoughtlessness or inexperience, and she will not make the same ones over and over, heedlessly, after she sees that they are mistakes. She takes her bible, her conscience and her mother for her guides, and with these all sufficient ones, she cannot wander far. If she relies upon her conscience alone (and she has not dulled it by constant suppression) she will shrink from coarseness; there will be a "delicacy of dignity" in her manner which will teach all to respect her and which will repress undue familiarity.

But there is a world of difference between the pure-souled and the good-hearted. See that young girl parading the streets, using all the current slang, attracting all the attention possible and indulging in a little "handkerchief flirtation" with the fast young men who frequent our city streets; she is brazen; she is unwomanly; she is vulgar; there is nothing good and pure about her, but she is generous after a fashion. She has an apple, she gives it to the bright-eyed cooing baby whom she meets; she has ten cents, she treats her "chum" to a glass of soda-water or ginger ale or beer, as the case may be; her neighbor is sick and has no servants, and she goes in and takes care of her, in her rough way. People, who are inclined to be lenient, say: "Oh, she is young; she will come out all right." But what one of them would not shudder to see this good-hearted girl and the pure-souled girl associate with one another. They are as different as day is from night; as purity is from vulgarity. Oh, give us the girl who is not only "good-hearted," but pure-souled.—HELIOTROPE.

A JANUARY LETTER LAID OVER.—Since coming to Florida I look for our good old paper with so much more interest than before as I am severed from many ties that are pleasant to dwell upon but have found much to interest me here. The climate is just perfect and the country is charming. It is new, of course, as you already know, but the time is not distant when this newness will wear off and this place will be like other places, all improved and home-like. 'Tis now six weeks since we came here and the greater share of the time we could have both doors and windows open and breathe the pure air from the Gulf, or vice versa, the grand old ocean, and the balmy odors of orange and pine, lemon and bay give a delightful aroma to the breezes that fill the lungs at every inspiration.

How often I think of you people up there in the north having blizzards and such variable weather, while we are having summer heat nearly all the time.

The peach trees are in bloom as well as the lemon and guava, and next month the orange will have awakened from her rest and put on her holiday attire.

On the 9th of this month the glass stood 92 deg. in the shade, and ranges from 65 to 90 deg. nearly every day, there being a cooler breeze about 4 o'clock each day. The nights are just nice and cool to sleep. How many times I think of you who have coughs and colds. We have had none this winter, and my husband coughed almost constantly before we came here, but now scarcely coughs at all, and my youngest boy who had catarrh very bad says he scarcely uses a handkerchief or needs to. I speak of these things because many who read this will see where they can come to get rid of disease without medicine. It is a glorious climate.

As I sit here on the verandah I can almost gain a view of the unknown, for when I see the lovely groves, laden with fruit so sweet and luscious, and scent the fragrance of the air and listen to the song of the lovely mocking bird who sings the day long, and see such sunny blue skies, and all vegetation taking on new life, then it seems as if the pearly gates must be ajar to shadow this, our very beautiful "land of sunshine and flowers."

One of our sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, who lives in Baldwin, St. Mary's Parish, La., will see that I am in my new home in the "sweet sunny South."

I had feared she would have given me a scolding ere this, as she told you that at no distant day she would give her experience "silk culture," but as yet have not heard from her.

I hope she will be merciful to me, as I too was much disappointed in the finale of the business, and lost nearly all, and made nothing. I regretted the interest I took in the work the second year. The first year they did well and paid well.

I would be glad to hear from her here in my new home in the South. To all of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD I wish you a happy, happy new year, and hope you may be crowned with His blessing as I too hope for His smiles here in the far off Land of Flowers.

Should this letter not be banished to the waste basket you may hear from me again in the future. I wish you could see the moss laden trees, the beautiful lakes and the azalias growing wild with the heather, and cactus on a ground almost as white as lime. But adieu till anon.—C. V. BROWN, Souento, Fla.

INQUIRIES.

Will some reader of the BLADE please give me careful directions for making full cream cheese, such as our grandmothers made, and the proper treatment of it from the time it leaves the press until fit for use. The amount of pressure necessary while in the press? etc.—L. S. M., Sturgis, Mich.

Will some one through the HOUSEHOLD please inform me where and how I can get McDuffey's Elementary Spelling Book, Second and Third Reader, used from the year 1840 to 1850? I am willing to pay the expense as soon as I receive the information.—MRS. W. F. M.

I would like a recipe for making ice cream.—LOGANSPORT, W. VA.

Will some one tell me how to clean gilt frames? I would like to correspond with some girl of about my own age (14) living in Chicago.—BESSIE HOVER, St. Joseph, Berrien Co., Mich.

Will not some of the BLADE readers who have reading matter that they do not care to keep, send it to me? I am an invalid, am very deaf, cannot converse with many, and am very fond of reading. If they could pay the postage, I would be very thankful, as I am poor.—MISS NELLIE WALKER, Durand, Pepin Co., Wis.

Will some one inform me how to pickle cucumbers in vinegar, just off from the vine? Also let me know what will kill lice on house plants and cabbage?—MRS. BERTHA CASE.

I desire information about the vegetable chickory—how it is prepared as a substitute for coffee. Also how to prepare cauliflower for the table.—J. H.

Will some one tell me how to do frost painting on glass, or how to paint on china so that it will not wash off?—MRS. JANE SKINNER, Brocton, N. Y.

Will some one please tell me if they know how I can color a pair of light colored cloth top shoes without spoiling the leather?

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD readers kindly tell me how to starch and iron shirts so they will have a high gloss?—A NEW READER.

The high gloss upon shirts, collars and cuffs is no longer fashionable. The process desired has been given a number of times in the HOUSEHOLD, but no doubt some one will oblige our correspondent.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

We give place to the following for the benefit of all interested:

The BLADE recently told "Miss R G." that there was no reason why she should not have her name and address published in the Agents' directory. Let me tell you that I sent mine to them, not giving my name as Miss, but only my initials, so that it was probably supposed to be a man's name. I never received a singular circular on anything I cared to see, but there was enough that was bad and impure. I hope never to do such a thing again, and am surprised that you would countenance the Directory. But then all may not have the same experience as I.—MISS L. A. WASHAURN, Medina, O.

"A Constant Reader": Boiled eggs are brought upon the table in their shells. Each person is provided with an egg-glass; or, if you have not the regular article, use a small goblet or a teacup will do—into which the egg may be broken if lived.

Colored table liden is used for luncheon or tea.

It depends upon the number of guests present as to whether a lady should make a general excuse upon leaving the rooms. She should always excuse herself to the person with whom she is conversing.

"Ah Lee," your inquiry with regard to poultry, and probably its answer, later, will be found in the FARM.

Mrs M. E. J., the dress reform has been described a number of times in the HOUSEHOLD. Its object is to equalize the pressure all over the body by suspending all articles of dress from the shoulders; to diminish the number and weight of skirts; to do away with corsets, and to make women generally more comfortable, and and therefore healthier and happier. In the divided skirt the foundation of the lower part of the skirt is made in two parts like the legs of drawers, and the outside is put on so full as to make very little difference in the appearance from the whole skirt. The editor does not, however, recommend this for the outside dress.

"Idelia," but one stenographer is at present employed upon the BLADE, and that one is in the counting room, where he answers business letters, etc.

Inquiries not involving more than a few lines in the reply are answered by letter, if stamp is inclosed for postage. The editor has, however, no time for long communications.—ED.

"L. M. G.," it would be next to impossible for you to obtain any knowledge of music worth having in the way you speak of. You would do well to give more time to general study, judging from your letter.

"E.," Professor Loisette's system of memory culture is very highly recommended by many people of influence and education. It takes effort to acquire it, but a correspondent's course is said to be very good and of service.

"Reader," bathing in hot milk and water does not cause superfluous hair to grow. Electricity is the only thing we know of that will remove it permanently. Any physician who understands the use of electricity can perform the operation, but there are those in large cities who make it a specialty. It is an expensive process.—ED.

RECIPES.

Requests frequently come for candy recipes. The following are from Catherine Owens' "Lessons in Candy Making" and are reliable:

VANILLA CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—The above recipe, with concentrated extract of vanilla stirred in to flavor just as it is about to be poured out.

NUT CARAMELS.—Chopped filberts, walnuts, almonds or pistache nuts stirred into cream caramels make these. The nuts must be warm when added.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS No. 2.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of chocolate, half a cupful of milk, a small tablespoonful of butter, vanilla or not for flavoring.

ORANGE CREAM CARAMELS.—Stir orange flavoring into the cream craamel and a little juice.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—For new BLADE readers. In a large pudding dish soak 4 tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in water enough to cover, then add 1 qt. of sweet milk, the yolks of 4 eggs well beaten with 1 cupful of sugar, flavor to taste (I think lemon is the best), set back on stove or where it will keep warm but not boil, until your dinner is half ready, then put in the oven and bake. Take the whites, add 1 cupful of white sugar, beat to a stiff froth adding the sugar a little at a time; as soon as done, spread on top, set back in the oven and brown slightly. It is excellent.—A READER OF THE DEAR OLD BLADE.

Some one asks how to stain a floor with permanganate of potash I inclose directions clipped from the BLADE six or seven years ago, which I have tried and know to be good. At first it will be rather dark and inclined to show tracks when walked on, but the longer it is used the more satisfactory it becomes. Here it is: Do the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD know that permanganate of potash makes an excellent stain for the kitchen floor? It is easily applied, durable and cheap, one ounce of potash being sufficient for a gallon of water. Oil the floor with linseed oil after the stain has dried. It is so much nicer than carpet for the kitchen, and the floor is so easily swept and kept clean.—A. A. JAMES.

—Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest bottle in the market. Sold by all druggists.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GLENDALE, N. Y. Medora Manning, Nellie L Manning, Florence Man'ing. NORTHWOOD, IOWA. Fred C Nichols, Carl B Nichols, Effie May Nichols. PALMER, ILL. Ollie Little, Scott Petrie, Omar Boyd, Roy Blackburn, Erving Boyd, Levi Ulery, Willie Davis, Harry Anderson, Lottie Goodrich, Laura Little, Joshua Harmon, Alva Shrout, Bertie Smith, Etta Curvey, Lucy Bratcher, Essie Higgins, Ethel Deardorf, Mina Davis, Willie Davis, Pearl Hall, Alice Pugh, Maud Smith, Bertie Smith, Elmer Harbert, Maggie Petrie, Albert Petrie. MT. VERNON, MO. Moody Russell, Annice Russell, Sarah Childress, Ella Childress, Anna Springer, Thomas Conroy, Walter Howard, Emma Hunt, Willie Palmer, Joy Stansell, Albert Howard, Laura Howard, Frank Hunt, Florence Hunt. SANTA PAULA, CAL. A J Vance. FENNIMORE, WIS. Bessie Stewart, Vic Bower, Hattie Witherbee, Elida Gilleland, Mabel Shearer, Monnie Shearer, Daisy Palmer, Ada Philbrick, Inez Shearer, Rutha Curtis, Leona Smith, H S Witherbee, Oliver Witherbee, Willie Lickel, Leonard Shearer, E A Billig, Johnny T Linton, Noble Harvey, James Harvey, Joseph Quick, Rufus Quick, Elmer Lickel, Geo Philbrick, Ludim Shearer, Willie Shearer, H Brunnemer, Frank Farnham, John Curtis, Harry Luse, Willie Fischer, Charley Fischer, Eugene Smith, Warren Smith, Charley Weaver, Emily Philbrick. RUTLAND, MICH. May Ross, Mina Erway, Jennie Patterson, EffieKni'kerb'k'r, Inez Smith, Augusta Torry, Mabel Smith, Mary Hathaway, Carrie McLeavy, Annie Patterson, Ronel Powell, Lulu Williams, Amanda Laeks, Bertie Patterson, Laura Powell, Chas B Smith, SamuelFullerton, Charley Ross, Bert Newland, Andrew Myers, Mary Hathaway, Chauncey Bliss, Eddie Stone, Fred Smith, Grace Merrifield, Margaretha Bush, Sylvester Ross, Bertie Merrifield, Willie McLeavy, C Beritiness.

Names this week, 112. Total 22,947.

The above embraces all names received up to March 29.

For the Young Folks.

A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY C. S.

> How these scars came, did you ask?
> Tender are your tones and mild—
> Can it be you do not know
> That I am a drunkard's child?
>
> Long ago one dreadful night,
> He who claims a father's place,
> Mad with rum's malignant power,
> Threw a glass at mother's face.
>
> But it missed its deadly aim—
> I was sleeping on her breast—
> Seeing these unsightly scars,
> Need I tell you all the rest?
>
> Deep within the vale I strayed,
> While they watched with bated breath,
> Then with lingering steps I came
> Back to life far worse than death.
>
> Better far that I had died,
> Than this lonely, bitter life.
> I can never hope for love,
> Never be a cherishad wife.
>
> Even little children turn
> From my face in fear and dread;
> Do you wonder I am sad,
> Often longing to be dead?
>
> O, these frightful, hideous scars
> Close all doors to love's domain!
> Blighted life, and broken heart—
> I can never smile again!
>
> Now my story you have heard,
> Do you wonder that I hate
> E'en the very name of rum
> And all that can intoxicate?

EASTER EGG GAMES.

In the game they play at Washington, on the hills sloping from the White House, the child whose egg reaches the foot of the hill in an unbroken condition takes the one worsted in the journey down. Another game for two is played by knocking the eggs together; each child holds an egg firmly in his hand, so that only the small end is visible, and then the two eggs are struck against each other until one is cracked, when the victorious player adds it to his stock, or devours it on the spot. I would not like to state the number of eggs eaten on these occasions, but there is a boy (*not a girl*) who once consumed fourteen, and lived to tell the tale.

Sometimes the egg which breaks another is called "the cock of one," and when it has broken two it is "cock of two," and so on. When an egg which is cock or more is broken, the number of trophies won by the victim is added to the score of the conquering egg and it becomes "cock of three" or more. Here is a game which comes from Germany, and although in that country it is played exclusively by boys, there is no reason why the girls should not participate in it as well. Two baskets are necessary for this game, one large and shallow, filled with soft shavings, the other shallow also, but smaller, and filled with eggs. The plan of the game is that one player is to run a given distance, while another safely throws the eggs from one basket to the other, she who completes her task first being the winner. When the baskets are prepared, and the distance the eggs are to be thrown decided upon, the two contestants draw lots to determine who shall run and who shall throw. This settled, the player who throws takes the basket of eggs, and one after another quickly tosses them the length of the course and into the basket of shavings, which is placed on the ground at the end of the course opposite the thrower. In Germany this basket is held by an assistant, but anyone occuping that position might receive some severe blows from the hard eggs thrown by unpractised hands, and it answers the purpose just as well to place the basket on the ground. Meantime the other player runs the distance (decided beforehand) to an appointed goal, marks it as a proof of having touched it, and should she succeed in returning before all the eggs are thrown, the victory and prize are her reward; otherwise they belong te the thrower.

The game finished, a prize is presented to the successful contestant. Should any of the eggs pitched by the thrower fail to light in the basket, they must be gathered up and thrown again before the runner returns, as the eggs must all be in the basket before the thrower wins the game.

"Bunching eggs" comes from Ireland, and is played in very much the same manner as the game played with a slate and pencil, and known to all children as "tit, tat, toe, three in a row." A pan or large dish filled with sand or sawdust is set upon a table, around which the children stand, each supplied with eggs; the eggs of each player must be all of one color, and unlike those of any other player. The object of the game is for each player to so place her eggs, standing them upright in the sand, or sawdust, as to bring five in a row touching each other.

In turn each player puts down an egg, sometimes filling out a row for herself, at others cutting off the line of an opponent; and the one who first succeeds in obtaining the desired row sings out—

> "The raven, chough and crow,
> Say five in a row."

Another pretty game from Ireland called "Touch," is played in the following manner:

Six eggs of the different colors—green, red, black, blue, white and gold, are placed in a row in the sand used for the other game. One of the players is blindfolded and given a light wand or stick, with which she must touch one of the eggs, while at the same time she recites these lines:

> Peggy, Patrick, Mike and Meg,
> See me touch my Easter egg;
> Green, and red, and black and blue,
> Count for six, five, four and two.
> If I touch an egg of white,
> A forfeit then will be your right;
> If I touch an egg of gold,
> It is mine to have and hold.

As is told in the rhyme, the eggs each have a different value. Green counts six, red, five; black, four, and blue, two; and the gold egg is worth more than all put together, for when a player touches that, she wins the game and the forfeit of an egg from each of the other players. The white egg is worth less than nothing, since it not only has no value but whoever touches it with the wand must pay a forfeit.

Each player is in turn blindfolded and makes her trial, keeping account of the value of the eggs she has touched. When the sum of twenty has been reached by anyone the game is ended, without the aid of the gold egg. She position of the eggs are changed after each trirl, that the person about to touch them may not know where it is best to place her wand.—*American Girls' Handy Book.*

MAPLE-WAX EASTER EGGS.

Empty the egg-shell of its contents and open a place at the small end the size of a silver dime. Stand it in an upright position with the largest opening on top, and leave it while you prepare the maple-wax or candy. Mix enough water with some maple sugar to dissolve it, and set on the fire to cook; when it will harden in cold water it is done. Carefully fill the egg-shell with the hot maple-wax, and keeping it in an upright position, set it on the ice to cool. When the wax is perfectly cold and hard, paste an artificial daisy over the opening in the shell. Maple-wax is the nicest kind of candy, and done up in this way will remain firm and hard for a long while; and therefore these maple wax eggs make excellent Easter gifts to send away to one's friend at a distance. The best way to pack them is to wrap them in cotton and then put them in a tin baking-powder box, filling up the interstices with cotton to keep them from knocking about. The box, of course, must be wrapped in paper and tied securely with a string. Packed like this, they may travel safely all over the United States. The writer sent several the distance of ove. seven hundred miles, and they arrived at their destination in as perfect condition as when they left her hands.—*American Girls' Handy Book.*

HE WAS ONLY A DOG,

But He Knew How to Stand Between His Friends and Danger.

He was a brindle cur, and had nothing about him to excite admiration. But as he stood shivering under the "L" station at Fifty ninth street and Third avenue, his loneliness and entire misery drew a sympathetic glance now and then from a passer-by. He did not appear to be a city dog; he appeared too shy and ignorant of city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each new comer, as if seeking a friend. But none came. He tried to get on a surface car, but the conductor yelled, and a passenger kicked at him, so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts and shivered more miserably than before.

Two little girls came along and stopped a moment to speak to "poor doggie," who attempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him and spoke kindly to him, and so cheered the poor waif that he frisked about them and whined for joy. A heavy, lumbersome brewery wagon bore down on them. With the rattle overhead and the Babel of noise about them, the two little tots did not heed the rapidly nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out to them from the sidewalk. But the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street.

It was all done in a moment. The wagon rolled on; the children, spell-bound with fear, stood still; the dog in a last desperate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside and the other clutched by a friendly hand as the horses swerve at the dog's attack.

The brewery wagon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street.

Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness.

He was only a dog; he knew no better.—*New York Herald.*

TWO BOSTON CATS.

A lady teacher in a Boston public school had a homeless cat come into her school room. She fed it; of course treated it kindly, and the cat made the school building its home. It was a regular attendant at her school, and soon all her scholars showed an interest in it. They would ask the privilege of taking it to their seats, which was granted, often as a reward to the deserving; but the worst boys would also desire it as a favor. With some words of caution it was often granted, and the pet was never abused by them. Who can tell how far and how long such a lesson of practical kindness will be felt in the lives of all the children who saw it and shared in it?

A peculiarity in this case was, that the cat attached itself to one of the boys who was not known to have shown it unusual care, and with whom it would go anywhere and for whom it would leave everybody else, including the teacher. When all heads were bent in devotion, it would step over, or pass by, others to lay its head upon the neck of the favored buy.

It requires quick hearing, sharp observation and a good memory to know always a friend's peculiar ring of the house bell, although there is, no doubt, an individuality in that as in every other human act. Not to be able to do this is not, however, a proof of dullness in child or man; but when done by a cat is worth noting. A lady in Boylston street, in Boston, had a cat which for years always left its rug and went down the stairs to the front door when its mistress rang, to meet her, if the doors of the room were open; but it took no notice whatever of the ring of anybody else.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A JOUST ON LONDON BRIDGE.

Richard grew up to be a tyrant over both nobles and people; a king of pageants, banquets, and tournaments only, with no thought but for his own pleasure and glory. I should be glad to dismiss him now, if it were not for two strange spectacles which, during his reign, took place on London bridge; one of them will prove of especial interest to boys, the other will be better liked by girls.

It was Saint George's Day, 1390, that King Richard appointed for the first of these spectacles. A Scottish knight, named the Earl of Craufort, had a quarrel, or some dispute, with an English knight, who had been ambassador to Scotland, named Lord de Wells. After the custom of those days a challenge passed between them, and they were to settle their difference by a passage at arms.

Such things were of codsiderable moment to the parties concerned, even if no more than a friendly struggle to see which was the better man. Tournaments were the great amusement of the day, and they were often held at Westminster. Whether it was because one of the present combatants was from another country, and the nearest to neutral ground was required; or whether it was a whim of the king to give the greatest possible number of people a chance of witnessing the fray, no less dangerous a place was chosen for the combat than London bridge. Here, accordingly, the lists were prepared. Tournaments on the water with boats were frequent, as well as tournaments on land with horses, but this was to be on neither land nor water.

Of course they had no doubt that the English knight wonld knock over the Scotchman, for the knights of that country were not believed to be formidable.

There was a great array on the bridge, the king and most of his nobles being present there; and the populace covered the shores. Lord Craufort rode into the lists with twelve knights, who had been given a safe-conduct to attend upon him.

When everything was ready, the signal was given, they put spurs to their horses and, with their lances in rest, met in a fearful collision midway upon the bridge. The lances were splintered, neither man dismounted, but the Scotchman sat as immovable as a pillar of iron. The Englishman, though he stood it well, looked for a moment a little awry, like a tall stove that had lost one of its feet.

After they had recovered their breath, and the Englishman had been set upright again, the two withdrew for another charge. Again came the dash, and the clash, and the splinters, and the dust, and the horses on their haunches—but there sat the two knights, the Scotchman as firm as the parapet, but the Englishman somewhat arched over his saddle-bow.

Then they drew off again. It was surely the best joust of the year. For the third time they met. But this time Lord de Wells was hoisted out of his saddle, and landed on the hard pavement, like a mass of old iron. He could not even hear the cruel clang he made. His breath and his senses had been knocked out of him. He did not move a limb. Neither for an instant did the Scotchman, who, having reined in his horse, looked grimly down upon the ruin he had made.

Such defeat would never do. The enraged and ungenerous spectators raised the shout, "He's tied to his horse!" "He's tied to his horse!" Whereupon the knight lightly vaunted from his steed, and discomfited his accusers at once—and what did he then? Vault back again, amid the loud plaudits they could not forbear to give? On the contrary, he turned his back upon his horse, and going quickly to the fallen knight, lifted him tenderly, and took off his helmet to give him air, while the king and all the rest thought he was going to ply the dagger, as was now his privilege. The chivalry in his brave heart proved to be as true as was the stroke of his iron army. His heart had warmed to his gallant adversary, and to the amazement of everyone, he watched by the sick-bed of his foe for three months thereafter, until Lord de Wells was mended of all his ills.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Different Matter.

> "I am married, dear father," I cheerily wrote,
> "To the truest, most loving of wives;
> My income is—ugh!—but the wealth of our love
> Will last to the the end of our lives."
>
> "You're discarded forever," he hotly replied,
> "How dare you wed poverty, shame!
> 'Tis a sin uncommitted by all until now
> Who have boasted our family name."
>
> By way of reply I indited him thus:
> "There's a misunderstanding, I fear;
> My income is—ugh!—but her income, dear dad,
> Is exactly five thousand a year."
>
> —*Toronto Mail.*

—The reading public has reason to be disgusted with any medicine which claims to cure everything, from a corn to consumption. Shallenberger's antidote for Malaria is simply what its name imports. If you have Malaria in your system, a few doses will destroy it *immediately*. So far as now known it is the only antidote for this poison. Sold by druggists.

All Made Up.

Charley—Thought your best girl was mad at you, Jack. Did you find her up in arms when you called last night?

Jack (who stutters)—N-no, n-not wh-when I c-called. S-she w-was be-before I l-left. I-it's a-all r-right.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

The Sunday School

Christian Watchfulness.

GOLDEN TEXT:—And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.—Mark 13:37.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt 24:42-51.

42. Watch, therefore; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come.
43. But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.
44. Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.
45. Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season?
46. Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.
47. Verily I say unto you, That he shall make him ruler over all his goods.
48. But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming;
49. And shall begin to smite his fellow servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken;
50. The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of.
51. And shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Watch therefore: for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh (v. 42). It is, in a sense, because of his ignorance, that a watchman has his chief value, in any sphere of watching. Whether as a watcher against a surprise from the enemy on the picket line, or against burglars in a banking office or a private house, or against fire in a factory building, or against icebergs on a ship at sea, or against a turn of disease in the patient in a sick-room,—it is because he does not know what the next hour may bring forth that the watcher is set to watch there, and that his duty is to be always on the alert with a sense of responsibility for his unfailing watchfulness.

It is this principle to which our Lord calls attention, when he enjoins it upon those who love him to be ever on the watch for his second coming. Yet, strangely enough, there are very many disciples of Jesus who object to the idea of being always in watchfulness for his return, just because they are not told in the Bible when he is to return. To them, therefore, to-day, in peculiar force and freshness his words reach: "Watch, therefore: for [or because] ye know not on what day your Lord cometh."

If the master of the house had known in what watch the thief was coming, he would have watched (v. 43). How much hangs on that little word "if!" A child who had begun to realize its force said to her mother, "I wish there wasn't any 'if' in the world. When I want to go anywhere or do anything there is always an 'if' in the way; 'if it doesn't rain,' or 'if the other girls are going,' or 'if I'll do something else.' It's always an 'if.'" And as one grows older he sees more and more the importance of the "if." If we had known beforehand the full consequences of our sin, or of our folly, or of our carelessness, or of our neglect, how differently we should have acted. If we could foresee the future as we can review the past, how much easier it would be for us to decide what course to pursue. But there is such a thing as getting on in the world in spite of all "ifs." Living in the loving service of Christ, and in loving watch for his coming, we need have no concern over any "if." And that is the way for us all to live.

Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing....He will set him over all that he hath (vs. 46, 47). It is the one who is found to have been faithful in the darkest times who finally has the surest confidence of him to whose interests he was faithful. There are a great many who can be depended on for show occasions. Comparatively few, indeed, will evidence themselves unworthy when they know that they are on trial. But the real test is at times when one does not suppose he is being tested. It is what one says of us behind our backs, and which he has no thought will ever reach our ears, that goes for more, as his estimates of us, than the warmest words he speaks to our faces. Peculiarly is it true that the measure of your moral worth is shown rather in what we say and do, when remotest from the watch and constraints of the Christian community, than in what we venture on when we realize that we are under the eye of those who know and judge us. If we are faithful servants of Christ, we shall never be in any place, or in any occupation, in which we should not be glad to have him find us when he comes to receive his own to himself.

But if that evil servant shall say in his heart, My lord tarrieth; and shall eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that servant shall appoint his portion with the hypocrites (vs. 48-51). There are just two classes of persons among those who call themselves the servants of Christ—those who live in watchful readiness for his return, and those who live for their own pleasure or profit, without any constraining thought of his immediate coming. Those of the latter class either forget that he is coming at all, or they think that there will be the enough after this to make ready for that. They go often to the places where they would not wish Him to find them, or share in occupations at which they would not like to be found by him. Their thought is, He is not coming just yet; therefore this is well enough for now. Yet His coming will be in an hour that they think not as their crisis hour of probation; and his estimate of their fidelity will then be according to these disclosed proofs of their fidelity.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

HOW TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

The Easiest Way to Let them do as they Please.

It would perhaps be too sweeping an assertion to say that the entertainment of children demands a high quality of imagination, yet it may at least be asserted that only those can be successful in this difficult art who are capable for the time being of becoming children themselves. The most frequent cause of failure of attempts to entertain the little people is the unconscious demand that children shall come on to the ground of their would-be entertainer. As a matter of fact it is the children who should be allowed to lead, while the grown person should passively and sympathetically follow. The play is kept constantly within the limits of childish comprehension and enjoyment, while the child, moreover, has the pleasure of originating.

It is amusing, and perhaps a little melancholy, to see how frequently people suppose themselves to be attempting to amuse children when as a matter of fact they are amusing themselves, and to observe, also, how often they are irritated that the child fails to be interested in the pastimes they have devised for their own divertisement. He who undertakes to amuse children is at the start brought face to face with the frankness and unconventionality which declines to affect an amusement which is not felt.

It is idle to assume that children ought to be amused, since if they are not they will seldom take the trouble to pretend to be, this being, perhaps, a wise provision of nature to prevent the strain of over-stimulation. Children can upon occasion be wonderfully complacent hypocrites, but the child must be both pretty well sophisticated and have a very definite idea of the benefits to be gained by complaisance who will pretend to be amused at a form of amusement which really bores him.

Children, as a rule, demand little more than companionship, and one who is willing to put himself passively and unaffectedly into the hands of the child who is to be amused will generally find the small person able to devise whatever in the way of games may be necessary for his own entertainment. Few people are thoughtful enough to consider how largely their efforts to amuse children consist in unconsciously bullying them. It is obvious folly to insist that childish games shall be rational by adult standards, and in them the fact that the small head wishes it so is a quite sufficient reason for any eccentricity. In short, the secret of entertaining children consists pretty largely in allowing children to entertain themselves, except in those cases where the elder may be called upon to adjust differences and suggest compromises between opposing wills. Once the adult has learned to put himself in exactly the attitude of a toy to be used just as the little one wishes, he has mastered the secret of the whole matter and the rest is easy.—*Boston Courier.*

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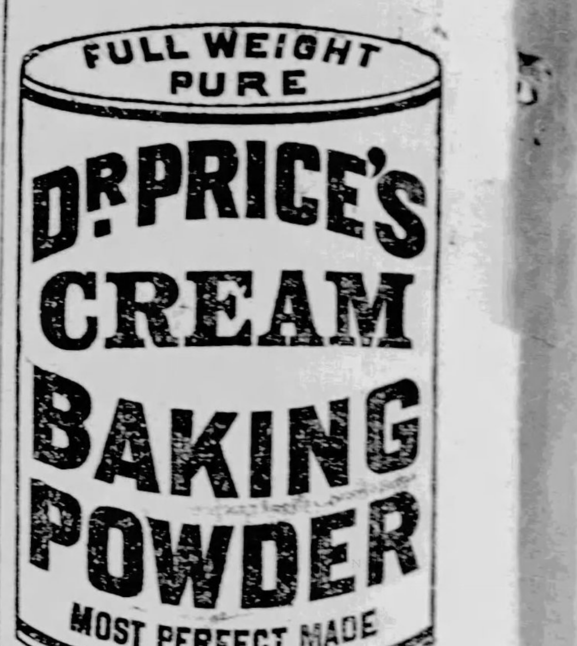

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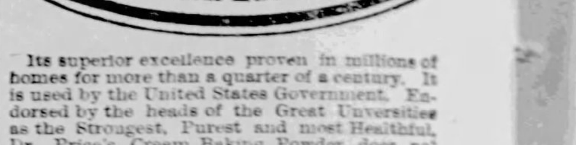

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HIS WIFE SENT HIM.

A Man Does Some Shopping for His Better Half.

Into a large Sixth avenue store a gentleman entered holding carefully in his hand a small woolen sample of a fashionable shade of blue. He spied looming above the fluttering crowd of feminity a tall and massive muscular form, who inquired: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I want some braid," said the man, boldly, thinking his troubles were over.

"Yes, sir. Just step this way, sir," and in stately procession the luckless man was marshaled to a remote counter, where the floor-walker proclaimed: "No. 14, forward! Some braid for this gentleman!" and turning left him to his fate.

No. 14 was just telling No. 15 what Jim said last night on his way to the ball and what a perfectly awful creature he was anyway, and she paused to conclude the thrilling narrative and to receive a sympathetic response before she came forward and inquired negligently, "What color?"

The gentleman proudly presented his sample. No. 14 took it to match, and he had an opportunity to scrutinize at his leisure the well-fitting back of her tasteful costume as she knelt upon the floor and opened box after box in the search. Presently she returned and presented for his approval a compact little round bundle of braid, saying briefly, "That's as near as we can come to it."

"I don't know," stammered the helpless man, "as that's quite-er, just-er—do you use that to trim with?"

"Oh! you want trimming braid," said the young lady, casting down his sample despairingly, "why'n't you say so? That's at the trimming counter," and she, too, left him to his fate.

Without guide or compass, by devious ways, with much inquiry and deep inward profanity, he finaly hunted down the trimming counter and again presented his request and his sample. The saleslady produced a maddening profusion of braid from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a yard in width, and of all shades and patterns. The man gazed upon them stupefied. His reason was evidently tottering on its throne. The saleslady stuck her pencil through the soft twist on top of her pretty head and gave her mind to assisting him in his decision. As they consulted together a flash of remembrance lighted his countenance, which had been fast sinking into imbecility. "I'm afraid," he said, "these are not quite-er just-er. She said it was all made up in a pattern ready to sew right on."

"Oh!" said the young lady, sweeping the pile of cards from the counter, "you'll find that at the passementerie counter!"

The man's spirit was completely broken. Meekly he picked up his sample; patiently he started on his weary quest for the passementerie counter. When he finally captured a saleslady he handed her the thumbed and battered sample, and said sternly: "Madame, I want some braid to put on a frock like that. It must be sewed up ready to put on both sides of the body, just like that, on Hattie's green silk. I want two yards and a quarter, and I want it right away, quick!"

The young woman saw that she was dealing with a desperate man. She cut off expeditiously what she considered proper, he paid for it and went. What his wife said about it when he took it home, and what he said in reply would make an interesting postscript to this narrative.—*New York Sun.*

Stick to Your Doctor.

If your physician is doing you good, you are improving, and you feel assured he is curing you, then stick to him. Follow his directions. Give him a chance to do the best his skill and experience will allow. But if you do not appear to be improving, or worse still, if you seem to be slowly but surely growing weaker, then do not hesitate to send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., a full account of all your symptoms, and you will receive by return mail, free of charge, a candid opinion of your case and some books that will surely interest you.

Fun from Exchanges.

First Wayback Deacon (whispering.)—It's beginning to rain and there are only two umbrellas in the vestibule. Second Wayback Deacon—Who brought them? "Those two strangers in the back seat." "Humph! Back seats is no place for strangers. Show 'em into a front pew."—*Omaha World.*

She—The crisp, salt breeze is very invigorating, don't you think? He—Yes. I can do any amount of beers after it.—*Fun.*

Paterfamilias (in bed)—Is that young Swampson still in the parlor with Clara? Materfamilias (listening)—I think he is. Everything is quiet down there.

Husband—What is that you are reading, my dear? Wife—A letter from mother. Husband—Anything important in it? Wife—I don't know; I haven't got to the postscript yet.

Physician's wife—Are your affairs in bad shape, John? Physician—Yes; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.

Bobby—Ma, did the doctor bring me in the day-time or night-time? Mother—In the night-time, Bobby. Bobby—Well, I guess that's the reason I don't remember anything about it; I must have been asleep.

It may be set down as a maxim that to a man of æsthetic nature no woman ever looked lovely while in the act of flattening her nose against the window of a horse-car in order to catch a glimpse of a dog fight.

Brown—I say, Dumley, Robinson has threatened that the first time he meets you he proposes to knock some horse sense into you. You want to look out for him. Dumley (contemptuously)—Pooh! It would take a dozen men like Robinson to knock any horse sense into me.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The authoritative statement of a French scientist to the effect that the coming man will be bald before he reaches the age of 20 indicates that early marriages will be fashionable in the future.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

"I detest him; I never could marry him," said a young girl. "Why, do you know what I call him? I call him 'the little tin mogul.' Oh, dear no, not to his face, but in my diary. That's where I take all my revenge and have everything out with everybody—in my diary. I find it a great relief."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"As everybody knows, Mrs. Grigsby, it is impossible for a man to be at three or four different places at the same time." "You are entirely wrong, Mr. Grigsby." "How?" "Do you imagine that I have never seen you returning from the club?"—*Lincoln Journal.*

Wife—Where have you been? Husband—I have just ushered that impertinent Miss Smythe to the door. This is the eleventh time this week she has called on our son and I have sworn never to give her his hand.—*Tid Bits.*

"Dan," said a 4 year old lad, "give me five cents to buy a monkey." "We have one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" "you," was the reply. "Then give me five cents to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.—*Tid Bits.*

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

DR. TALMAGE'S EASTER SERMON.

He Discusses the Uses of Flowers and the Lessons Taught by Them—Orange Blossoms for the Bride, a Handful of Violets for the Tomb.

BROOKLYN, April 1.—The platform and galleries of the Tabernacle were this morning profusely decorated with flowers. On the previous evening the church had been open to prepare the decorations for which the congregation had been invited to bring flowers.

The immense audience room is not large enough to contain the people on ordinary occasions; it must be left to the imagination to suggest the throngs, both inside and outside the church, on this great festal day.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Luke xii., 28: "If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you." He said:

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia, and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ.

Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and of the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and this Easter day, garlanded with all this opulence of floral beauty, seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With differential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say, oh, ye angels of the grass, to this worshipful multitude?

This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I. I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us to-day, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to sweep, no well sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appareled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobes. If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith?"

Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you? How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? half the journey of life? three quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children. He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration. Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky.

II. If you insist on asking the question: What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and may think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun arranges all for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower; and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church isle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will for better or worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sign on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box and carefully placed into the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Above all, do not both get mad at once! Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

III. If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery.

What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the face broken down, and the tombstone aslant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the waves of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and rail trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden rod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences come to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at and admire the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursions and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive or insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of china asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant and aromatic arboresence. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher. I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

IV. If you insist on asking me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "A man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist: "As the flower of the field, as he perisheth; the wind passeth over it and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers of this Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits.

Oh, yes! flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace for morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

> Change and decay on all around I see;
> O thou who changest not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily and the modern queen, the rose, when he said: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead."

Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion, and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. All the flowers of to-day spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of the stark and dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthian the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of Resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up.

Oh, how long it seems for some of you. Waiting—waiting for the resurrection. How long! how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of Easter lilies. Last night we had come in the mails a beautiful Easter card, on the top of it a representation of that exquisite flower called the "trumpet creeper," and under it the inscription: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's cathedral these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on.

But I have to tell you what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering. He takes the trumpet, points it this way, put its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast. Look! Look! They rise! The dead! The dead! Some coming forth from the family vault. Some from the city cemetery. Some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to its body, and there another spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies and then reclothing themselves in forms now radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of this church with all the festal flowers of chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1888 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good word to do His will.

Mr. John R. Decamp has given satisfactory bond with his wife's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Sowles, Urbana, O., as his sureties. He was released, having spent one night in jail. He complains that there is a disposition to throw more of the burden of fault connected with the Metropolitan bank upon him than his share.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wind Puffs.

P. W. E., Malard, Ill.: For the wind galls on your horse, first give a light physic, say of cold drawn castor oil, 15 ozs.; solution of potash, 3 ozs.; oil of lemon, 2 drs.; oil of myrrh, ½ dr.; molasses, 2 ozs.; water that has been boiled, 8 ozs. Rub the oils in the solution of potash with a mortar; then add the other ingredients by stirring well. To be given as one draught, or you may give this, although we prefer the above in such cases: Raw linseed oil, 16 ozs; oil of aniseed, 2 drs.; spirits of sweet niter, 1 oz. Apply hot water with cloths to the parts affected, and afterward rub the puffs with binoxide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 1 ounce. Have him shod with a high-heeled shoe. Sometimes wind galls may be reduced by putting a compress on them. Wind galls are not considered an unsoundness in a horse, and unless the animal is a very valuable one no effort should be made to remove them.

Discharge From Nostril.

M. R. W., California: For the discharge from nostril of your horse, give iodine, 15 grains; iodide of potassium, one drachm; sweet spirit of nitre, one ounce; water gruel, one pint, for one dose twice a day for a few days, then omit for a week and give for three or four days. If the case has run into nasal gleet, give sulphate of copper, nitre, and powdered gentian, of each, one drachm; make into a ball with linseed meal, and give night and morning for several days.

Sweet Potatoes.

S. H. R., Florence, Nebraska: Yes, sweet potato plants may be raised in a hot-bed without glass. Take horse manure fresh from the stable, mix it with half its bulk of leaf mold. Pile this up on the ground in mound shape, pack it well, and in a few days it will ferment and steam will rise. Then tear down the mound, and fork it all over to give it air. Pile it up again, and in two or three days second fermentation will take place. Then dig a hole in the ground two and a half feet deep and place the manure and mold in it. On this spread sand and fine leaf mold well mixed over the top of the bed to the depth of two inches. On this lay the potatoes. Soon the sprouts will begin to appear; then cover the potatoes with the leaf mold and sand to the depth of an inch. The sprouts will appear rapidly. When they come out to the length of three or four inches, carefully remove them, not disturbing the potato, as you may take two or three crops from the same potato. Cover the bed with oat or wheat straw to protect the growing plants. Make your hotbed about the middle of April, and the sprouts will be ready for planting about June 1. Sweet potatoes will grow in any good corn land. Plow deep and harrow well. Make ridges three feet apart by turning two furrows together. Set the slips nearly half their length in the ground.

Stifle Lameness.

W. M., Mt. Clemens, Mich.: For stifle lameness first bathe the part thoroughly with vinegar, 4 oz.; spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; water, 1 pint. Then apply this all around the joint. Red iodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 2 ounces. A piece the size of a hulled walnut will be sufficient for each application. Apply once a day. Wash it off once a day with warm water soap suds. The part must be made to discharge well, shoe with a high-heeled shoe and give a long rest. If in a few weeks the animal is not all right, put a seaton in over the joint, running up and down four inches. Wash clean every day with hot water, and leave in four weeks. When cured take off the high-heeled shoe.

Cranberry Marsh.

G. W. F., Iberia, Ohio: Cattle should not be allowed to run on a cranberry marsh. They will grow in such place, but they get tramped out. The ground is not planted with berries, but with cuttings which may be had in many places where they are grown. The cost is not much as a rule for cuttings. If planted in spring the next year they will bear some.

Running Sore.

G. W. A., Bonifacio, Florida: For the running sore on your mare, a careful examination should first be made of it, as it may contain some foreign substance. Then inject the sore with half an ounce of burnt alum, half a drachm of carbolic acid, well stirred in a pint of water. In a case such as you describe a veterinary should be called.

Liver Disease in Poultry.

Ah Lee: Your poultry seems to be suffering from liver disease, which is superinduced by dampness. When they begin to droop, give each a teaspoonful of castor oil. Follow this with four grains of citrate of quinine and iron to each affected fowl for two or three days.

Carp Need Air.

John S. Mays, Dow, Ind.: Yes, it is necessary to give carp air in a pond. You should have a good sized hole in the center of your pond, in which the fish may go during the winter. Cut the ice over the hole, and push a barrel, with both ends out, half way down in the ice. Cover the top of the barrel with straw, and the air will get through. Any kind of fish must have air.

Dehorning.

O. K. Smith, Kansas: For information how to dehorn cattle, see BLADE Farm of recent date.

Peanut Culture.

T. A. Burns, Point Valley, O.: Address T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, for book on peanut culture.

To Make the Animal Look Well.

R. W. R., (no state given)—To give your horse a good appetite and make him look well, administer a dose of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces, sweet spirits of nitre, one ounce. After this has operated give this: Bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce, powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. For one dose once a day for a week.

Kaffir Corn.

C. H. D., Bassettville Kas.: Kaffir corn is a variety of sorghum, non-saccharine, and differs from other sorghum in other characteristics. The plant is low, erect, and has wide foliage. The heads are long, narrow and erect, filled with white grain. The stalk and blade cure into gaod fodder. It grows to the heigh of 3½ to 4 feet. Weighs 60 pounds to the bushel. Will mature where amber cane does.

Sore on Horses' Hips.

"H. H. F.," Centropolis, Kansas: For your 2-year old colt, the joint of whose hip was "knocked down" by a fall, we cannot give you advice as to what is best to be done. The running sore may be the result of injury to the bone. In an ordinary running sore, an injection of carbolic acid, one part water, ten parts would be beneficial, but in a case such as you describe, a veterinary should be called.

"Rising of the Lights."

"O. C. V.," Millersburg, Indiana: We think your hogs are troubled with a complaint known as "rising of the lights." Give an ounce of tar to the effected hogs twice daily by scraping it on the tongue, well back with a small paddle. If the inflammation reaches the lungs and the hog breathes hard, give nitrate of potash, two drachms; bisulphate of soda, two drachms. Mix and give in a pint of gruel. Rub mustard on the breast.

Curb.

T. B. M., Illinois: To remove the curb, shoe with a high heeled shoe, wrap the part with soft cloths of any kind and keep them wet with vinegar for a day or two. After the tenderness and heat is gone rub the part with biniodide of mercury, one drachm; lard, one ounce. Rub on at each time a bit not larger than a hulled hickory knot. A little rubbed on each night will soon cause a watery discharge. To assist the discharge, foment the leg with hot water. After a week's time, if the curb is not gone, repeat the application of ointment.

Cow's Teat Dried Up.

J. B. N., Milton, Pa.: For the teat that has dried up in your cow, put one ounce of saltpetre in a bran mash for her twice a day for three days. Rub the teat every day with gum camphor, half an ounce; sweet oil, one-fourth pint. Place a milking tube in the teat for a few days, or if you cannot get a tube pass a well oiled quill up the teat to the length of an inch or a little more, to open the teat.

Bone Spavin.

A. L. S., North Greenfield, Wis.: Bone spavin is a bony growth on the inner and lower side of the hock. It is hereditary and transmissible from sires and dams to colts. To treat the spavin, reduce the heat by cold water fomentations; next rub the part with oleate of mercury, or mercurial ointment, two drachms; cantharides, one-fourth ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm. Blister it well. Firing is recommended by veterinarians.

Rough Coat—Lameness.

J. W. N. For the rough coat in your horse follow directions given to "R. W. R." in the column in which this appears. As to the lameness, the trouble is in or below the hock, but from what you say we cannot give correct location of the trouble. May be navicular disease or rheumatism. Examine carefully and write again.

Do Not Know.

M. C. P., Good Hope, Illinois: We know of no such breed of horses as you describe—that is, the Suffolk Punch.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Growing Radishes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To G. W. B., Bay Springs, Mich., I will say, for growing radishes I will give you the plan which I learned when a boy from my grandfather, who was then considered one of the most successful of New York gardeners. I have followed this plan since, and seldom fail in securing a good crop of those most appetizing vegetables, crisp and tender. As soon as the frost is out of the ground (do not wait a day later) dig a trench the size you want your bed and 14 inches deep. Cover the bottom with 6 inches of fresh, loose manure, well trodden down (that just taken from the stable with plenty of bedding in it is much the best). Then 3 inches of good, loose soil, next 3 inches of sand. Fill to a few inches above the top with straw and cover with boards. In a week remove boards and straw. Let stand open one day to allow gas to escape, then fill to 2 inches above the surface with a well mixed and pulverized composition of one-third good soil, one-third well-rotted manure, and one-third sand. Sow your seed in twelve-inch drills, cover one-half inch, and press the soil down firm with the foot, shovel, or roller. When the plants are well started, thin to three inches apart in drill. Bear in mind that radishes must have plenty of room to grow, or they will be tough and wormy. If rain is plenty, do not water; if not, water three times a week, after sunset, and stir the soil next morning as soon as dry. When plants have been up a week, give a good dressing of wood ashes. A good deal of work for a bed of radishes? Try it, and when you begin pulling the cool, crisp beauties, you will say that it has paid. The same culture will produce the best results in raising lettuce.

If ye editor is not tired I should like to add a little te what T. B., Arrowsmith, Ill., says about keeping bugs off the watermelon vines. The same will apply to cucumber and squash vines. Either buhach or pyrethrum powder is good, provided you can get an unadulterated article that has not been exposed to the air, but it is not once out of a dozen times that you can do this at a country drug store. And if you do not, it is time and money wasted and your vines destroyed. The following which D. M. Ferry recommends to keep the worms out of cabbage, I know to be sure death on the rascally bugs. Add one quart of kerosene oil to two quarts of boiling soft soap, which has been thinned to the consistency of cream. Thoroughly incorporate them by stirring and shaking, then dilute with five gallons of water. Apply to the vines with a whisk broom after sun set or before it rises.

Right you are, brother Doing. Go on with the farmers organizations. There is nothing that will do us more good than this interchange of thought and experience. And by the way, why cannot some of you who live in a community favored by such an organization give us a gist of your doings through the kindly opened columns of the BLADE FARM. It would do an infinite amount of good to us benighted tillers of the soil "away out in the west," too far apart to hold such intercourse.—W. H. WELLES, Lama, Col.

Believes In It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: Seeing an article written by C. Young, Liberty Center, O., on the method of dehorning cattle, as I am beginning to raise stock and want to be enlightened on all the best methods of raising stock, I believe the dehorning theory a good one, as stock feed better, requires less shed room, and a protection to the cattle. 1. What is the best way to remove the horns from cattle? 2. At what age is best? 3. Is there any danger of the cattle bleeding to death? 4. If so, how do you stop the blood? A. REESE, Ogalala, Nebraska. [The BLADE Farm has given, through the kindness of correspondents, full information regarding dehorning. Last week the editor, in answer to a correspondent, gave the mode of dehorning. There is no danger of cattle bleeding to death when properly dehorned. ED.]

Cabbage and Potato Culture—Worms—Grubs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am interested in the articles in the BLADE FARM, and thought I might add a mite of interest on cabbage and potato culture. Our only trouble here with cabbage is worms. We get rid of them very fast with cayenne pepper. When worms make their appearance dust the cabbage with a common pepper-stand filled with cayenne pepper. You will see the worms sneeze as fast as it touches them. In raising potatoes, I fully agree with M. F. Pierson, both as to cultivation and amount of seed. I think the cause of scabby potatoes is to be accounted for partly in the manure used and partly in the time of planting, or at least setting on of the tuber, those setting early being more liable to scab than those setting later. Grubs in the manure are a prolific source of scab in very early planted potatoes, especially Early Rose, whilst later planting insures larger and smoother potatoes, while the conditions that favor the insects that cause the scab have changed so they do not touch the tubers.—I. A. MCCARTNEY, Davis City.

Dehorning Cattle.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice two articles in the BLADE FARM criticizing humanity to dumb beasts. E. S. Miller asks: "Suppose for a moment that we let our hair, beard, finger and the nails have their natural course, just as nature formed them? How would we come out?" Now let Mr. Miller and "T. S.," Princeton, Ill., have their fingers and toe nails extracted and pull out out their hair and beard. It would probably cause pain for over two minutes, and soreness for one or two weeks. They would have a realizing sense of inhuman treatment to dumb beasts. "T. S." says it makes them more friendly and peacable. I dehorn all my cattle by clipping off the tips of their horns and putting on brass knobs. It makes them proud of the bright addition, and they are harmless and more docile. Those gentlemen cannot feel that pride in showing their disfigured fobsort cattle that I do in showing mine with heads erect, and bright balls glittering in the sun. My bulls are trained to be king by kind treatment. A liberal use of the curry-comb once a day will cool the ferociousness of a bull. And again, a judicious stock grower keeps his bulls separate from his other stock.

I was never chased by a bull, neither do I ever expect to be, for I never trespass on my neighbors by crossing their fields. And then, if attacked by a vicious bull, I would prefer the hornes to being punched to death by a pair of stubs. In the former case I could take the bull by the horns and hold him at bay. Man's inhumanity to beasts makes countless thousands mourn. —E. REYNOLDS.

To Increase Fruit Bearing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—Although not a farmer I have read with interest the items of Ira Tinkham and E. L. Coovier. I have something to offer as a compromise. When I was a boy we had for a neighbor an old gentleman who had a small plat of ground which he cultivated in garden truck. We had a small piece of land lying opposite his with quite a little selection of fruit trees upon it. Some of our trees ceased bearing. Our fruit was of the finest, all selected. I called his attention to it, he told me to get the wheelborrow. He took me over to a machine shop near by; got a borrow of iron filings, shearing from the planer and lathe. Then he took a common pick, loosened the earth for three feet around the trunks of the trees, spread the iron upon th loose earth around the trees, then stirred up the loose earth, put some on, and I never saw such a crop of fruit in my life. I have often used the same thing since, and with the best of results, never failing to get a good crop. One good application will last for four or five years.—J. B. HENRY, Edgerton, O.

Horses.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The season is approaching when farmers must decide what stallion to use. As a matter of course, we all wish to improve our stock; but just how to do this is not always so easily answered. How often do we find the pedigreed draft horse that, from lack of exercise and excess of fat, is rendered almost useless. Of what colts he gets very few will grow up to be sound at six years old, while in the same neighborhood will be found some good grade that is kept in the harness most of the time, and his get are, as a rule, sound healthy colts, although not being from a full blood horse the owner has never given them as good a chance.

Do not expect a healthy colt unless both parents are healthy. A stallion having poor feet or limbs should never be used simply because he is cheap. A good clean limbed, heavy boned draft horse, well rounded in the ribs, and a fast walker, is much better property for the average farmer than any fancy trotter is.

Trotters or driving horses require entirely too much attention in training and selling. Although it is true that good drivers usually bring a good price, the farmer seldom gets that good price, as the horse was not thoroughly developed before leaving his hands.—ALEX RIVER, Cresco, Ia.

Farmers' Clubs.

EDITOR FARM:—I would like to have some one of the many readers of the BLADE FARM offer some suggestion for the organizing of farmers' clubs, or institutes, and also by-laws and constitution suitable for such organization. In this vicinity farmers seem to take very little interest in uniting for their own benefit.

I would like to see institutes in every township for a better understanding and a more thorough system of farming. It seems to me that farmers should study to make farming more interesting to their children. Their is enough in agriculture to furnish them with lots of study, and a better education at home. I think that organization would be a benefit in way of improving society and to educating our children against the evils of intemperance and a desire for a city life, where the temptations are anything but good, especially for a young boy.—HORATIO EVANS, Elkhart, Ind.

To Kill Cabbage Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To kill cabbage worms, sprinkle sulpher on them in the morning while the dew is on is the best time. I got this recipe out of the BLADE about five years ago and have found it a perfect success.—LEE MCMILLER, Rockville, Indiana.

The Poultry Business.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I really think the farm department in the BLADE is worth the price of the paper. I am interested in the poultry business. Let all who have had experience come to the front and instruct us new beginners. Can some one give a good plan for a hen house? How to arrange the perches and nests? Can any one give a good remedy for cholera in chickens, also for hog cholera? Or is there any remedy for hog cholera? Let us hear more about gardening and small fruit culture.—SAIDEE HASELWOOD, Nebraska.

Retention of Placenta.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have had several years experience in the care of cattle, and the only remedy I have found for retention of placenta after calving is flax seed. A thick jelly is prepared by boiling the seed, and about two quarts given three times a day in enough bran to thicken it. Feed very lightly until the fourth day when the cow will have recovered. I have noticed that wild cows never leave their hiding place until the calf is three days old, except for water; nature teaching them to give the system rest, and to prevent too great a flow of milk until the fever, incident upon calving, has gone.—M. R. W., Cavelo, Minnesota.

Profit in Poultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have been a listener for some years, and would have still listened, but Mrs. Vene Cavitt, of Watseka, Ill., thinks the profits in poultry are not so great. Now Mrs. V. C., I do not agree with Mrs. Gilchrist by feeding so much expensive feed, for my hens layed without it. I have 125 hens. I feed very little corn, for that makes them too fat, and very little wheat for that was too expensive, oats being the main feed. And from November 1, 1887, to March 17, 1888, I have sold 335 dozen, for which I have received $51.65. To be sure I do not count that all profit. Now as I want to keep chickens for my own use, and would have to feed them some in winter to keep them alive, why not give them some extra feed and care, and have them pay for all the feed and have some left? I would like to hear from some one else who thinks poultry pay for their feed —MRS. LEOTI L. HOOVER, Roann, Ind.

Growing Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—My way of growing potatoes where planted in large fields, is as follows: If stubbled ground, break late in the fall a fairly good depth; we plow from 6 to 7 inches deep. If cornstalk ground and the stalks have been let stand, rake and burn them as early in the spring as possible, and plow the ground about the same depth as when fall plowed. If the corn has been cut up the ground may be broken in the fall. For potatoes more than any other crop I prefer fall breaking, as the ground works much better, and it aids in getting the crop in early, which is a very essential point in potato culture. Where the ground has been fall-plowed we take the common two-horse corn cultivator, and stir the ground a good depth across the way the rows are to run. If there has been heavy spring rains, so that the ground has become packed and one cultivating is not sufficient to loosen the ground, it is just about as quick to plow it with the breaking plow as to cultivate twice, and is just as good if not better. It is very seldom we have seasons in which one cultivating is not enough. This work should be done as early in the spring as the weather and ground will permit. Now harrow the way the rows are to run. If to be planted in rows both ways, we are now ready to mark the rows. So far, we have always planted in drills and this way: Take the two horse plow and couple the plows apart the required width of the rows. We usually make our rows about 3½ feet apart. Now uncouple the two front shovels and draw the shanks up to the beams, where they are tied fast. This leaves only the hind and outside shovel of each plow to do any work. The shovels are set to throw the furrows in or towards each other. Now begin at the straight side of the field and drive across the field, making the furrows as straight as possible, for if the first furrow is straight the rest all will be. When you get to the other end of the field turn and let the first horse walk in the furrow farthest from the fence and so on at every turning. This lets a plow run twice in every furrow, throwing a furrow each way. We have now a furrow six inches deep and all the furrows in the field will be of uniform width. Now we drop the potatoes one piece in a place and about 15 to 18 inches apart. To cover them, we use the two-horse cultivator with all four shovels turned to the row. This leaves a slight ridge over the rows with a furrow in the middle for the water to settle in. In about a week after planting, we take a common harrow and go over them the way the rows run. In a few days after we cross harrow them, which makes the ground almost level. Now, in a few days after this, and just before the potatoes come up, we harrow again with a two-horse harrow, going once to a row. This is to check all growth of weeds, for if they are not conquered before the potatoes get up and started to growing, there is no way to get shut of them except with a hoe, and on a large field this is no boys play. If the potatoes are somewhat slow in coming and there is any sign of weeds, I should harrow again. It would do them no hurt. Have harrowed them when they were six inches high. As soon as they get high enough to see across the rows, we commence plowing them, using the same cultivators we used in planting. We plow them once every week or ten days, giving them from three to five plowings in the season. If it is showery and weeds keep growing, we plow oftener than when drier.

In planting we use two teams, one to furrow out and one to cover. A good hand will drop from 2 to 2½ acres a day. We use three droppers and plant six acres a day. This may cost a little more than planting by machinery, but I think we can do the work more perfect. If the ground is very loose or there is any trash in the way, we step on the potatoes when dropped, to press them in the ground a sufficient depth and to make them more easily covered. For the most part we have planted the best of the undersized potatoes cutting them in two pieces. When we plant large ones we cut them in pieces of from 2 to 4 eyes.—GEO. A. SHRIGLEY, LeRoy, Ills.

Trees Adapted for Shade—Chicken Cholera.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to say a word in regard to trees that I think are best adapted for shade and use in this Western prairie country. For shade in your lawn, I think box elder is the best; makes a quick growth, very dense foliage, free from worms and insects, is not affected by drouth, and will grow where other trees will often die. The catalpa is another tree that I can recommend, not only as a shade and ornamental tree but as unsurpassed for post timber. Although the growth is slow, I think any one wanting to set out trees would do well to give it a trial. In the spring when covered with blossoms it is certainly one of the most beautiful trees I ever saw for groves or where persons wish to grow timber for posts, lumber, wood, etc. Walnut, rock maple, cottonwood, elem and perhaps some other varieties could be added. Walnut is one of the most valuable for timber, but makes a poor shade tree as it is attacked frequently by caterpillars and worms in the summer which makes it a very unpleasant tree to have in door yards.

If your chickens or turkeys have the cholera, give to each one about ¼ of a teaspoonful of kerosene lamp oil, to which add about 8 or 10 drops of turpintine. I have tried it, and it cures them every time. It is also a good preventive. If you get a bruse or cut kerosene is good.—P. H. MOSER, Silver Lake, Kansas.

I Bring You Sweet Flowers and Good Medicine—

—Hood's Sarsaparilla

A happy combination, and like a ray of sunshine in a dark place to one who is weary and worn by overwork or prostrated by disease. Particularly welcome, too, when brought by such a charming little girl. "There's no blessing like that of health, particularly

Nearly everybody needs a good spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel impurities which accumulate in the blood during the winter, [illegible] comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be convinced of its peculiar merits. It is the ideal spring medicine—reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take, and gives full value for the money.

Spring Medicine

when you're ill." And it is just as true that there's no medicine like Hood's Sarsarparilla in the spring when your blood is impure or your system overcome by that tired feeling.

"Last spring I seemed to be running down in health, was weak and tired all the time. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me a great deal of good. My little daughter, ten years old, has suffered from scrofula and catarrh, a great deal. Hood's Sarsaparilla did her more good than anything else we have ever given her." MRS. LOUISA CORP, Canostota, N. Y.

That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by many people as warmer weather approaches. It is quickly overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which builds up the whole system.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory results. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have that miserable tired feeling at this season." C. PARMELEE, 349 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles, and have not seen a sick day since."—G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

N. B.—Be sure to get

"My daughter has been very ill with eczema. By reading about Hood's Sarsaparilla I was induced to try this medicine, and was wonderfully surprised by its effects. When she had taken half a bottle she was like another child, and when the bottle was all gone she was entirely cured and in perfect health."—D. F. KAVANAUGH, 15 Daniel street, Albany, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of dyspepsia and liver complaint with which I had suffered 20 years."—J. B. HORNBECK, South Fallsburg, N. Y.

Pure Blood

Good health depends upon pure blood; therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids weak and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestion. Try this excellent medicine this season. We believe it will do you good.

"We all like Hood's Sarsaparilla, it is so strengthening."—L. BALFOUR, Auburn, R. I.

REASONS WHY

People Need a Reliable Spring Medicine

Impure Blood—Appetite—Headache—Indigestion—That Tired Feeling, etc.

To be well, and to avoid being ill, is strongly desired by everyone, and yet comparatively few are so careful of themselves all the year round as to keep in good health. The result is that at more or less frequent intervals, and more particularly in the spring, the machinery of the body becomes out of order, the organs weak and tired, the blood sluggish; and some good medicine is absolutely necessary to restore harmonious and healthy action.

Leading physicians attribute a great deal of prevailing sickness to bad ventilation in tenements, workshops, mills and boarding houses. The lack of fresh air, and the abundance of poisonous carbonic acid gas impoverishes and

Poisons the Blood

The result is the run down condition known as "that tired feeling," which renders the system readily susceptible to attacks of disease. This bad ventilation and close confinement is, of course, more common in the winter, and hence the prostration, weakness and impure blood in the spring.

Hood's Sarsaparilla contains those curative properties which are known to medical science as able to remove the poisonous impurities in the blood, and by their tonic effect to fully restore the waste tissues, build up a healthy constitution, in fact to

Make the Weak Strong

Another reason why some good preparation is required in the spring is to remove from the body the effects of improper food eaten during the winter. Summer diet is more healthful than winter diet. Of course we need more heat-producing foods in winter, but we are not always wise in our selection and are often far from right in our manner of cooking them.

Now, if this improperly cooked food has been taken into the stomach for several months, it must naturally have produced bad effect upon the system. This is shown as the warm weather comes on. There is a

Loss of Appetite

the tongue is coated, the bowels constipated, blotches appear on the face, neck and other parts of the body and there is a general feeling that something is wrong. Hood's Sarsaparilla is specially adapted to correct this condition, as it creates a good appetite, cures headache, biliousness, indigestion, dyspepsia.

Still another reason why we generally need a "spring medicine" is that strength may be given overtaxed and worn-out tissues. During the winter we work harder than in the summer and under greater physical disadvantages. While, in addition to this, evenings are spent in amusements and social gatherings, which necessarily use up considerable of our physical capital. In Hood's Sarsaparilla will be found just the medicine for repairing such derangements of the system. It at once goes to the seat of the trouble, builds up the depressed constitution, and at the same time restores the diseased tissues to healthy condition.

To sum up the whole matter, Hood's Sarsaparilla stands to-day the standard and unequalled medicine for

Purifying the Blood

repairing nerve tissue, strengthening and invigorating the whole body, as well as checking the progress of acute and chronic disease and the restoring of the afflicted parts to a natural, healthy condition. If you have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla for your "spring medicine," do so this season.

Hood's Pills—The great liver invigorator, purely vegetable, unequalled as a family physic and dinner Pill. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail—25 cents per box. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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100 Doses One Dollar

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Dullness the Chief Feature on the Markets—Money Dangers Appear to Have Been Successfully Averted.

NEW YORK, March 31.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: Dullness is the feature in business, but dullness with a hopeful feeling in every quarter. The monetary pressure which has almost invariable commenced about this time does not appear, and the dangers which were apprehended by experienced bankers, seem to have vanished. There is just now so little anxiety about the money market that little is said of the delay of the Bond Purchase bill by amendments in the Senate, which may possibly defeat it.

The possibility of gold exports does not seem visibly nearer than it seemed weeks ago, and considerable purchases of securities on foreign account are reported. Money on call at New York has ruled at 2 to 2½ per cent, and foreign exchange has declined from $4 88 to $4 87½. The more pacific advises from Europe render the outlook more satisfactory. But the prevailing dullness is everywhers felt. Many attribute it to recent storms and unfavorable weather, which doubtless affect some trades materially. Many feel the influence of existing or recent strikes; the railroad difficulty at the West does not abate.

But the feature most widely observed is the disposition of customers to act with great conservatism, buying only as they are compelled to buy, and this appears in many of the leading branches of trade. It is in part the fruit of expectation that prices may go lower, and in part due to perception that the demand for consumption has slackened, and may diminish still more.

The failure of banks or bankers in North Carolina, Mobile and Newburg has caused no disturbance, though it is recognized that many weak spots must always be found after a period of extraordinary speculative activity.

Yet, on the aggregate, failures are not more numerous nor more important than those of the last or previous year, which clearly indicates greater soundness in legitimate commerce since the number of failures of speculative origin has increased. Prices are maintained with remarkable steadiness; for many years it has not happened that the general level of prices has changed as little as it has during the first quarter of 1888.

Hard-pan seems to have been reached in the iron business, in the judgment of one of the most successful concerns, for the Thomas company at last announces $20 as its contract price for the year for best anthracite. Rates for lake ore are not yet announced, but are expected to be about $6.25 for No. 1 Bessemer. The complete collapse of the coke pool, with reduction of the price to $1.10 at ovens, and a lowering of rail rates, give producers a better chance in Western Pennsylvania, but rail rates are also reduced from Alabama, and it is calculated that the price at furnace for best mill iron averages $12.65 at Birmingham. Bar iron is unsettled, and sales of best refined at $10.85 are reported, with no Eastern sales of rails; at Western mills $33.50 is quoted. The anthracite companies, it is reported, have "no legal agreement," but will maintain rates through the year, now about $4 for egg.

The dry goods trade reports fairly satisfactory sales, and the Arlington auction realized fair prices for cottons, but, it is reported, losses to makers on woolens. The jobbing trade is irregular, but storms and unseasonable weather, with difficulties both as to deliveries and collections in Western districts affected by railroad strikes, are named as causes.

The drug trade is in quite favorable shape, purchases being reduced as far as possible, and similar features appear in the markets for sugar and many other products which may be affected by a change of duties. The wool market, however, though dull, is steady for the better grades, while other qualities sell moderately at concessions.

Reports from various parts of the country show a general feeling of confidence, though a lack of present activity is commonly noticed, with some closeness in the money market and tardiness in collections in the Northwest. Rates for money are about 6 per cent. at Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago; at the latter strong. The treasury has changed its cash balances only $100,000, and its deposits still less during the week, and the only point of unfavorable augury as to the money market is that domestic exports from New York for March are 22 per cent. below last year's, while imports increased a little.

The business failures during the last seven days number, for the United States, 178, for Canada, 42—total 221, compared with 253 last week, and 223 for the corresponding week in 1887.

BOYTON WAS LOST.

The Navigator's Thrilling Experience in an Ice Field on Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Capt. Paul Boyton, the noted swimmer, had an experience in Lake Michigan Tuesday that he thinks he will not forget for some time. The captain has grown heavy during the winter, and to reduce his flesh has recently been taking little pulls out into the lake in his rubber suit. Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock he left Fullerton avenue for a swim to South Chicago and return, and met with the most thrilling adventure of his life, in which he battled for hours with a great ice floe, was carried many miles out into the lake, stripped of his navigating instruments, and lost for fifteen hours in the cold bleak waste of drifting ice, hanging clouds, and straggling ducks and gulls.

From 7 a. m. until midnight the captain was without food, and the chill of the icy waters had driven him to the desperate resort of hard work all that time to keep up a vigorous circulation, so that he would not chill and perish in the lake. At midnight, when he was rescued at the crib, his vitality was almost gone. Stimulents were applied, and the daring navigator put to bed. A telephone message was sent to the police that the captain was saved, and by them he was taken to his little family—a wife and son—who were distracted by his long absence, and supposed he had perished. Capt. Boyton was in bed when a reporter called at his home last night. He was exhausted, the reaction from his desperate excitement of the day before having made him weak and sick.

"When I entered the water at 7 o'clock," the captain said, "there was a fresh west wind. I swam about two miles, intending to clear the crib for a trip to South Chicago. Just about the limit of my run east I began to meet ice. I pushed through it for some time and then ran across some floes, onto which I climbed. Meantime a heavy sky had shut out all view of the sun, and the wind got the ice together. I struggled quite a while in what I thought was the western border of the field, and then ran into what I thought was a pocket. I pulled through it and came again to straggling floes.

"I must have fought them until 10 o'clock before I missed my compass. When I looked to get my bearings, having noticed that the city had faded from view, I found the band which bound the compass to my body had either been severed by a piece of ice or had become unbuckled. It was gone.

"The sun was hidden, and there was nothing by which I could get my bearings. The water was so cold and I had been it so long I began to get drowsy. Chills ran through my veins in quick succession, and I saw I must either pull out for somewhere or perish."

I looked about and saw the ice was at my feet—I swam feet foremost—and concluded I had only to pull from the ice to reach Chicago, so I started and vigorously too. For five hours I worked as I never did before. The water was heavy and lifeless. I had to fight for every inch I made. Chicago was still nowhere to be seen, and I had no notion of the time of day. Then I changed my course about half way around and pulled hard for a while. The ice gathered about me again, and when night came I was fighting again for my life.

"Sometimes I could dodge the drift, at others I climbed up on the cakes and crossed them. When the moon rose, I got a flash of a view of it, and then saw my mistake. I had crossed the field in the morning when I entered what I thought was a pocket, and all the long pull of the day with the ice at my feet had driven me toward Michigan. The turn I had taken had sent me south. I set about and pushed from the moon.

"At 10 o'clock I saw a faint light in the sky and an hour later perceived it was from the furnaces at South Chicago. Then I got my bearings and sighted the lights at the crib. I pulled up there at midnight and blew my bugle. I must have called a half dozen times before an answer came. Then Capt. McKay answered my signal, and I shouted 'Crib ahoy!'

"Aye, aye, where away?" the captain answered.

"Boyton. I must stay here to-night."

"Pull round to the port," shouted the keeper.

"When I got there they dropped a bit of a rope, into which I fixed my foot, and then they drew me up. They gave me refreshments, put me to bed and telephoned my wife that I was safe. Capt. McKay says when I left the ice at night it was fully fifteen miles from shore, and I think he is about right, because the swim in would take the time used. I have gone greater distances, but that was the first time I ever was lost, and the battle with the ice and cold was a more thrilling episode than I care to experience again."

"LOST IN A SAFE,"

Or the Strange Story of a Tray Full of Hidden Jewels.

MONTREAL, March 29.—(Special.)—A very strange diamond story came to light yesterday. About eight years ago J. Cassils, of the firm of Shaw Bros. & Cassils, wholesale leather merchants, bought a large, old-fashioned safe from a second-hand dealer. One of the small drawers in the safe was locked, but as the dealer said it was locked when he got it, some two years ago, and, as the person who sold it told him it was empty and he had lost the key, he gave it no more attention, and the safe was sold as it stood.

This week Cassils bought a new safe, and out of curiosity the locked drawer was forced open and carefully wrapped in jewel wadding was found a tray containing a diamond necklace, bracelets and a large number of unset stones. Mr. Cassils did not care to be interviewed on the subject.

Tracing the old safe was not an easy matter, but the following seems the solution of the story:

Twelve years ago H. A. Mellor did a large business in diamonds and jewelry on Notredame street, Montreal, but he suddenly disappeared, and on his store being seized it was found that nearly everything of value had disappeared also. Subsequent developments showed that very few business houses in Canada had escaped, while several English diamond dealers were caught. Nellie Bastian was at that time a notorious woman here, and with her Mellor made his escape to the United States and settled in St. Louis, where he finally dropped out of sight.

Shortly after Mellor's disappearance Mrs. Mellor and her sister were on their way to the United States. Their trunks were subjected to a thorough search, and it was found that the sides and bottom were lined with thin sheets of gold over which had been pasted the paper lining of the trunks. All the jewelry in the store had been used the metal melted into sheets and the gems stored away. A great many diamonds were found in a small plum-pudding the ladies were carrying by way of lunch and several were found concealed in their dresses.

Notwithstanding these proofs Mrs. Mellor and her sister were not found guilty at the trial. There was a good deal of speculation as to what become of one magnificent diamond. Many of the jewels were afterwards traced but this one was given up as lost. It has at last turned up in the old safe. If any of the creditors of the absconding jeweler inquire into the find made by Mr. Cassils, and if the jewels can be traced or identified there may be quite an interesting legal squabble as to who is entitled to their possession.

MISSOURI PROHIBITION.

Two-Thirds of the Elections So Far Have Resulted in a Victory for the "Dry" Side —The Political Division.

ST. LOUIS, April 2.—(Special.)—Owing to the political excitement in this state over the approaching national Democratic convention, the Prohibition leaders have decided to take a rest, and no more elections will be held for two months. Eighty-two counties and twenty towns of more than 2,500 inhabitants have voted; 49 counties have voted "wet" and 33 "dry."

The Democratic counties voting "dry" were 36; Republican, 13; Democratic counties voting "wet," 22; Republican, 11. Thirteen of the 20 towns went "dry," 7 "wet." Of the 13 "dry" 7 are Republican and 6 Democratic. Of the 7 wet towns 5 are Democratic and 2 Republican.

Memorial Services.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The memorial services in honor of the late Chief Justice Waite, were largely attended in the Federal building this morning. The meeting was called to order by Ex-Judge Wm. G. Choate, Judges Wallace, Lacombe, Benedict, Brown, Van Brunt and Lawrence acting as vice chairman.

United States District Attorney Walker made the address and eulogized the life of the deceased.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures all ailments of HORSES, MULES and CATTLE. Rub in!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, used vigorously is death to Swinney, Wind Galls, Sore Backs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stiff Joints.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for MAN and BEAST. Greatest Curative discovery ever made.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT rubbed in saves many a valuable Horse and Mule's limbs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, Penetrates Muscles to the Very Bone! Wonderful! TRY IT

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT should always be kept in HOUSE, STABLE and Factory.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures PILES, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS—all INFLAMMATION.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The importations of general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending March 31, were valued at $7,159,944.

At Atlanta, Ga., Neil Stark shot his brother Flaentz dead and fatally wounded Tom Crowly. They quarrelled over a nickle at cards.

The route has been surveyed and right of way secured for the Birmingham & Savannah railroad, via Talledga, LaGrange and Macon.

The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has adopted resolutions commemorative of the character and services of the late Chief Justice Waite, and as a further mark of respect to his memory adjourned over the day set for his funeral.

Fire completely destroyed the Central theater, at Albany. Loss, $20,000.

A decree has been issued in Spain ordering all theaters to adopt electric lighting within six months.

Hon. David N. White, formerly editor of the Pittsburg *Gazette*, and founder of the Republican party, has died at his home at Sewickly, Pa.

The residence of Congressman Wm. Walter Phelps, at Englewood, N. J., was burned. The fire was caused by an explosion of gas in the art gallery.

The Exchange Hotel, Simpson's harness shop and Blair & Dourner's drug store, at Morenci, Mich., have burned. Loss, $12,000; insured for $6,700.

In the general report in yesterday's dispatches, the Atlanta & Great Southern road should have been excepted from the statement that all roads leading into Birmingham, Ala., were blockaded by washouts.

The Cook county grand jury's report is filed. It traces the origin of every murder case indicted to the low groggeries. It recommends a license of $1,000 for all saloons, paid in advance for the entire year, when the license is taken out.

At a meeting of the Pittsburg Machinery Constructors' assembly, a resolution was adopted instructing their delegates to the coming national convention at Washington to support a movement to secede from the Knights of Labor.

Clearing house tables from 37 leading American cities show an increase in all but New York, 23.1; Boston, 27.2; Philadelphia, 31.6; Chicago, 16.1; St. Louis, 6.95; San Francisco, 18.90; Baltimore, 21.9; Cincinnati, 26.9; New Orleans, 20.8; Kansas City, 3.5.

The printers' strike at Louisville, both against the job and newspaper offices, has been declared off. The men will go to work wherever they can get a chance. The *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, with a job office, has long since been fully manned. The type-setting machines run regularly.

A special from Rich Hill, Mo., reports the death of Mrs. Joe Gray, wife of one of the victims of last week's explosion. They had only been married a short time, and the young wife virtually died of a broken heart. Gray was to have been buried Saturday, but his wife asked that the funeral be postponed until Sunday, saying she would be buried with him.

Mrs. Allen Myers, with her child, was crossing a bridge over Lost creek, at Dayton, when the vehicle and occupants were thrown into the [illegible]

THE PROHIBITION FIGHT.

The Topeka Brewers Take Their Case to the United States Supreme Court.

[illegible]

CO-OPERATIVE PACKERS.

They Ask the Court to Appoint a Receiver to Straighten Them Out.

[illegible]

A SLIDING SCALE.

Carnegie's Proposition to Striking Employes of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works.

[illegible]

THE COMMONS ADJOURN.

But Not Until Balfour's Bill Had Been Read the First Time.

[illegible]

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The Forecast of What Their Platform Will Be.

[illegible]

GEN. TERRY TO RETIRE.

He Asks to be Called Before the Army Retiring Board.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON NEWS.

HOGS BARKED OUT.

Diseased Animals From France and Germany Must Not Enter Here.

[illegible]

IT WILL GO THROUGH.

The President Will Not Veto the River and Harbor Bill.

[illegible]

LOGAN-BLAIR PENSIONS PASS.

The Widows of the Dead Generals Given Annuities by the House.

[illegible]

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The Senators Hold an Inquest on the Pending Bond Bill.

[illegible]

THE CAPITAL EXCITED.

A Man With a Revolver Assailing the Administration.

[illegible]

The Logan Pension.

[illegible]

OUR FINANCES.

The Public Debt Statement for the Month of March.

[illegible]

SECTIONALISM.

The South Takes a Hand in the Bloody Shirt Business.

[illegible]

THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF BILL.

[illegible]

WORK OF CONGRESS.

A Batch of Bills Introduced and Referred in the Two Houses.

[illegible]

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE'S FUNERAL

At Toledo—Distinguished Personages Present from all over the Union—Unostentatious Ceremonies.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

Eight Pullman Cars Bring the Remains and Friends to Toledo.

[illegible]

ARRIVAL OF MRS. WAITE.

Accompanied by Capt. Harry Waite—A Long Journey.

[illegible]

SENATOR EVARTS

Will Deliver a Eulogy on Chief Justice Waite Before the Washington Bar.

[illegible]

SENATOR SHERMAN

Entertained the Greatest Respect for the Late Chief Justice.

[illegible]

THE CHURCH SERVICES

Conducted by Mr. Waite's Former Rector, Dr. Walbridge, in an Impressive and Effective Manner.

[illegible]

HENRY GEORGE TALKS.

He is for Cleveland, Free Trade and No Custom Houses—About the Chicago Convention.

[illegible]

A CONVICTED WRECKER.

Secretary of Interior Vilas Placed in a Very Unpleasant Position by the Verdict—Welch Happy.

[illegible]

East Bound Shipments.

[illegible]

THE STRIKE.

The Situation Grows Worse Hourly—A Truce for a Day.

[illegible]

Santa Fe Refused Freight.

[illegible]

FEARFUL DEATH RATE.

Fifteen Thousand People Estimated to Have Perished by Earthquakes in China.

[illegible]

OHIO ELECTIONS.

Glorious News From All Over the Buckeye State.

[illegible]

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S MARKETS.

Together With a Glance Into the Future—The Prospects for Higher Prices.

[illegible]

HYDROPHOBIA EPIDEMIC.

A Strange Story Comes from the Farmers of West Virginia.

[illegible]

Gen. Stetson Dead.

[illegible]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A FRENCH CRISIS.

The Government Has Met its Long Predicted Fall.

PARIS, March 31.—The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 268 to 237, despite the opposition of the government, voted for urgency for the Extreme Left bill providing for the revision of the Constitution. The government thereupon resigned. M. Laguerre proposed and M. Peletan supported the motion for urgency for the revision of the Constitution. In the course of the discussion several Bonapartists declared that they would support the demand in so far as it was an appeal to the people. M. Baudry d'Asson (Royalist) said he would vote for the proposal, hoping that it would tend to restore the legitimate monarch, which alone could save France.

PRES. CARNOT.

Minister Viette asked the Chamber to await the return of Premier Tirard from the Senate before deciding. M. Brisson said he was opposed to revision, and, alluding to Gen. Boulanger, said that the satisfaction which would be afforded by the adoption of the measure ought not to be given to a person who had attacked the institutes of the country and talked of purging the Chamber. M. Clemenceau favored revision, saying that the constitution was not in accordance with the principles of Republican democracy.

Premier Tirard, who had entered the House during the debate, declared that he fully agreed with M. Sarrien. If the Chamber decided to consider the urgency proposal the ministry would decline all responsibility, as such action on the part of the Chamber would furnish a fresh argument in favor of the audacious manifesto issued by the dismissed general.

The defeat of the ministry caused a sensation in the Chamber. As soon as the vote was announced M. Tirard departed for the Elysee Palace.

President Carnot has accepted the resignation of the Cabinet. The ministers, however, will conduct the affairs of their several departments until their successors are appointed. It is expected that M. Floquet will be summoned to form a Cabinet.

FRENCH CABINET.

The Negotiations are Proceeding Rapidly—Floquet at the Head.

PARIS, April 2.—The negotiations for the [illegible]

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Mr. Gilhooly Clubbed into Submission—to Relieve the Famished.

[illegible]

ITALIAN AGGRESSION.

They Find King John is Weak and Crowd Him to the Wall.

[illegible]

Is Stanley Alive?

[illegible]

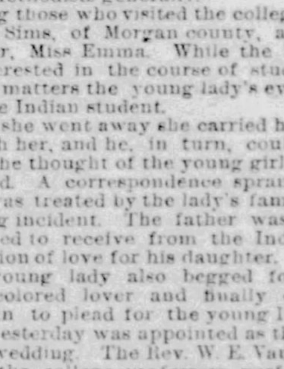
FOLLOWED MISS FELLOWS.

A Georgia Girl Takes an Indian for a Husband.

[illegible]

Our Navy in Trouble.

[illegible]



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. [illegible] ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

BROKE UP THE SEANCE.

A Wagon Load of Ghost Manufacturers Taken to Jail.

[illegible]

The Western Union Action.

[illegible]

Prince Hassan Interred.

[illegible]

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

Markets Dull Lower.

[illegible]

Pittsburg Oil Market.

[illegible]

The Produce Market.

[illegible]

General Produce.

[illegible]

Live Stock Market.

[illegible]

Boston Wool Market.

[illegible]

Foreign Markets.

[illegible]

DR RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT! THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE, For the CURE of all Chronic Diseases and Functional Disorders Peculiar to this Season of the Year.

HEALTH! STRENGTH!

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent. THE SKIN [illegible]

Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

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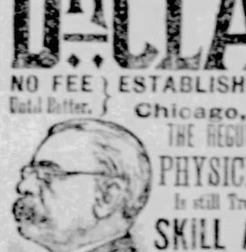

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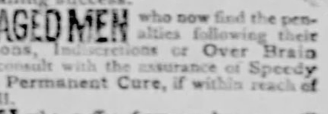
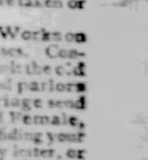


Raw Fur Skins. [illegible]



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